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# MY LIFE IN THE ARMY

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ROBERT TILNEY

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*Robert Lilney*

# MY LIFE IN THE ARMY

THREE YEARS AND A HALF WITH THE  
FIFTH ARMY CORPS  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC  
1862-1865

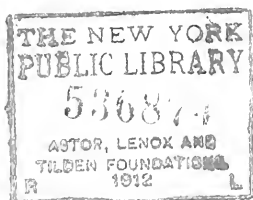
BY ROBERT TILNEY

COMPANY D, TWELFTH N. Y. VOLUNTEERS, AND SERGEANT COMPANY F  
FIFTH N. Y. VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.  
CLERK TO ORDNANCE OFFICER, FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS,  
ALSO TO THE PROVOST-MARSHAL OF THE CORPS, AND  
FROM JULY 8, 1864, TO JULY 1, 1865, CHIEF CLERK IN THE  
OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL  
AT FIFTH CORPS HEADQUARTERS.  
MILITARY CLERK AT HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE  
ATLANTIC, FROM JULY 2 TO AUGUST 14, 1865.  
ELLIS POST NO. 6, G. A. R.

*Author of "Gleanings from Poetic Fields,"  
"A Summer Holiday," etc.*

Philadelphia:  
FERRIS & LEACH  
29 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET  
1912

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TO MY WIFE



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## PREFACE

This work does not claim to be a history of the Fifth Army Corps. It is a record of life in the army as shown in my own personal experience; with such thoughts and reflections as the events made on my mind.

From January, 1862, until the close of the Chancellorsville Campaign I served with my regiment as a private. After that battle some little duty as company and regimental clerk had brought me to the notice of the Ordnance Officer of the brigade who had me detailed as his clerk. I served under him for a few months, going with him to the division headquarters to which he was transferred. An officer of my regiment having been appointed Provost-Marshal of the Corps, I was detailed to duty as his clerk and served with him until the summer of 1864, when I was appointed chief clerk in the office of the Assistant Adjutant General of the Corps.

Up to March of that year I have had to depend mainly on memory for the events related, but at that time I began the writing of a large number of letters to a friend in Philadelphia; these came subsequently into my possession, and for two months, March and April of that year, the record is a condensation of the matter contained in the letters of that period.

Beginning with the active campaigning in May, I have continued the letters in diary form until the return of the army to the vicinity of Washington at the close of the war.

Whatever interest these reminiscences may have is

enhanced by the fact that the events described, at least during the last sixteen months of the war, were recorded on the spot, together with the impressions made on my mind by the scenes witnessed forty-five years ago.

A brief account of the operations of the Corps or parts of it runs through the record and, at times, when the letters are not sufficiently explicit as to where it was or what it did, I have summarized the operations from official reports.

Those who may desire a fuller account of the doings of the grand old corps will find it in Colonel Powell's "History of the Fifth Army Corps." I have quoted from it occasionally, giving it due credit.

# My Life in the Army

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY—THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN—ARRIVAL AT HARRISON'S LANDING.

The formation of army corps in the Army of the Potomac took place by order of the President of the United States, March 8. 1862. The First Corps was commanded by Major-General McDowell; the Second by Brigadier-General Sumner; the Third by Brigadier-General Heintzelman, and the Fourth by Brigadier-General Keyes. On the 18th of March General Porter's division, which formed the nucleus of the future Fifth Corps, was assigned to the Third Corps. A fifth corps was formed at this time under General Banks, but was discontinued early in the following month, and was never known as *the* "Fifth Corps."

Porter's division consisted at this time of three brigades. The First, Brigadier-General Martindale, was composed of the Second Maine, the Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth New York, and the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Massachusetts. The Second Brigade, Brigadier-General Morell, the Fourteenth New York, Ninth Massachusetts, Fourth Michigan and Sixty-second Pennsylvania. The Third Brigade, Brigadier-General Butterfield, the Twelfth, Seventeenth and Forty-fourth New York, Eighty-third Pennsylvania and the Sixteenth Michigan. It had four batteries of artillery: Griffin's Fifth U. S. Battery D; Martin's Massachusetts Battery C; Weedon's Rhode Island Battery C, and Allen's Massachusetts Battery E. Unattached; Colonel Borden's First U. S. Sharpshooters, and Colonel Averill's Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

General Porter was a graduate of the United States Military Academy, 1845; served as Lieutenant, Fourth United States Cavalry in Mexico; brevetted Captain and then Major. In recognition of his services in 1860-61, he was appointed Colonel of Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, May 14th, and three days later, Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and soon after appointed to the command of the Fifth Army Corps.

General Butterfield was not a graduate of West Point, but had been Colonel of the Twelfth New York State Militia, an organization dating from 1847. He was an excellent disciplinarian and a thorough drill-master. One of his brigade thus spoke of him: "For a time I don't think I ever hated a man worse in my life; he drilled us so unmercifully, as we then thought. It was 'double-quick' from morning to night, and sometimes until midnight, to see how well we could do it. If all the balls which the boys vowed would go through him at the first engagement had done so he would have been riddled worse than any coal sieve you ever saw." He goes on to say that when they realized, in the field, the purpose of all this drilling and discipline, and his heroic behavior, their strong hatred was changed to still stronger love.

Colonel Powell in his "History of the Fifth Army Corps," speaking of the experiences of the first winter and the frequent drills says: "That never-ceasing Third Brigade call 'Dan! Dan! Dan! Butterfield!' has not even yet died entirely away, and with its faintest echoes there come trooping up memories of squad drill, rail drill, company drill, regimental drill, brigade drill, division review, sham fight, dress parade, camp guard, guard house, picket duty, nervous duty, tactics, and army regulations, till back and head and heart again begin to ache."

The Third Brigade always enjoyed the reputation

of being a good fighting body, and, in the opinion of some of the other brigades, it also sustained the less enviable reputation of being good foragers, not always in a legitimate manner. I remember, on a march in the earlier years of the war, being temporarily with another brigade in advance of my own, when the column halted at a farm-house by the roadside with a large chicken-house in full view. A disposition to raid it was manifested by some of the men, and some discussion arose on the advisability of so doing; some maintained that they were well supplied with rations and that they had better leave the chickens behind. This view seemed likely to prevail, when some one called out: "Ah, what are ye'z talking about? Butterfield's *thieves* are behind, and if we don't take them, they will." The grammar was faulty, but the argument was logical and convincing, and in a very few minutes the chickens were involuntary participants of the march.

The Twelfth New York State Militia (Butterfield's regiment), on the breaking out of the war left New York for Washington with nine full companies, and on May 3d was mustered into the United States service for three months. It was the first regiment to cross the Long Bridge and invade Virginia soil. July 9th it was transferred to General Patterson's command and remained with the Army of the Shenandoah until its time expired.

The Twelfth New York Volunteers was organized at Elmira, May 13, 1861, for two years. It took part in the first battle of Bull Run under Colonel Walrath, who resigned September 26, 1861, and was succeeded by Colonel Henry A. Weeks. The regiment was a combination of two separate bodies. The Elmira regiment was unable to fill its ranks to the required number, and a body of men in New York city (a portion, I believe, of the old Twelfth Militia), being in the same predicament,

the two sections were united under the name of the Twelfth New York Volunteer Infantry. The regiment had a chequered career; it commenced with a consolidation and ended with one. It suffered severely in the second battle of Bull Run, as it also had in the Peninsula campaign. It was claimed that, according to promise at the time of the formation of the regiment, the New York city men were to be considered as having the same status as the men from the western part of the State, and were to be mustered out with them at the expiration of their term of service; but when that time arrived, this promise, if it had been given, was ignored, and the New York city men retained. The discharge of about one-half of the regiment, together with losses in battle and from disease, so reduced its numbers that it was finally formed into two companies and made the Provost Guard, first at the Fifth Corps headquarters and afterwards at headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. It was then known as the Twelfth Independent Battalion, and retained this designation until the close of the war, although at a later date, the Fifth New York Veteran Volunteers, having also been greatly reduced in number, the two companies of the Twelfth were merged into it as Companies E and F. From first to last the Twelfth gave many valuable officers to the service, chief among whom were Generals Butterfield, Sickles, and Barlow.

On a bronze tablet affixed to the monument erected jointly by the Twelfth and Forty-fourth New York Regiments on Little Round Top on the Gettysburg battle-field is the following inscription:

#### THE TWELFTH NEW YORK AT GETTYSBURG.

It had two companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Ryder on duty at Headquarters as Provost Guard at Fifth Corps and Headquarters, Army of the Potomac.

On first day of battle General Francis Channing Barlow (formerly Lieutenant of Twelfth) was seriously wounded commanding First Division, Eleventh Corps.

On second day of battle General Daniel E. Sickles (formerly a Captain of Twelfth) was seriously wounded commanding Third Army Corps.

On third day of battle General Daniel Butterfield (who, as Colonel, brought the Twelfth to the war) was wounded and disabled at Headquarters as Chief of Staff.

At the beginning of the war this was the first regiment to cross the Long Bridge on the advance of the Union Army May, 21, 1861.

#### APPOMATTOX.

The two companies of the Twelfth consolidated with the Fifth New York Veteran Infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Ryder and Major Paul A. Oliver, took charge of the surrendered Confederate arms.

I enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment January 14, 1862. Like many others I thought I was going on a "picnic," to see the country and so forth. "The war will soon be over" and "the war will be over in three months" were assertions often heard, and but few, I imagine, ever suspected that nearly three years and a half were to pass before the end should come; that so many thousands of lives were to be lost or wrecked; so vast an amount of hardship to be endured in the field; so much sorrow and suffering in the home. My choice of a regiment did not at first promise very favorably; the section of the Twelfth I entered was composed mainly of Irishmen, and I, an Englishman, was not *persona grata* with them. There were many rough

characters among them, and I had to endure a very considerable amount of abuse until my part was taken by a young sergeant of the company to which I was assigned, and who not only befriended me when a friend was sorely needed, but who continued to be a true and valuable associate during all my army career. A good man and a good soldier, he was promoted from time to time, and finally became a captain. He was badly wounded at the battle of White Oak Road on the way to Five Forks, fell into the enemy's hands and died either from wounds or neglect.

We remained some time in New York before leaving for Washington. On reaching that city we crossed the river and went into camp near Arlington. While here I had a narrow escape from death, the first of many experienced in the course of the war. I had wandered from camp into the woods, where some men were felling trees. Hearing a sudden outcry and looking in the direction from which it came, I saw a huge tree about to fall where I stood. Seeing another tree, which had been cut down a few feet in front of me, I sprang forward and threw myself alongside of it just at the moment that the other one crashed down on the very spot I had just left, while a large limb fell across the tree by which I was lying and pinned me to the earth. But for my presence of mind and the aid of that friendly tree I should inevitably have been killed.

It was at this camp that we had our first intimation of the existence of that "graft" that later became so prevalent. The quartermaster of one of the regiments near us came to it a penniless man, and after a few months resigned, went home and bought a farm for which it was said he paid seven thousand dollars. It was currently reported that he sold, for his own benefit, flour and other necessities of his regiment,



the men of which had long been complaining of insufficient supplies.

When the advance on Richmond by way of Yorktown was about to be inaugurated, our regiment, with others, marched to Alexandria, slept that night on the floor of St. John's Church in that city, and then embarked on transports for Newport News, arriving there on the 23d of March.

Many amusing incidents are recorded as occurring to troops on their journeys from their various localities to the capital. A member of the Forty-fourth New York says:

"We received a hearty welcome in New York, a refreshing welcome in Philadelphia, a very little welcome in Baltimore, and no welcome at all in Washington. They let us down gradually. We started in a first-class steamboat from Albany and reached Washington in cattle-cars. The boy in Baltimore who came up under our guns and told us that "S. N. Y." on our brasses meant "Snub-nosed Yankees" was the first enemy we encountered. We arrived at Washington in the night, lunched, and lay down. The best lodgings appeared to have been taken, so we selected some ordinary houses and—slept on the sidewalks." My own experience was somewhat similar. On reaching Philadelphia from New York, we were splendidly entertained at the Cooper Shop Refreshment Rooms. The tables were covered with cloths; the china was clean and homelike; the sandwiches and other provisions were served on plates, with knives, forks and spoons; everything was good, and we were treated in a kind and friendly manner. At Baltimore there was a marked difference; but even there some effort was made at decency. There were no table-cloths or other accessories of that kind. The food was good but very plain, and the way in which it was served was tolerable,

but a great falling off from Philadelphia wholeheartedness. On arrival at Washington we were sent into a shed, with a shelf along the walls and no seats. We were given bread without butter, and something which, by courtesy, was called coffee. The shelves, from frequent use and infrequent cleansing, were sloppy with spilt coffee, which was served in tin cups, while the slices of bread, two or three in number, were slapped down on the wet boards.

The base of supplies having been established at Fortress Monroe, Porter's division led the advance on Yorktown, through Big Bethel, Harwood's Bridge and Cockletown, and bivouacked on the 5th, covering the junction of Yorktown and Warwick Court-house roads immediately in front of the enemy's advanced and entrenched position. Hamilton's brigade followed Porter on the 10th, and on that day Porter's division moved to the plateau south of Wormley's Creek, and retained that position until the end of the siege of Yorktown, which lasted a month. On the night before a contemplated assault the enemy abandoned his entrenchments and retreated towards Richmond. Porter's division was immediately embarked at Yorktown, May 8th, for West Point, Va., followed by Sykes' division; on the 13th the divisions of Franklin, Porter, Smith and Sykes advanced to Cumberland. Sykes was directed to report to Porter and Smith to Franklin by orders from Washington, and on the 18th the forces commanded by Generals Porter and Franklin were designated the Fifth and Sixth Provisional Corps. This order was modified June 22d, the term "provisional" was dropped, and the Fifth and Sixth Corps permanently established. Porter's division became the first division of the Corps, Sykes' division became the second, and McCall's division of Pennsylvania Re-

serves, which had arrived on the 12th and 13th, was made the third division.

It will be interesting to note here, at the time of the organization of the Fifth Corps, the number of its brigade commanders who attained to more important commands. General Butterfield, the first commander of the Third Brigade, first division, became Division Commander, then Corps Commander, and subsequently chief of staff, Army of the Potomac. General Griffin, later in command of the same brigade, succeeded to the command of the Division, and finally to that of the Corps. General Sykes in command of the second division was, for a time, commander of the Corps. General Reynolds commanding First Brigade, third division, was later in command of the Sixth Corps. General Warren, commanding Third Brigade, second division, was later Chief Engineer of the Army and also commander of the Fifth Corps. General Meade, in command of Second Brigade, third division, succeeded to the command of the division, the Corps, and eventually to that of the Army. General Barlow, formerly a Lieutenant of the Twelfth New York rose to the command of the first division of the Eleventh Corps, and General Sickles, formerly a captain in that regiment, eventually commanded the Third Corps. General Sickles at this date (February, 1912) is still living at the age of ninety-two. A number of regimental commanders became Brigadier-Generals or were assigned to the command of brigades.

Of the advance on Richmond and of the seven days' fighting in the Peninsula campaign I have but little personal knowledge. On the road to Yorktown we were one night camped in a wood, about dawn next morning I awoke feeling very uncomfortable, and,

on making some movement, found my blankets wet; on arising I discovered that, probably from a rain in the vicinity, the wood had been turned into a swamp and we were lying in some inches of water. I aroused those in my neighborhood and soon the camp was alive with men wringing out their wet blankets and clothing. Whiskey mixed with quinine was served out to the troops to ward off fevers. In a few days, however, I was taken down with what proved to be typhoid fever. I lay in my tent for several days neglected by the regimental surgeon until, I suppose at the time the regiment was about being embarked at Yorktown for West Point, Va., I was carried out, put on board a steamboat and taken to New York. As I was being carried along the company street I was barely conscious, but yet sufficiently so to overhear the encouraging remark of the bystanders, such as: "He's a goner," etc. I have but little recollection of the journey north or of my reception at the hospital. I recall an attempt to get down out of my berth, an upper one, and of being roundly abused by the man in the lower one for doing so. My next recollection is that of being placed with others on an express wagon on the way to the City Hospital on Broadway, and on our passage up that street noticing an elderly gentleman who, about to cross the street, looked up, and, seeing a wagon full of sick and wounded soldiers, stopped and raised his hat in kindly sympathetic recognition, an act which, sick as I was, made a lasting impression on me. I also have some knowledge of my clothing, which I afterwards learned was in a shocking condition, being removed and burned, and then knew no more for two weeks. Upon my return to consciousness a physician and some visitors were at my bedside, and the former was saying: "Here is a case we never expected to pull through. He has been unconscious for nearly two weeks; what little life he had

was kept in him solely by milk-punch." My next remembrance was awakening and finding an orange or some little delicacy on my pillow, which the New York ladies so freely bestowed on the sick and wounded soldiers.

I remained at the hospital for about eight weeks, and then went to some friends on a farm in Newburgh, N. Y., staying there until, believing myself well again, and tired of the inactive life and longing to get back to my duty at the front, I left my kind friends and reported at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, and asked to be sent back to the regiment. This the officials refused to do, saying that having but just reported from a severe sickness I was entitled to wait for the next detachment going to Virginia. Asking when that would be, the answer was "Oh, maybe a month or two."

I found, however, that a detachment was going off that night to my Corps, and some men of my own brigade were among them; and I insisted, and finally prevailed on the doctors in charge to let me go. I reached the regiment in camp at Harrison's Landing two or three days before the change of base to the Chickahominy, which entailed a forty-mile march, and then I wished I had remained at New York, for I found by this time that the doctors knew more about my condition than I did: that I was not as strong as I thought I was, and, while by my three months' absence I had escaped all the terrible fighting of the Seven Days' Battles and the march to the James River, yet the severity of the march across to the Chickahominy was too much for my strength, and not only laid the seeds of a trouble that necessitated my return to a hospital a few weeks later, but which has remained with me more or less until now, at the age of seventy-two, and which has probably been the cause of other troubles which have occasioned much suffering and inconvenience during all the intervening years.

To return to the movements of the troops. Porter's division had taken a position on the left bank of the Chickahominy, and was still there on the 21st of May. The destruction of the "Merrimack," May 11th, opened up the James River. On the 27th occurred the battle of Hanover Court House. The 28th was occupied in the pursuit of the enemy, and the troops returned to their former position on the 29th. On the 31st the battle of Fair Oaks was fought. The division was then inactive for awhile, but General Stuart with 1200 cavalry and a section of artillery having made a circuit of the Union Army, General McClellan withdrew from his position by way of Warwick Court House to Mechanicsville, where another battle was fought on June 26th. After this engagement the Fifth Corps withdrew from Beaver Dam Creek to a new line east of Gaines' Mill, where the battle of that name was fought. Powell's History of the Fifth Corps says of this:

"General Porter's Corps, at the most 20,000 men, kept nearly the entire Rebel Army of over 60,000 men at bay all day, and retired across the Chickahominy during the night. Of all the battles of the American Rebellion, no battle stands out so prominently as that of Gaines' Mill. A single army corps, with half of that a single line of troops, without breastworks, holding every inch of its ground against twice its numerical force, while that force possessed all the advantages of cover to mask its movements, must furnish to military men a picture of self-reliance on the part of the commanders and endurance on the part of the Union troops scarcely, if ever, equaled. General Lee could with difficulty be made to believe the assertions of prisoners captured by his troops that he had been confronted only by Porter's Corps in this battle; he supposed the full force of the Union Army had been engaged against him."

On June 30th the battle of Newmarket was fought, followed on July 1st by the battle of Malvern Hill, which ended in the repulse of the enemy, but which determined General McClellan to change his base to the James River; this he successfully accomplished, reaching Harrison's Landing on the evening of the 3d.

The Fifth Corps fought the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill almost single-handed, bore a large share in that of Newmarket, and hurled back the masses of the enemy at Malvern Hill. The loss of the entire Union Army during the seven days' fighting was 15,000, that of the Fifth Corps alone being 7,560, over half the number.

The Corps reached Harrison's Landing on the evening of July 3d. On Monday, July 30th, General W. T. Pendleton, Chief of Confederate Artillery, supported by two brigades of infantry under General S. G. French, left Petersburg and bivouacked near Parkinson's saw-mill on the evening of the 31st. Pendleton's guns at 12.30 a.m., August 1st, opened fire on the Union camps and ships. The surprise was complete, the noise tremendous, and the execution ridiculous in proportion. Our artillery and gunboats got to work, and in twenty minutes Messrs. Pendleton and French were on their way back to Petersburg.

The next afternoon a detachment was sent across the river, burned the house and cut down the timber around it. I have seen the house called the "Cole House," but I remember that the talk at the time was that it belonged to a Confederate Officer named Ruffin, and that he commanded the force that fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, and, as I went with the party sent over to do the work of destruction, I well remember that this fact, or reported fact, added very much to the zeal with which our orders were executed. A day or two later I was again one of a party which was sent up

river on a reconnaissance to hunt up rebel batteries or other forces likely to renew the attack on our camps. The steamboat used for this purpose was either the "Edwin Forrest" or the "John A. Warner," boats which in those days were favorite excursion boats on the Delaware River. It had been "armored" for this trip; sheet-iron plates were fastened around the pilot-house and lined the sides of the boat as a protection to the reconnoitering party, but we found no traces of the enemy. After the war, when I became a resident of Philadelphia, at an early visit to the Delaware I was surprised to see steaming down it my old acquaintance of the James, but minus her war-like equipment.

As previously stated, I reached my regiment at Harrison's Landing on my return from New York, and, it so happened, on the very evening of this attack. I was still weak, much more so than I realized when leaving Governor's Island, and was also exhausted by the long and tedious journey, and thoroughly tired out when I reached the camp and turned in for the night. Our regiment was equipped with Sibley tents, holding sixteen men each, and supported by a heavy centre pole. This pole had been struck during the bombardment, and the tent fell on the men in it, if they had not been previously driven out by the rumpus. But neither the fall of the tent nor the noise of the guns, tremendous as it was, awakened me. When I did awake next morning it was some time before I could make out where I was, and on finally making my way out from under the canvas I was amazed at the sight around me; it seemed as though the entire camp had been knocked to pieces. My appearance was greeted with yells, and it was long before I could make the men believe that I had slept through all that racket, and, indeed, I fear some never did believe it. Many years after, my wife and I were invited by her brother to meet a gentleman



who was introduced as Mr. French, a resident of Florida, and a cousin of Samuel H. French, of the well-known firm of paint manufacturers of this city. During the evening the conversation turned on the war, and my brother-in-law asked me to narrate my experience at Harrison's Landing. When I had done so the visitor said with a laugh: "That is all true, and I was the officer in command of the infantry that supported the batteries on that occasion," and we had a good laugh over the reminiscence. General French died at Florala, Florida, April 20, 1910, in his 91st year.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK—  
BULL RUN—ANTIETAM—REMOVAL OF GENERALS  
MCLELLAN AND PORTER—WINTER QUARTERS.

On the 3d of August the army was directed to prepare to leave the peninsula and go to Acquia creek. Ten days were spent in making the necessary preparations, and on the 14th orders to move were received. Before 8.00 o'clock that morning the Fifth Corps started, marched all night, rested at the Chickahominy to protect the pontoon bridge, and reached Williamsburg on the 16th, camping, I think, on the same spot we had occupied on our march to Yorktown, of which I had anything but pleasant recollections. We left camp on the 17th for Newport News, and embarked for Acquia creek to support General Pope, whose command was being threatened by the enemy. The all-night march of the 14th, with the marching covering the movements of the Corps, six days in all, was too much for me. From Acquia creek the Corps was ordered to march to Fredericksburg, thence up the north bank of the Rappahannock, and finally to Warrenton Junction. To accomplish this we marched thirteen days and two entire nights, with little rest during that period; part of the time on half rations, in extremely hot weather, and in a country part of which was absolutely without water. On one occasion I tried to get a drink from a ditch, but the water, if such it could be called, was green and slimy, and so thick that the proverbial spoon could have been stood up in it, but that was better than none at all. On the last day of this series of marches, when the main body had caught up, in less than three hours after our arrival, while we were cooking coffee and meat

for the first time in forty-eight hours, orders from General Pope were received to march at 1.00 o'clock a.m.

These movements were preparatory to the battle of Bull Run, which was fought on the 29th. At this engagement, in the confusion, I became separated from my regiment and found myself mixed in with a part of a Vermont regiment, and remained with it until the retreat, when I became hopelessly lost and stayed all night under some bushes by the roadside, expecting momentarily to be picked up by some rebel troops, having no idea where I was, whether in our lines or the enemy's. After daylight I ventured out to seek for the regiment, and after some hours' search, met a squad of it, like myself, on the hunt. I think there were about forty of us, and in the course of the day one hundred and forty men responded to roll call out of possibly eight or nine hundred who composed the regiment. When the rest arrived I do not know, for, as a result of that all-night march of the 14th and the following two weeks of marching and hardships of various kinds, I was taken sick with a severe attack of diarrhoea, and had to go to the field hospital, and, becoming worse, was sent to a hospital in Washington, and was absent about three weeks. This disease troubled me more or less through the whole of my army life and for several years afterward.

I pass over the events and movements of the Corps from the battle of Bull Run to that of Antietam, which took place September 17th. The Corps then went into camp between Sharpsburg and the Potomac river. It lay there until October 27th, when McClellan crossed into Virginia, my Corps going to Harper's Ferry, which had been recovered after its surrender to the enemy by the General in whose department it was situated. It was there that I rejoined the regiment after my return from the Washington hospital. A large number of men

were being sent back to the army at that time. We were transported in the usual manner, in cattle, box, or flat cars. I had the good fortune to be posted on the top of a freight car, and could enjoy the beautiful scenery on the journey up the Potomac. There were many interesting scenes on the way and some that were not so interesting, although not without a ludicrous touch. At what should have been dinner-time an unfortunate baker happened to be making his way along a country road with a wagon full of pies. The road passed under the railway at one of the numerous halts that made the journey so tedious. On these halts the men on the train would leap down in the hope of getting something to eat, and orchards and gardens suffered from their depredations. Some one saw the pie wagon and its contents and gave the alarm; scores of men, I am tempted to say hundreds, swooped down on the unsuspecting baker, and in less time than it takes to tell it the wagon was relieved of its load. I neither took part in the raid nor shared in the spoils.

On reaching Harper's Ferry I found my regiment located on the summit of the hill on the Maryland side. I picked out what I thought was a comfortable spot on the upper slope to spend the night, rolled myself in blankets and went to sleep. Next morning I awoke in rather a demoralized condition, and, on investigation, discovered that, owing to the steepness of the hill, I had made an unconscious journey, feet foremost, a considerable way down towards the river, my descent being finally interrupted by a large rock which happened to be in my line of travel.

On November 2d the Corps reached Snickersville, and a part of it was sent on a reconnaissance through Snicker's Gap to the ferry on the Shenandoah. On the 6th it marched to White Plains, and thence by way of New Baltimore to Warrenton, my division passing

through Leesburg and the neighborhood of Waterford. There was good foraging in a legitimate way on this part of the march. We fared well in the way of butter, eggs and poultry, and the farmers' families were very kind to us. I made a good lunch of apples in an orchard attached to a mill property somewhere in this neighborhood, which I afterward learned belonged to a well-known Quaker family with whom I many years later became acquainted. At that time the men of the family were north to escape enrollment in the Rebel Army.

The return of a foraging party was always a matter of interest, and at times a ludicrous sight. The men often had bayonets fixed. One would have a big piece of beef on the point; another a piece of ham, perhaps a whole one; a third with a piece of bacon; some with chickens, alive or dead, tied round their waists, or their caps full of eggs, apples or other articles according to the season or the productiveness of the section of country in which they happened to be. At times the marching column would be thus decorated; the men would drop out as opportunity offered to make a purchase or a capture and regain their places in the ranks. At night, in bivouac or camp, a sudden squeal would pierce the air, and then we knew that some adventurous pig had been captured in the woods and was about to be prepared for the supper of its fortunate captor and a few of his special friends.

It was on our arrival at Warrenton that, like a bolt out of a clear sky, came the order removing General McClellan from command of the army. He had been temporarily set aside when the troops were being transferred from the Chickahominy to Alexandria. He was ordered to that place, and instructed to send the troops on their arrival immediately to General Pope, and was then placed in command of the defences of Washington. Pope's disastrous failure at Bull Run induced the

authorities to restore McClellan to the command of the army, but his failure to follow up the victory at Antietam decided the President to permanently relieve him of the command.

Opinions differ as to McClellan's ability as a General. The men idolized him, as the reception given him when the army was drawn up on the Warrenton and Alexandria pike abundantly testified. He was undoubtedly a great organizer, and made a magnificent army out of the raw troops that were sent him; the men recognized this, and in addition, there was something in the man that appealed to their hearts and affections, and their grief and indignation were intense when called upon to part with "Little Mac," as they familiarly and affectionately called him. But notwithstanding his ability as an organizer and disciplinarian, there was wanting in him that decision and determination that distinguishes a great General. He seemed to be afraid of himself; too timid to carry out his plans when formed. He was always at war with the Government, complaining about every order that was issued; always calling for more troops, even when his forces numbered nearly or quite double those of the enemy. There were times, indeed, when it would appear that his complaints might have been well grounded. Forces were promised him, but withheld at the time he expected them. Sometimes, when about to execute a movement for which he had planned, some of his troops would be detached and sent in other directions, thus upsetting his plans. But granting all this, there was an apparent hesitation to make a movement when to all appearance, everything was favorable.

It was believed by many, and also asserted by Southern critics, that the army, properly handled, could have taken Richmond at the time of the battle of Cold Harbor, but he let the opportunity go by. He lost

another chance of crushing Lee by refraining from a vigorous pursuit of the Southern army after the battle of Antietam, and it was this latter failure which was the immediate cause of his removal.

A few days later another surprise fell upon the army, and this time especially on the Fifth Corps, when its gallant Commander, General Porter, was removed, and General Hooker appointed to succeed him. Whatever may be thought of the necessity of General McClellan's removal, there can be but one opinion of the action against Porter. Charges were brought against him of disobedience of orders; orders which, in one case, did not reach him for several hours after they should have done, and when the movement they called for could not possibly have been made. In another case, when to have carried them out would have resulted in the loss of the greater part of his command. Porter had information of the disposition of the enemy's forces in his front which made it impossible to carry out the order without a useless sacrifice of life; information which the General in command should have had, but of which he was ignorant. At the court-martial incorrect maps and other means were employed against Porter, and he was convicted and dismissed from the service. This scandalous action lost to the Union cause the services of one of the most brilliant, courageous and capable Generals that the American army produced. It was nearly a quarter of a century before General Porter was fully vindicated and restored to his rank in the army. General Hooker did not retain, indeed never assumed, the actual command of the Fifth Corps, and a few days later General Daniel Butterfield was assigned to that duty.

This winter the troops had their first experience at building winter quarters. Coupled with this was a branch of fatigue duty, well named, of cutting timber

in the woods and swamps for building roads, and occasionally being detailed to aid the engineer corps in cutting timber for, and helping in, the construction of bridges, etc. I have stood for hours in swampy places in water halfway to my knees, cutting down trees for corduroy roads to be laid over bad places that the wagon-trains, artillery and troops could move more readily in the rainy season. A more enjoyable but still arduous task was the getting out timber to build the log-houses for the winter camp. We felled the trees, cut the logs into suitable lengths, notched them, and became expert in erecting log-houses; then we raised the roof, or rather the ridge-poles, and stretched the shelter tents over them for the roofs. Then came the making of the fire-places and building the chimneys, usually of clay, which required frequent repairing; when stone was to be had, we used that, and some very fine specimens of chimney-building were often seen. Sometimes the chimney would be constructed entirely of stone; more frequently, however, a flour or pork barrel was used to top it out. Then bunks were built on each side of the house, and many a cosy evening have I spent in such a house, with a cheerful fire on the hearth and the inevitable coffee-pot in the corner; when by candlelight, when candles were to be had, at other times by the light of the fire, we wrote letters or swapped yarns or discussed the affairs of state until "taps" required the fire to be extinguished or covered up and lights put out.

Not infrequently, when a camp had been thus established and we were expecting a long enjoyment of our comfortable quarters, orders would come to move, either on a general movement or a partial one, when we might be sent a few miles away or even a shorter distance. Then all the work would have to be done over again, while other fellows would take our former quarters ready-made to their hands; but this was one of the



vicissitudes of a soldier's life, and was borne philosophically.

On one occasion, I think it was at Brandy Station, just previous to Lee's invasion of Maryland, we appeared to be likely to enjoy a period of rest. I was then no longer with the regiment, but on detached duty as clerk to the ordnance officer of my division, when I and assistant, Bennett by name, thought we would build ourselves a house that should be the envy of the camp. There was a partly dismantled house on a nearby hill. We borrowed a mule-team and chains from the quartermaster's department and hauled a sufficient number of beams, about fifteen feet in length, and raised the sides of a very pretentious house; procured from the same friendly source sufficient canvas for the roof, with an extra fly to ensure protection from storms; built a set of bunks, a table and benches. It being comparatively warm, we did not need a fireplace, so were saved that much labor. After several days of hard work we moved into our palatial abode about 6.00 o'clock one evening, and proceeded to enjoy our surroundings, wondering at the same time how long we would be left in the enjoyment thereof. One of us remarked that now would be a good time to move, and certain ugly rumors floating around indicated that such an event was not unlikely. We turned in at about 9.00 o'clock, and at 12.00 I was aroused by an orderly with a message for me which read thus: "We move at 3.00 a.m." So we got into our clothes, dismantled our fine house as far as we could, packed our belongings, and at 3.00 o'clock sat down to await orders. We "moved" about 8.00 instead of 3.00, and I think it was about 11.00 before we got fairly started. We were thus cheated out of the only night's stay in our house that we could have had. It seemed to be the regular thing to get the troops up at that early hour, and then stand by the roadside for several

hours before marching; this resulted sometimes in the loss of a breakfast, or, at least, of that delight of a soldier's heart, hot coffee. We had to content ourselves with cold water, and "hard-tack" (well named at times). There was "hard-tack" *and* "hard-tack." I have known some to be so fresh and crisp and delicious as to equal that prince of biscuits, "Uneeda." It was then indeed too good, so good that a man was tempted at one meal to eat the allowance for three and go hungry the rest of the time. And then there was "hard-tack" so hard you could do nothing with it. The men declared it was some that had been left over from the Revolutionary War, if not from some yet earlier one. I remember once wrestling with some of this kind. I tried in vain to make any impression on one, notwithstanding a set of exceptionally good teeth. Seeing one of Uncle Sam's mules looking longingly at it, I passed it over to him. He received it joyously, and set to work; he worked away at it for awhile on one side of his mouth, then deftly transferred it to the other side and tried again. A kind of worried look came into his eyes, and, finally, laying his ears well back on his head, he made a determined effort to crush it, but finding all his efforts useless, he dropped it on the ground and paid no further attention to it. The bugles just then sounding the advance, I left. It was enough for me. I concluded that if Uncle Sam's iron-jawed mules could not masticate such hard-tack, it was useless for me to try, so at the first opportunity I traded the remainder off on some unsuspecting victim of another command for some other delicacy.

## CHAPTER III.

### FREDERICKSBURG—BURNSIDE'S MUD-MARCH—CHANCELLORSVILLE—DETACHED DUTY.

On November 15th General Burnside commenced his movement against Fredericksburg, contrary to his own previously proposed plans, the advice of the authorities at Washington, and of his own generals. The whole army marched down the north bank of the Rappahannock. On the 21st the Fifth Corps moved to the Acquia Creek crossing on the Acquia Creek and Fredericksburg Railroad, and on the same day General Franklin summoned the city to surrender. Pontoons did not arrive until the 25th. No further move was made until the 9th of December, giving Lee ample time to make his preparations for defence. On the 11th the Corps broke camp and massed on a level plain in front of the city and in the rear of some batteries. Franklin's corps crossed on the 11th and 12th. The big battle was fought on the 13th. At 1.00 p.m. on that day, while Sumner's attack was in progress, the Fifth Corps crossed the river. General Griffin's division was ordered to the support of General Hayes. The First and Second Brigades took the positions assigned them on Marye's Heights; the Third following them, all but the Twelfth and Seventeenth New York who, from their position did not distinguish the bugle-call to advance, and did not do so until the other brigades had reached their positions. By the time these two regiments arrived it was dark. The troops were ordered to hold their respective positions until the next day. At daylight the enemy opened fire on the entire line, which was instructed not to reply if it could be avoided, and so lay exposed all day to a severe fire from the enemy's batter-

ies and sharpshooters, their only protection being their knapsacks, which they stood up in front of their heads, the men lying flat down, a slight rise in the ground preventing the shots from the batteries reaching them. We had already passed the night of the 13th on the field, and were forced to continue in this uncomfortable position all day, unable even to get a drink of water from our canteens, for as soon as a man raised his head he was picked off by the sharpshooters. The tin cup of the man on my right side, which was buckled on the top of his knapsack and almost touched my head, was shot through the bottom, and the man touching elbows with me on the left was shot through the temple. I did not know it until late in the evening, when orders were given us to rise, and, as he did not move, supposing that he had fallen asleep, I shook him, and that failing to arouse him, I turned him over and saw the bullet-hole in his right temple; thus literally the "dead and living lay side by side. This was the most trying position ever experienced, and one that put to the test the nerve and endurance of the oldest and most courageous of officers and men." After dark that evening our regiment was ordered to an advanced position, and, a little later, a detail of one man in every ten was ordered thirty paces still further to the front; I was one of them and this brought us into very close proximity to the enemy's line. Some hours later we were quietly ordered to retire into Fredericksburg; myself and a companion made our way back to the streets of the city and after a long search, found where our regiment was situated; the streets were filled with artillery and troops. The sidewalks were so crowded it was impossible to lie down where our men were, and we decided to go into the yard of one of the houses where our line lay on the main street. Just then the Lieutenant-Colonel of our regiment came along, and I told him where we were going

and asked his consent. He replied: "All right, boys, I will see you called if anything takes place." We went into the yard, lay down, and were soon asleep. I awoke with the rain beating on my face. I roused my companion, and suggested that we should go into an out-building further down the yard, but said I would go to the street and see how things looked. I did so, and to my surprise and alarm found it empty. I hastened back, and called to my friend to come quickly, as the troops were all gone and we had better get out of there as soon as possible. We ran out, and immediately rushed for the river and reached it just in time to be taken on board of a boat that, with a few other men, was about leaving the shore. As we neared the middle of the stream, we saw some rebel cavalry riding down the street by which we had reached the river, and congratulated ourselves on our narrow escape from capture. In due time we reached our camp, and, soon after our arrival, to our surprise and mortification, we were arrested and sent to the guardhouse. Not getting any explanation from the guard, I asked that the captain of my company be requested to come to us. He came, and in answer to my demand to know the cause of our arrest, he replied that we were charged with "desertion and cowardice in face of the enemy." At this, considering all that we had gone through in the two nights and days we had spent across the river, I laughed; but he said it was "no laughing matter." I then explained how we came to be left behind, and asked that Colonel Richardson might be seen so that he could corroborate my statement. The captain said that the Colonel had left that morning for the north on leave of absence. This surprised me at first, and then made me feel a little uncomfortable, as he was the only witness we had who could help us, and his whereabouts and the time of his return were both unknown.

The court-martial was convened in a day or two, and I was the first to be called before it and subjected to a close and severe examination. I explained all the circumstances; of having been out on picket duty that night after the trying experience of the day, and indeed of the preceding thirty hours. I was asked if I had been present at any roll-call of the regiment while over the river. I said "No, I had no knowledge of any roll-call being made." The question then was: "Well, do you not call that leaving the command?" I replied emphatically "No!" "Well, how was it then?" was the next question. I replied: "The command left me." This answer seemed to puzzle the members of the court for a few seconds, and then a light seemed to dawn in their faces; the sternness faded away, and a half-concealed smile stole over the faces of the president and the judge advocate: they conversed together a minute or two; the president sent an inquiring glance along the line of officers on each side of the table, and, seeing in them an assenting look, said: "How about the other man?" (whose name I have forgotten). I replied: "What I have said applies to him equally with myself; we were together all the time." Then came the order: "Go to your quarters." We were safe.

It has always been a mystery to me how all this came about. I was never able to understand how Colonel Richardson could so quickly have obtained a leave of absence, as such matters had to go through the regular channels, which always took some time; nor could I at all understand how all that mass of artillery we saw in the streets of Fredericksburg, to say nothing of the infantry, could have crossed the pontoon bridge in so short a time, the few hours intervening between our return to the city and our finding the army retreated. Neither had I been able to see why we should have been charged with desertion for so short an absence, after

being on picket duty as late as 10.00 o'clock that night; having been seen by some of our own regiment as late as midnight, and reaching camp, as we supposed, at an early hour in the morning. Our absence from roll-call, which seemed to have been the main ground of the charge, being I supposed the one that would necessarily have been made when the regiment reached its camp a few hours earlier.

After a lapse of forty-seven years the mystery is to a certain extent cleared up. The "History of the Fifth Army Corps," published in 1896, but which I read for the first time two years ago, explains the whole affair. I had always believed that when we retreated to Fredericksburg on the night of Sunday the 14th, it was the morning of the 15th that my companion and I crossed the river, but the facts are otherwise. On Monday the 15th the Corps, or part of it, was sent again to the front, and my division and brigade were again on picket duty; entrenchments were thrown up after dark on Monday night, in which part of the Corps was engaged; that later General Burnside decided to retreat across the river, and in the early morning hours our Corps crossed the pontoon bridge at that point, my division and indeed my brigade acting as near-guard to protect the crossing; the other corps crossing at other points, and by 9.00 o'clock the army was back in its former camps. The explanation is simply this: When my comrade and I went to sleep in that back yard about midnight on Sunday, we slept the remainder of that night, all day Monday, and until after daylight on Tuesday the 16th, when I was aroused by the rain, which had fallen heavily earlier in the night and was then about ceasing. It is clear now how Colonel Richardson could get his leave of absence; how the forces in that part of the city had had time to withdraw without our knowledge; and why the charge of desertion was

placed against us, since we had not responded at any roll-call that was made on Monday for picket, fatigue, or any other duty, beside the regular call on regaining camp. From the exposure during the two days lying before the city, awaiting orders to cross, and the thirty hours' terrible strain of our position on Marye's Heights, we had fallen into a deep sleep, and had been overlooked by the searching parties said to have been sent out on the last night to round up all stragglers and others who might be absent from their commands. As it was, we fortunately caught the last boat that left the south bank of the river, and the delay of another minute or two would have probably resulted in our capture by the cavalry scouts we saw approaching it.

That mystery solved, I am now wondering how it happened that this explanation did not come to light before. Why did we not find out at the time that we had lost a day? Why did not the questioning at the court-martial bring it out? Why did not the officers of my own company or some of my comrades ask what we were doing on that Monday? Or did they see, what we did not, that we had slept through that day? That is probably the case, but it is remarkable that nothing should have been said by somebody to open our eyes to the fact, and I am also wondering whether my companion ever made this discovery.

Christmas Day saw the Army of the Potomac back in its old camp on the north bank of the Rappahannock. The Fifth Corps was now under the command of Major General Meade, who was warmly welcomed. General Burnside having decided to cross the fords and attack Lee, orders were issued to move on the 18th of December; we did not move, however, until the 20th, so once more Lee had time for effective resistance. A heavy rain then set in, which turned the roads into quagmires, and it was impossible in many instances to move the



artillery. I saw sixteen mules attached to a twenty-pound gun and unable to pull it out of the mud; such sticky mud surely never was seen; the men had hard work to pull their feet out of it, and in not a few cases left their boots behind them. Rations gave out, for no wagons could possibly reach us. We lay in the woods for three days, until weather conditions admitted of our return to camp. So ended Burnside's famous mud-march and his second attempt to beat Lee.

This failure and an order which he issued about this time, and which was disapproved by the President, occasioned his retirement from the command of the Army, and the appointment thereto of General Hooker. The confederates amused themselves at our expense, on their side of the river, while we lay helpless in the woods, by setting up large signs on the river banks: "This way to Richmond," "Stuck in the mud," etc.

The next two months the Army remained in camp. Many changes were made in the organization both of the Army and the Fifth Corps prior to the commencement of the Chancellorsville campaign. During this period the troops were comfortably housed in winter quarters, but many men were busily employed in making and mending corduroy roads and bridges. General Butterfield devised the system of Corps badges. The First Corps was a circle; the Second a clover leaf; the Third a diamond; the Fifth a Maltese cross; the Sixth a Greek cross; the Eleventh a crescent, and the Twelfth a five-pointed star. These badges were red for the first division, white for the second and blue for the third. They were to be worn on the front of the caps, and aided materially in helping to distinguish our troops from those of the enemy; also for the recognition of the dead and wounded left on the field of battle. Later the several corps, divisions and brigades carried flags with these insignia at the head of their columns.

As organized for the Chancellorsville campaign the Fifth Corps was commanded by General Meade, and the division commanders were respectively Generals Griffin, Sykes and Humphreys.

The Corps left camp at 10.00 o'clock a.m. March 27th, encamped at Hartwood Church, and arrived next day at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock; thence to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan on the 29th. The river was forded; the stream was wide, three feet deep, and the current swift. As we had to hold our guns, cartridge boxes and haversacks above our heads, and retain our equilibrium on the uncertain bottom and in the rapid current, it may be imagined that the passage of the river was not an easy one.

The battle of Chancellorsville was fought between the 1st and 6th of May. My brigade was not actively engaged in it. The first position we occupied was a strong one, protected by a heavy breastwork which we had constructed of logs filled in with clay; but on the repulse of the Eleventh Corps, we had to leave it and take part of the position from which they had been driven, which offered little or no protection, and which it was impossible for us to fortify. We continued in this position for some time, the woods full of the enemy's men, immediately in front, with an open field between them and us; subject at any moment to an attack which under the circumstances, would have been difficult to resist. General Griffin, however, had stationed a former battery of his directly in our rear, which commanded the field and woods, and, coming along to inspect the position, said: "Have courage, boys, these guns will take care of you." Although the enemy several times showed themselves at the edge of the woods, a volley or two of canister quickly scattered them. It was in this position that we saw the fires in the woods

which the artillery had kindled, and heard the cries of the wounded which were beyond all help.

Nothing of moment happened to us while in this place; the only excitement was the effort of the enemy at times to get at us, and the picket duty at night. Once we were the subject of some sort of scare. The firing on our front had been rather lively, and appeared to be approaching nearer. It was supposed that a night attack was imminent, and, after firing a few volleys to give the alarm, we retired in something of a hurry, and were led by our officers into the bargain; but on reaching our lines, we were immediately ordered back again, and were also reprimanded for being scared, our own officers taken a hand in it, although it had been by their orders that we had come in, and they were considerably in the advance of us in the act.

We were much annoyed by the picket firing here at night, the balls whizzing unpleasantly close to our ears. One man in particular seemed to have found the range of my immediate neighborhood, but a large tree just in front of my post was a sufficient protection so long as I remained in its cover. This I could not always do, and the least movement outside brought a minie ball too close to be agreeable. I concluded to put a stop to the performance, and called to the man at the next post to watch for the flash of that fellow's rifle, and we would both fire at that point before he had time to reload. After doing this a few times he was silenced, it was getting too warm for him.

On the night of the 5th, Hooker retreated, the Fifth Corps being the rear-guard. The Corps did not have an opportunity of distinguishing itself as it had done on former occasions, but General Meade fully recognized its services in his report of the battle of Chancellorsville. He said: "To my division commanders I

have to return my thanks for their hearty support through the ten days' campaign. To the men under their command I cannot adequately express the satisfaction with which I witnessed their cheerful and ready obedience to all orders, their submission to every privation and exposure, night marches in mud and rain, fording deep streams, using the axe and spade more than the musket, and ready at all times to go forward and meet the enemy. It is such service as this that tries and makes the real soldier."

With this campaign my active duty with the ranks ceased. Having acted for a time, when in camp, as regimental clerk, my ability in that line had become recognized, and I was detailed as clerk to the ordnance officer of the brigade. He was later appointed to the duty at division headquarters, and took me with him. Competent clerks were scarce in the Fifth Corps. For over two years I was engaged in clerical duties, and later, when I was in a position that brought me into close relationship with the clerks on duty throughout the Corps, I found it difficult to get men who were competent to do the work required of them.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN—BACK ON THE RAPPAHAN- NOCK—HAPPENINGS IN CAMP AND ON THE MARCH—VIRGINIA SCENERY.

The Army lay on the Rappahannock during May. In that time the Fifth Corps underwent many changes in organization. A large number of regiments had been sent home because of the expiration of their terms of service. Among these the Twelfth New York had from this and other causes, been reduced to two companies under Captain H. W. Ryder, and assigned to duty as provost guard at army headquarters, Captain Ryder having been appointed provost marshal of the Corps. The uncertainty of Lee's movements had been the cause of a number of dispositions of troops by General Hooker. On May 23d a note was received by General Gregg which intimated that Lee was about to make a movement, and Hooker immediately made preparations to meet any steps that Lee might be expected to take. A division of the Fifth Corps was ordered to take up a position on the Rappahannock covering the fords. Lee had at that time concentrated his army at Culpepper Court House and its vicinity. General Ewell slipped away from that place and made his way into Maryland, Lee having resolved on an invasion of the North; and while waiting for the infantry under General Mills to come up, the Confederate cavalry had advanced to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Lee had expected General Stuart to report the movements of the Union Army, and by his not doing so Lee concluded that the Army of the Potomac was still on the Rappahannock, and ordered an advance on Harrisburg. On the 28th he was informed by a scout that the Army

of the Potomac was close on his heels, and immediately began to secure his lines of communication. Ewell was recalled from Carlisle, and ordered to Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might decide. General Hill arrived next morning, and advanced towards Gettysburg on July 1st.

On June 5th and 6th the Fifth Corps took up its position at United States Ford and adjacent fords on the Rappahannock; on the 14th marched to Catlett's station, thence to Manassas Junction, and thence to the Potomac River, crossing it on a pontoon bridge at Edward's Ferry, camping at Ballinger's Creek, near Frederick, Maryland, on the 27th. On the 21st the First Division was ordered to support Generals Pleasanton and Gregg in some operations in the vicinity of Upperville, Ashbys Gap and Goose Creek, and returned to the Corps on the 25th. On that date the First Corps was at Frederick, the Second at Monocacy Junction, the Third near Woodborough, the Sixth at Hyattstown, the Eleventh near Frederick, Buford's cavalry at Middletown and Gregg's at Newmarket and Ridgeville.

On June 27th General Hooker was relieved of the command of the army and General Meade appointed to succeed him. General Sykes became the commander of the Fifth Corps. General Butterfield, having been appointed chief of Staff by Hooker, was continued in that office by General Meade. The division commanders were now: General Barnes, Ayres, and Crawford.

General Meade put the army in motion on the 29th to occupy a line between Westminster and Gettysburg, and on the 30th the First, Third and Eleventh Corps were at Emmitsburg, the Twelfth at Taneytown, the Second at Frizzellburg, the Fifth at Union, and the Sixth at Manchester.

In passing through Frederick we saw some of the militia and three-months men sent out from New York

and Philadelphia to repel the invaders in case the Army of the Potomac did not arrive in time and it was these troops that the Confederates expected to encounter, and were much surprised when, on reaching Gettysburg, they saw the uniforms and bronzed faces of the First and Eleventh Corps before them, and exclaimed, "The Army of the Potomac!" and knew then that they had a different foe to deal with.

Our troops had been on the march for many days, bivouacking at night in the open air, and were dirty and travel-stained with the heat and sun of late June. The men from the cities, "featherbed soldiers" the army dubbed them, were inclined to sneer at us from the shabby appearance we made, and one New York regiment in particular in all the glory of white trousers, white gloves, shining shoes and polished belts and arms were exceedingly annoying in their remarks. Our men bore this for awhile with more or less patience, replying with good-humored badinage, but finally becoming tired of it, during a halt in the main street of Frederick, apparently without any previous agreement, a number of them broke ranks, seized a half score of the dandy nuisances, handled them pretty roughly for a few minutes and finally rolled them over and over in the dirty street and gutters until they were in a worse condition than we were. The news of this drastic treatment spread quickly, and the annoyance ceased.

On the 1st of July the Fifth Corps crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and great was the rejoicing and loud the cheers that ran along the line from the Pennsylvania troops at thus once more treading the soil of their own state. The Corps late that afternoon reached Hanover, having marched from Union Mills, Maryland. At 6.00 p.m. it was again on the march toward Gettysburg, twelve miles distant, marched till 1.00 a.m., lay down, up again at 4.00 a.m., no time for coffee or any-

thing to eat and moved to the battlefield three miles distant. The 1st was occupied in placing the troops as they arrived on the field. The First and Eleventh Corps had borne the whole of the first day's fighting, and the gallant Reynolds had fallen on that day. Late in the day a part of the Third and the Twelfth Corps arrived, and early on the morning of the 2d, the remainder of the army had reached the field and had been assigned to their positions.

The Fifth Corps reached Gettysburg about 5.00 p.m. on the 2d and was placed in reserve on the right of the line. It had marched over sixty miles since the morning of June 29th, and twenty-six of this number after 7.00 p.m. of the day previous. The 2d was the first day on which both armies faced each other. In the course of the day General Warren, having gone to the top of Little Round Top, saw that the enemy was preparing to seize it and knowing it to be the key to the position, hastily descended and sent a battery and some infantry to secure it and later, sent the Third Brigade of the first division with orders to hold it at all hazards, which, with unexampled bravery it did in spite of all that the enemy could do to dislodge them. Had it succeeded, the battle on that day, doubtful as it was at the best, would have been irretrievably lost. It is true that the successful repulse of Pickett's famous charge on the next day finally won the battle of Gettysburg, yet but for the men of the Fifth Corps at Little Round Top the day before there would probably have been no third day's battle, at least, not along those lines.

A handsome monument has been erected on the summit of Little Round Top by the Twelfth and Forty-fourth New York regiments of the third brigade and a fine life-size bronze statue of General Warren, bolted



on the rocks, depicts him with his field glass watching the enemy's movements.

Recognizing the importance to the Union cause of the coming battle, all possible precautions had been taken in case of a reverse to our arms. The Headquarters and reserve ammunition trains had been sent back many miles distant on the Baltimore roads and I had been ordered to accompany them and we lay all those two days listening to the roaring of the artillery, having no knowledge of how the battle was going, except that as the sound did not come nearer, we gathered that we were at least holding our own. After dark on the evening of the 3d, orders were received by us to bring up the trains and then we knew that the Union Army had been successful and we started on our long march with light hearts. The morning was far advanced when we reached Gettysburg and in a drenching rain which added to the horrors of the scene. On the 4th it was discovered that Lee had withdrawn from in front of the right of our lines. General Meade would not risk another attack knowing that Lee must either attack or retreat. The day was therefore spent in getting up the trains, in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. Next day it was found that the enemy were in full retreat and the Sixth Corps was sent in pursuit. They advanced to the Fairfield road and, finding the enemy in a strong position, Meade started a flank movement by way of Middletown.

The same day came the news of the capture of Vicksburg by Grant, and this, with the victory at Gettysburg, made the Fourth of July, 1863 a true day of National rejoicing. At the time the information of the fall of Vicksburg was received I was at army headquarters, and stopped in at the telegraph office for a chat with the operator, who was a friend of mine. While talking to him the machine commenced clicking

and the operator turned to it; after a few seconds he raised his hand for silence. Rapidly transcribing a message, he asked if I could keep a secret. I said I had frequent occasions to do so in my position, but if that message meant any good news I should not have to keep it very long. He then read to me the dispatch from General Grant, in which he tersely presented the city of Vicksburg as a Fourth of July present to the Nation. I said, that being the case, I had better be getting back to the Corps headquarters, and rode off as fast as my horse could carry me, but the news was out before I reached there, and the cheering all along our lines was immense, and must have had a depressing effect on the rebels. I was therefore the first in the Army of the Potomac, next to the telegraph operator, to hear of that important event.

On the 5th the Fifth Corps moved by the way of Emmitsburg and Middletown, crossed the Catoctin and South Mountain ranges at High Knob and Fox's Gap, reaching Delaware Mills on the upper Antietam on the 10th. Lee had abandoned Hagerstown, and was reported to be strongly posted on the Hagerstown and Williamsport road. Meade called a council of corps commanders; five out of six were absolutely opposed to any advance being made. On the 14th a reconnaissance in force proved that Lee had slipped across the Potomac and this virtually ended the campaign.

There was considerable dissatisfaction expressed that Meade did not follow Lee and prevent his escape, and the authorities at Washington shared in it and, indeed, General Halleck telegraphed Meade to cross the river and attack Lee on his retreat. Meade objected, and asked to be relieved from his command, feeling that the criticism was unjustified. This the President refused to do. It should be borne in mind that the army had made long and rapid marches from the Rappahannock

to Gettysburg, and fought a battle of four days' duration in all, and that the men were not in a condition to undergo the fatigue of a swift march and the probability of severe engagements under disadvantageous conditions. The enemy had been defeated and driven back from Northern soil in a manner that precluded any probability that he would ever again attempt to invade it, and that, under the circumstances, was sufficient.

On the 15th General Meade started for Harper's Ferry, which had again come into our possession, deciding to take an interior line to confine Lee, if possible, to the Shenandoah Valley, and attack him in flank by way of the passes. The Fifth crossed the Potomac, at Berlin, marched by way of Lovettstown, Goose Creek and Rectortown, and advanced toward Manassas Gap; passed through the Gap, attacked the enemy and drove them back till dark. Retracing its steps it marched by Warrenton, and went into camp at Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock.

About the time that the army reached that river the riots in New York, on the enforcement of the draft, took place, and part of the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, with other troops, was sent to that city to assist in restoring and maintaining order.

About one month's inactivity succeeded the return to camp, and Meade, being urged to make some movement, orders were issued for an advance on the 16th, when the army took up a new position in and around Culpeper C. H.; the Fifth being placed, first, in the rear of the village and afterwards in front of it, where it remained until October 13th. From this date a series of movements took place between the two armies including the affair at Mine Run, November 30th.; the Corps taking part in them. On December 2d, Lee's position being an exceedingly strong one, and the season far advanced, the army went into winter quarters; the

Fifth Corps guarding the Orange and Alexandria railroad from Brandy Station to Fairfax. Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg I had been appointed clerk to the Provost Marshal of the Fifth Corps and was therefore installed at corps headquarters.

The troops had fought their way up the Peninsula to within seven miles of Richmond, then down again through a series of terrible conflicts; had marched across from the Chickahominy to the James and back again; transferred to Acquia creek or Alexandria they had, a short time after, found themselves once more on the fatal field of Bull Run with an almost equally disastrous result; the repulse at Fredericksburg, in the winter of '62, and the fight of Chancellorsville, in the following spring; the pursuit of Lee into Maryland, and the victory at Gettysburg, the one bright spot in the eighteen months' campaigning; the march back into Virginia, with its accompanying skirmishes and minor conflicts, and then—winter quarters; nearly two years of marching, countermarching and battle; a vast expenditure of life and money, and with what result? Apparently little. The one point that appeared to have been decided was that the war would hereafter be confined to the Southern States and that the North could feel reasonably satisfied that its soil would never again be the scene of conflict. For the rest, all that could be considered gained was the gradual wearing away of the enemy's resources of men and material, and while the same might be said of the North, it was in a better condition to stand the drain.

The continual presence of the army had made the sections of Virginia between Fairfax and the Rappahannock a desert. The woods had been all, or nearly all, destroyed and the fences demolished; while the tramp, tramp of hundreds of thousands of feet and the establishment of camps had to a great extent obliterated

ted the fields and farmlands, so that it was hard at times to distinguish between what were once fields and pasture lands and the roads. Many of the houses of the planters had been burned or dismantled, with their farm buildings and outhouses. Those which had been preserved were often occupied by some officers or by some department of army work: the families when not scattered, living in extreme poverty, some glad to eke out an existence by rations supplied by the Union forces, or by washing the clothes of the soldiers encamped around them. Still harder, perhaps, was the condition of those living in the debatable land, subject in turn to the inroads of both the Union and Confederate armies.

A soldier's life, whether in camp or on the march, was in the main a monotonous one. In camp there was the regular round of camp, police, guard and fatigue duty, drill, inspection, dress parade, etc., etc. He had little means of amusement except cards and his favorite pipe, when tobacco was to be had; when it ran out he often contented himself with smoking white-oak bark, dried tea-leaves or crushed coffee grains, or some other substitute. The rain-water that settled in the white oak stumps was his remedy for diarrhoea. In winter quarters the routine of camp life was much the same, but the coziness of the loghouse after dark, with its blazing and cheerful fire, compensated in a measure for the toils of the day.

On the march he was usually called out hours before the time set for the start, and often kept standing in the road long after even that time had arrived before the column moved, and when the march fairly commenced it would keep up hour after hour, with little or no rest until the halt at noon for coffee and hard-tack. He marched perhaps fifteen or twenty miles a day, at times a less distance would be covered, but fre-

quent and tiresome halts, for no apparent reason, would make the march still more fatiguing. Frequently wagon trains or artillery moved on the same roads as the infantry, and then the column had to separate and the men take to the ditches alongside of the road, or perhaps, to the woods on each side until the way was clear again.

Sometimes after a wearisome march and the day drawing to a close, the men looking anxiously for signs of camping for the night, the column would leave the road and make its way across the fields—a good sign; but after a halt the bugles would sound the “advance,” and on again would go the disappointed troops; some misunderstanding, or a sudden change of orders being responsible for this; or it might be that the ground indicated proved on arrival unsuited for camping, and another had to be found. When, at last, a suitable place was reached, the arms stacked, the command to “break ranks” given, the men scattered instantly. If the march had been over territory not previously overrun and well supplied with fences, the rails were quickly seized, and in a very few minutes were making fires for the men to prepare their evening meal. It is astonishing how rapidly the fences would disappear; they seemed literally to be alive. While some of the men were thus employed, others went searching for water, each man carrying half a dozen or more canteens of owners who were otherwise employed. Many men seemed to have a natural gift for going direct to the place where there was a spring. At times it was a hard matter to find water, and, indeed, there were occasions when there was none to be had. But the camping ground was nearly always selected where water was known to be more or less easily procured. If the stay in camp was likely to continue for more than a night, the woods were ransacked, hundreds

of saplings or very small trees cut for tent-poles, and the tents quickly put up: if the march was to be resumed in the morning, the tents were not often used, but the men slept with the sky for a canopy, the rubber blanket for a bed, and turf or the bare ground for a bedstead.

Marches in summer were hard on account of the heat and dust and the loads to be carried, but in winter they were still more severe. The frequent halts chilled the men to the bone, and, at night, when wood was scarce they suffered severely. Where wood was plentiful wood-cutting details were made, the trees felled, cut into suitable lengths, and soon the camp would be ablaze. These fires were generally about five feet long, three feet high and two logs thick. If the cold was severe, the men would gather round the fires, standing so close to them that their clothes scorched in front, while cold chills ran down their backs; then they turned around and reversed the sensation.

One would suppose that marching in the rain would be the very acme of discomfort, but it did not appear usually to dampen the ardor of the troops. They often sang as they marched, but almost invariably they did so when it rained, and the harder it rained the more boisterous would the singing become. Perhaps, like the boy who whistles when he has to pass a churchyard, they did it to keep up their spirits. Later in the war, when they had become tired of the never-ending conflict, the cheerful song would come to a sudden stop, and, after a pause, with a common impulse, as things are done now by the pushing of an electric button, from one end of the column to the other would go up the cry: "I want to go home," and the reserved leaders at the head of the column, as they rode on, gave a silent but hearty assent.

We were often amused at the appearance of new

troops on their arrival at the camps. Their uniforms and equipments looked so very new in contrast with those of the men already there; their knapsacks, large and cumbrous, with overcoats strapped on top; and then the contents of those knapsacks! filled to overflowing with all the little useless things that loving and solicitous mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts had provided; a heterogenous assortment of articles "too numerous to mention." They struggled manfully with the heavy weight until they reached camp, and then, seeing how the older soldiers did without these luxuries, some of them would be bartered for others more badly needed. When the brigade to which the regiment was assigned received marching orders, at the end of the first day's march, other things would be discarded, if the weeding out had not taken place on the road, until they found themselves with little more than their more experienced comrades carried. I remember when a very large New York regiment arrived on the field just in time to take part in an engagement. Part of the march had been made at a rapid pace, and when the column halted in our front, the weary men discarded pretty nearly everything they had, even to the knapsacks, and the road was strewn for a long distance with articles of all descriptions, from overcoats to tooth-brushes, to which the men of other regiments freely helped themselves in exchange for worn-out or used-up articles which they carried.

There were, however, alleviating circumstances whether on march or in camp, as in all conditions of life. In camp there were the mails to look forward to with eager anticipation; on their arrival one would see the men sitting in their tents reading the letters from the loved ones at home; and then, with tablets on their knees, hastily writing replies to go with the mail wagons on their return. Then there was the occasional



receipt of a box from home. How eagerly the contents would be examined and the good things shared with comrades. If there were any exception to this generosity, it would be in the case of tobacco; *that* was jealously guarded. It was said that many a man who was the fortunate recipient of a package or a plug of tobacco would carefully secrete it, and walk half a mile or more to a friendly patch of woods, that he might take a "chew" unobserved. If known to be the possessor of such a luxury, his stock would be exhausted before he was an hour older.

Then, too, at Christmas time or after—long after sometimes—Adams Express trains would arrive laden with hundreds of boxes, and great would be the rejoicing. Again, fresh beef would be distributed or a herd of cattle arrive at the camp. "Beef on the hoof" was the official name for it. Soon after the men would hear the welcome order: "Fall in for fresh meat and bread." Oh ye that eat your roast beef at home in these days of peace; ye fastidious gentlemen who dine on your tenderloin at the Bellevue-Stratford or the Waldorf-Astoria, what do you know of the luxury to the hungry soldier boy, who has lived on salt pork and hard-tack for weeks, of fresh bread, and of a piece of juicy beef steak on the end of a stick and roasted over a hickory fire, with the fragrant coffee-pot warming on the ashes beside it. Surely no beef ever tasted as good as that. Or on the march, when he rested at noon beside a cornfield and pulled the fresh ripe ears from the stalk and roasted them over a wood fire, did ever any corn taste so good, either before or since, even though butter and salt might be lacking?

And then was there ever a bed sweeter than those we made of pine needles and twigs of fir? Fancy sleeping on a bed of *balsam-fir*! Setting aside the occasional danger and hardships and the absence from family and

friends, there was much that was enjoyable in the life with the Army of the Potomac. The life in the open air and the daily exercise made healthy men of the majority: some, of necessity, were hurt by the life and the exposure that accompanied it. Many, no doubt, contracted diseases that caused trouble in after years, and in very many cases shortened life. But it is probable that, taking the hundreds of thousands of men comprising the armies of the Union, far more men were benefited by the life than injured by it.

I am here reminded of the good advice which was freely bestowed on the soldiers by their well-wishers, some of which occasioned no end of amusement throughout the army. One worthy doctor had a pamphlet prepared loaded with suggestions for the preservation of the health of the troops, with cautions as to what should be done. Among these was the advice to "be careful not to get the feet wet!" Then they were advised, on observing symptoms of a cold, to "bathe the feet in hot water and take a glass of hot lemonade before going to bed!" The hot water would have been a hard thing to get at the best of times, but the hot lemonade! I doubt if many soldiers saw such a thing as a lemon in all their army life; possibly some of the officers may occasionally have had them, but I am inclined to doubt it. There was a very evident misunderstanding as to what "going to bed" meant in the army in Virginia or elsewhere. Except in winter quarters, or in camps which were permanent for a time, when there were more comforts and generally more room in the loghouses or tents, "going to bed" consisted mainly in removing jackets and boots, the jackets being placed on the knapsacks for pillows. The morning ablutions were more frequently than otherwise obtained, by a comrade pouring a little water out of a canteen, while the other caught it in his hands

and therewith washed both hands and face. As the contents of the canteen would often have to serve also for the purposes of the meal, a very lavish use of the water was not advisable. There were times when a river or creek or spring was sufficiently near at hand that the men could bathe or wash themselves or their clothes, but, except in permanent camps, this would be the exception rather than the rule.

I cannot say much from experience of foraging parties, as I was never so occupied except in a quiet way for my own personal benefit. I have often stopped at a farmhouse or tramped some distance to one, and was always treated with kindness and given many a good meal. On one occasion I had been treated to pie and milk, and the good woman put up quite a large supply of goodies of some kind to take back to camp. On my way I came to a very large cherry tree and resolved to have some. Placing my provender, which was neatly wrapped in a cloth, at the foot of the tree, I made my way up and set to work. It seemed to me that the finest cherries were always just a little higher up, so up higher I went until I had mounted as high as it was safe to go. While indulging in my unexpected feast I heard a noise below, and on looking down I saw a pig sniffing at my bundle. I shouted at him, then pelted him with cherries, but failing to scare him off, I concluded to descend and rescue my supper. But getting down was a somewhat slow operation, and the pig, not being able to get into the bundle, seized it in his mouth and made off down the road, and by the time I reached the ground he was out of sight, and I never saw him or my bundle again.

Once when on a tramp I came across some very fine huckleberries, and proceeded to pick some. A fallen tree-trunk lay conveniently near, so I sat down to the task. I noticed that the seat seemed to yield a little

to my weight, but, supposing it to be the loose bark, paid no attention to it; but instantly perceiving a buzzing which I knew too well, flinging a cape or something I had with me over my head, I took to my heels and ran for all I was worth. I concluded that the tree was partly decayed, and that a family of hornets had moved in, and I was caving in the roof of their dwelling. But I did not return to investigate. At another time, while on a march which, I think, was on our way through Maryland toward Gettysburg, we were camped in a field which to our surprise and delight was covered with dewberry vines. The berries were of immense size and extremely luscious, and so plentiful that one could sit down anywhere and eat as many as he wished, almost without changing his position. We had a delightful supper that night. I gathered a lot and took them up to headquarters for the captain, but found that they had them by the bucket-full. I did not hear of any in our division who were not supplied, so the vines must have extended over a large area.

I do not remember that I ever heard either officers or men say anything about the scenery of the country through which we passed. Some of it was extremely beautiful, where the devastating hand of war had not been laid upon it. The mountain districts were exceptionally fine. I remember, after the lapse of forty-seven years, three scenes in particular as vividly as though seen but yesterday. One was a stretch of the Blue Ridge in the neighborhood, as nearly as I can make out, of Ashby's or Chester Gaps. It was in the fall, and the foliage had all turned. The ridge for miles was one magnificent mass of color, such as alone the autumn foliage can show. I never see woods in the fall now but I recall that beautiful scene in the Virginian mountains. Another time was in winter. I came out of my tent one morning just after sunrise. It had

rained in the night, and the rain had turned to sleet. A wood lay before me of pine and fir; every pine-needle, every twig of fir was encased in a sheath of ice, and as the sun struck the wood the whole line, a mile or more in length, turned into myriads of diamonds. The third instance was a view from a hill in the vicinity of Nottoway Court House on our march back from Appomattox, but of that in its place.

There was a story running through the camps about the poverty of Virginia soil in places where the constant growing of tobacco had impoverished it, and the owners either lacked the means to restore its fertility or did not know enough to do it. It was said that a native was riding along the roads with a stranger who was struck with the fine appearance of the mansions they passed on their way. This was in ante-bellum days. He asked his companion whose house that was they were then passing; the native replied that it was owned by him. After awhile another house was seen in the distance, and the same question was asked and elicited the same reply. They went on some distance, and the question was repeated more than once. Finally the Virginian said: "See, here, stranger, I don't want you to think that I own all the *land* around here. I am not so — poor as that."

My position as clerk gave me many advantages. I no longer had to carry a gun or cartridge-box; my knapsack usually went in the headquarters wagons; I carried only my blankets and haversack, and not always those. While at brigade headquarters I usually marched with the regiment; when transferred to the division my duties were considerably increased, and I was usually with the ammunition trains when on the march. We had to see that ammunition was properly supplied to the troops and artillery, and when in camp, reports had to be furnished, showing what

disposition had been made of the ammunition supplied to the division. At times this was easily done, but in active campaigning it was often impossible to account for every case. A wagon might break down and in some cases be either broken or damaged; sometimes cases would have to be abandoned, either on the field of battle or on the march, but the Government required that every case should be accounted for and the reports must tally with the supplies furnished each division. There was an easy way out of the difficulty. At the end of the report we added, so many boxes "lost or abandoned on the march," or "on the field," or "expended in practice," which ever seemed best suited to the meet the conditions; the Government was satisfied and everybody was happy.

Marching thus independently I saw much that others did not see and life was much more pleasant. Shortly after the return of the army from Gettysburg, I was transferred to the Provost-Marshal's office at the Corps headquarters, remaining with that officer until the summer of 1864, when I went to the office of the Assistant Adjutant-General, as chief clerk at Corps headquarters, and although the duties were more onerous, the benefits and advantages were also largely increased.

## CHAPTER V.

### GENERAL GRANT TAKES COMMAND—CAMPAIGN OF 1864. THE WILDERNESS—SPOTTSYLVANIA—THE NORTH ANNA.

The early months of 1864 were signalized by the appointment of General Grant to the command of all the armies of the United States, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He received his commission at Washington, March 9th, visited General Meade the next day at headquarters, Army of the Potomac, at Brandy Station, and finally established his own headquarters at Culpeper, March 26th. Many changes had taken place in the army. The First and Third Corps had been broken up; a part of the First becoming the Second and Fourth Divisions of the Fifth. General G. K. Warren was placed in command of the Fifth Corps, succeeding General Sykes. General Sheridan was called to the command of the Cavalry Corps. There were now three Corps; the Fifth, the Second, commanded by General Hancock, and the Sixth by General Sedgewick. The division commanders of the Fifth were General Griffin, First Division; General Robinson, Second Division; General Crawford, Third Division, and General Wadsworth, the Fourth Division.

About the beginning of March, I had decided to apply for admission to a military school, in Philadelphia, established for the purpose of instructing such private soldiers and non-commissioned officers as were, by education and deportment, suited for commissions in the negro regiments, which were about to be put into service, but was not able at that time to get a furlough for the time necessary to carry out my plan. I had, however, procured the requisite testimonials from the

officers with whom I had worked for several months, and which, to my surprise, also bore the signature of Colonel Locke, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff: thus giving to my application the endorsement of the Major General commanding the Corps. On the 10th of this month I became a veteran, having re-enlisted "for three years or during"—as we used to say. There were now many signs of movement, and we expected soon to hear the cry "pack up"; this would not have been very pleasant: it was much nicer in winter quarters than marching, or camping out, or lying out in the middle of March, but after two years of service we became used to sudden changes of this kind, and the order, when it came, would find us ready.

My position in the Provost-Marshal's office brought me into close relationship with many kinds of people. In a letter dated March 17th, I find the following episode:—

"I have a great number of members of the feminine gender visit my office during the week for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance, in order that they may purchase commissary stores, or in some cases, get them free. They are residents of this neighborhood, who have not been able to raise crops for some time past. As most of the "ladies" smoke, and conduct themselves in a very supercilious manner toward those unfortunate persons who wear the uniform of the United States, you may readily imagine that their presence brings none of the charm usually attending ladies' society. They seem to think that they confer a favor on us by condescending to swear leality to the Union, which, considering that the greater number do so, only to keep themselves from starving, is stretching a point a little too far. It, at times, takes all the self command I can muster to treat some of them with even ordinary civility. I had a queer lot to-day; one old lady in par-



ticular made herself especially obnoxious. After hesitating for some time as to whether she would, or would not, take the oath I told her she must quickly come to a decision, as I was very busy and could not wait much longer. She said, "It was hard that people could not get what food they wanted, without being compelled to swear allegiance to the Federal Government," which simply meant:—it is too bad that one cannot live on the bounty of the noblest government in the world without being allowed to do it all the harm one could by way of showing gratitude. Having assured her that she could not obtain assistance without conforming to the rules and regulations, she was "reluctantly pleased" to signify her submission to "the tyrannical mandates of Mr. Lincoln." I thereupon made out the necessary papers, regretting at the time that they were not warrants of committal to the "old Capitol," Fort Lafayette or some familiar place, when she completely overthrew my small remaining stock of patience to which I had been holding on with a most tenacious grasp, by saying, "I suppose you are always very much pleased to administer the oath to such people as us." It was not so much the words as the tone and manner in which they were uttered that annoyed me. I said, "Yes, madam, the pleasure we experience in administering the oath of allegiance to *such loyal people* as you are is equal to the pleasure you have in taking it." She looked daggers, and left.

We have just received notice that General Stuart with 1500 cavalry intends paying us a visit to-night, and as our Corps stretches out a distance of about twenty miles we shall have to look out. We are in a very exposed place, there are only two regiments near us. We have provided ourselves with six-shooters, and will try and give Mr. Stuart and his men a warm reception. The regiments have been turned out on picket duty, and we shall all sleep with one eye and both ears open.

Who knows but what we may be some distance on our way to Richmond, by this time to-morrow, and the Provost-Marshall's clerk, whose duty it is to receive and dispose of rebel prisoners, may have the tables turned on him and be treated to a dose of his own medicine.

I was lately handed "Napoleon's Oraculum, or Book of Fate." with the suggestion that I permit it to tell me my future. So I asked it to tell me what trade or profession I ought to follow, and the answer was: "Sell strong liquors, but do not often try their strength on thyself." I think the Oracle missed the mark this time. I have just received a newspaper extract containing a letter of General Butler's, which has attracted wide attention. The General is certainly to be admired for his unflinching labors in the cause; with him, treason and its aiders and abettors, have no chance whatever. He quickly perceives what is required, and as energetically enforces the commands he issues, while his style of writing is so unmistakably plain as to make it absolutely impossible to mistake his meaning. As a military General I think he is not of much account, but he discharges the duties of a Provost-Marshall-General in an unexampled manner; witness his admirable rule in New Orleans and Baltimore; and he is undoubtedly effecting a great reform in the Department of which he is now the head. I think he would make a good President, there would be no talk of "sympathy with the South," in a cabinet of which he was the head.

On the 23d I received the furlough for which I had been so impatiently waiting and started for Washington. But there were a dozen men going at the same time and they, as well as myself, had to draw several months' pay there. I was placed in charge of their papers, and this meant a stay of at least a day in the capital city, which was not an agreeable prospect. Of all places that I have seen, Washington, in those days,

was about the meanest. It was indeed, a city of magnificent distances," and little more could have been said in its favor. The first time I visited it, Pennsylvania Avenue was ankle deep in mud; this time it was not much better; the next time I was there the avenue was covered with as many inches of dust. We reached the city after the Departments were closed, so had to wait till the next day; then I found that our papers were incorrectly made out, and it was a work of tact and persuasion to avoid having to send them back to the front to have them corrected. We improved our compulsory stay by visiting the Capitol, and other places of interest, and, to while away a tedious hour, some one suggested that we should all go and have our hair cut and a shampoo; it met the popular approval, and the crowd hunted up a barber and went through the operation, and it felt good, too. Then we took a walk around the streets, and when tired of that some asked what we could do next; after some discussion one man suggested that we "go and have another shampoo"; carried unanimously. So we hunted up another shop, and went through the operation a second time. The next day we left for New York, and also reached there after office hours. On arriving at the Paymaster's office, next morning, I found that there was a hitch here also, and one that I could not straighten out, and had to send the defective rolls back to Virginia and await their return. The delay here was not so unpleasant, as I was able to accept the invitation of a friend in the army to make him a visit, and be present at the marriage of his sister. I also was able to see some of the family of my friends, with whom I staid in the neighborhood of Newburg, while recovering from the fever in the Spring of '62. So the time passed pleasantly, notwithstanding I was anxious to be in Philadelphia, as soon as I could get there. Everything finally being satisfactorily arranged in New York,

I left for Philadelphia, and in a few days had decided to make it my home when the war should be over. I spent a happy month in the "City of Brotherly Love;" gave up, *on persuasion*, my contemplated attendance at the military school, and the prospective commission, and returned to Virginia, reaching our headquarters at Culpeper on the 30th of April.

My reception by both officers and men was cordial. Some were surprised to hear that I had relinquished the idea of a commission, but the officer commanding my company said, winking at another, "Ah, yes, we officers do get killed sometimes, especially officers of colored troops; more frequently than clerks in Provost-Marshals' offices." I said, that that had not anything to do with the matter, that I had not given that a thought. "No," said he, "but perhaps someone else has." Seeing that the subject was getting too near home, I subsided. Next day another of the regimental officers said that, perhaps, I would be willing to take a commission in a white regiment, and on my saying that, possibly, I might, he told me that they had been talking about me, and as the regiment was to be increased it had been decided to do something for me.

A large amount of work had been awaiting my return, which kept me busily engaged for several days. When I left, the Corps had twenty-four regiments and four batteries; it now consisted of sixty-four regiments and thirteen batteries; I had also to look after the chance prisoners of the Corps; these used to come to me in twos and threes, now forty or fifty is the general run.

General Grant, on the 1st of April, sent confidential communications to the Commanders of the several armies, outlining his plan of action. That to General Meade began thus: "Lee's army will be your objective point; where he goes you will go also." The Army of

the Potomac then occupied a position on the north bank of the Rapidan, while Lee held a strong position on the south bank. On May 4th Grant inaugurated his famous plan of "movement by the left flank"; the Fifth Corps leading the advance, crossing the river at the Germannia Ford, and on the 5th and 6th was fought the terrible battle of the Wilderness. The loss of the army was 17,666; that of the Corps 5,152. Finding that Lee made no move on the offensive, Grant ordered a further advance toward Spottsylvania Court House, the Fifth Corps again leading the advance. After fighting for two days, and marching all night, the troops, without rest or refreshment, were again engaged in the fight of the 8th and, more or less, in the engagement near the Potomac River and at Spottsylvania on the 12th.

On the 13th they again marched at 9.30 p.m., marched all night, through rain and mud; the night being intensely dark, the men were well-nigh exhausted and some regiments lost their way for awhile; they lay alongside the road in the woods, the enemy's artillery crashing through the trees over their heads. Officers would ride past and ask "What regiment is this?" and on being answered would then inquire, "Where is General So and So," but nobody knew. Such questions were frequently asked, and it was long before matters were straightened out; it was a terrible night. From the 14th to the 17th the army was engaged in reconnoitering and skirmishing; feeling the enemy's position and getting the lay of the land, Lee having withdrawn to an interior line.

On the 20th, Lee still making no sign of leaving his intrenchments, Grant gave orders for a renewal of his flank movement. Lee, perceiving his purpose, retreated toward Hanover Junction, while the Second Corps and Torbert's cavalry had been pushed toward Milford. On the 21st the Fifth Corps and the artillery

crossed the Mattapony, and bivouacked on the south bank of the river. There are four small rivers in this section, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny, rising probably in the woods of the wilderness, and these form a junction at Milford under the name of the Mattapony, and it flowing southeast, unites with the Pamunky at West Point, and thus forms the York River.

From this date I quote directly from the letters to which I have alluded and return to the opening of the Wilderness campaign:

In the field: near the Wilderness, Va.

May 7th, 1864.

Late on the 3d I began to suspect, from sundry indications, that a movement was imminent, and becoming still more convinced that the next day would see us on the road, I ordered my assistants to commence packing up the office material. Later in the evening, passing General Grant's headquarters, I saw something that decided me to have everything packed. About 8.00 o'clock the Captain came in and asked what I was doing: he thought I was premature. I said I guessed not, and went on with the work. At 9.30 his colored man came to the office and said the Captain wanted to see me, right away. I went, and he said we would move that night at 12.30. Everything was packed and loaded on the wagons by 1.00 o'clock, but we did not move till 4.00, at which time the headquarters left Culpeper. We, that is Lynham, my assistant, and Bennett, my "factotum," went to our "hotel," where a hot and substantial breakfast was waiting for us:—(something is up in the rebel lines, we can hear them cheering lustily; cannot tell what at, though: they have little cause to rejoice over the results of the last two days: firing has begun heavily, I do not know at what moment we may have to get out of here, for Provost-guards like to get as far

to the rear as is consistent with the proper performance of their duty, and while a movement is in progress my place is with the guard to receive all prisoners, and not with headquarters as when in camp). Well, we left at 5.00 o'clock that morning; the troops were all out of sight, and we went for some distance in considerable doubt whether or not we were on the right road. At last we stopped to rest: and on resuming our journey had gone some distance, when Bennett asked me to inform him what I had done with my coat, and I had to go back nearly a mile to get it, having left it where we had stopped to rest—(from the firing I fear I shall have to stop again). The fighting for the next two days (the 5th and 6th), was terrible, and our loss great; it was nearly all infantry and musketry work, the situation not allowing the artillery to be brought into action; the encounter was close, almost hand to hand: but to-day, from the firing we have heard, the fight not having yet commenced in earnest it would appear that the artillery will be brought more into play; I hope it may, for it is always more effective than theirs. Prisoners, captured yesterday, reported that General Longstreet had been mortally wounded, but this proved to be untrue.

Our first day's march was a heavy one, being unused to it: the weather was warm, and having been up the whole night previous, told on us considerably. The first halt we made of any account was on reaching the Rapidan, fifteen miles from Culpeper; there we stayed one hour; then on again, reaching our camping ground, six miles further, at 6.00 o'clock, twenty-two miles for the day. I was tired, and as I lay on the ground, thinking . . . a shell has just landed close by, and heavy firing is going on in the distance, we shall probably soon have to get out of this place. . . Of all singular days this has been one of the most singular: of all pe-

culiar movements incident to active campaigning, I think, without exception, we have had the strangest to-day, the alarm. . . . Just at this point, yesterday, a shell came into our camp, and burst immediately behind my tent. I put up my desk in double quick time, a few more like it came, but only one man was wounded.

Near Spottsylvania Court House  
May 9th.

Thus far on our way to Richmond. This is the fifth day of the fight, and we are fifty miles from the desired haven, but so far the enemy have been beaten every day in every position. The night before last we started from the place, at which I last wrote, for this vicinity, marching all night, reaching our halting place about 5.00 o'clock in the morning. The first half of the night we went a few yards, and stopped for some minutes, and repeated this way of going, making it one of the most fatiguing marches I was ever on; the latter part of the night we went at the rate of four miles an hour, and all hands were pretty tired before we bivouacked. We have gone only four miles since then, as the enemy appears inclined to make a stand here. It has been impossible to keep a good record of these few days. In them we have experienced all the vicissitudes of military life, in active campaigning, the only advantages attending them being fine weather and success. Our loss has, doubtless, been very great, but there is no doubt that we have been very successful. When General Grant goes round the lines the cheering is deafening, the men have all confidence in him.

A report says that Fort Darling has been taken and, later, rebel prisoners assert that Richmond has been taken by Smith. There seems to be little doubt that, if not taken, it soon will be: all the prisoners captured



say that this is to be the decisive campaign, one side or the other will have to give in at its termination, and they begin to think that they stand very little chance of beating Grant.

Near Spottsylvania Court House.

May 13th.

Last evening, just as I had settled down to write, some shells rattled in a lively manner through the tops of the trees in the wood in which we were encamped, and caused a hasty change of base. These shells, and solid shot, have whistled and shrieked over our camping grounds, in this last campaign, much more than usual. Things are quiet here to-day, but I am subject to continual interruption. The cry went ringing through the camp awhile ago, Mail leaves here to-day at 1.00 o'clock, and everyone got busy, the piles of letters coming in to me are enormous. The Twelfth has always been a regiment noted for the size of its mails, in and out. I have about a hundred before me now, and as there are less than a hundred men present, that is pretty good work. One man has just brought in seven, and every now and then someone brings a letter for me to address for him.

I have just been sent for by the Captain, to see General Meade's congratulatory address. We have taken eighteen colors, twenty-two guns and 8,000 prisoners, including two Generals. The enemy have now left their intrenchments, and have "skedaddled," which is better than I expected. General Meade says, "We now have to pursue them and overcome them, if possible."

We are camped in a young wood, in the midst of mud, after two days of rain, on the road to Fredericksburg, to which place, I should not be surprised, if we soon go: neither shall I be surprised if some more shells

soon pay us a visit, as things seem to be getting uneasy out front. You are, doubtless, pretty well aware of the state of things here; the newspapers have, no doubt, told what has been accomplished. Indeed, you up North are very likely to know more than we do, for, although we are on the spot, it is hard at times to obtain any definite information; reports are numerous and conflicting, and often contradicted. Beside, it is policy to confine my notes to what is past, and not attempt the present or the near future; the information might be "contraband"; possibly the mails might be examined and the correspondence confiscated.

You would smile to see us now. Lynham sits on his knapsack, on one side of the tent, writing a letter, Bennett on the other side, similarly engaged, and I am inside trying to do so. As to the tent itself, though small, it is of great service to us just now in a rainy season. The amount of ground covered by it is about seven feet long by four and a half wide, and four and a half feet high at the highest point; a large mansion that, yet it holds and accommodates three of us, and pretty comfortably, too. There are, to be sure, disadvantages; for instance, we cannot conveniently go to bed nor arise more than one at a time, but that is of small moment. Its advantages consist in being waterproof and easy to carry. I carry the two sides, Bennett the two ends, and Lynham the india rubber blankets that serve for the carpet. When timber is to be had, it can be put up in fifteen minutes after reaching camp, while it can be taken down and stowed away in two minutes, a vast convenience under certain circumstances.

May 20th.

We are still in this neighborhood and do not know when we shall leave it. There are some new and peculiar movements going on just now. Last night

we were severely attacked in the rear, and had to shift our camp in the midst of supper. The day before yesterday we took up our position for the day by the bridge over the Ny, to guard it, and to prevent stragglers from crossing to the rear (our own men), and I was engaged for four hours assorting and dispatching a squad of 600 deserters we had received, that had been swept out of the Washington hospitals, including eight commissioned officers! While there we were within range of shells, which rattled around us in anything but an agreeable manner. After it was over I picked up seven unexploded shells that fell just outside our camp, and which we had watched in their flight through the air. They were harmless, from the exhaustion of the fuse; the leisurely way in which they travel, when nearly spent, giving us plenty of time to get out of their way.

I learned something to-day about that suggested commission. The Captain (and by that I always mean Major Ryder, the Provost-Marshal) had been promoted to Major, but could not get his commission until the regiment had four companies. Now the Fourteenth N. Y. S. Militia, better known as the Fourteenth Brooklyn, had about 200 recruits, the rest of the regiment being three years' men, whose time was about out. General Warren had promised that when these men went home the recruits should be transferred to the Twelfth, which would give it the required four companies; this would enable Captain R. to get his commission and, by other promotions, made necessary from casualties and other causes, there would be several vacancies among the Lieutenancies, and one of them was to come to me. But nothing would probably be done until we got into camp, and it might be not until the end of the campaign. As an evidence of this possible promotion the regimental officers, who have always

treated me well, and with a degree of familiarity unusual, are now very much more friendly than before. They tell me everything that goes on, so far as they know themselves; the commandant of my own company almost daily inquires how I stand in the matter of rations, etc.

On the banks of the North Anna River.

May 25th.

Four days have passed since I last wrote. On referring to the map it will be seen that we are considerably further on our journey. By a flank movement Grant forced Lee to leave his strong position at Spottsylvania C. H., and retreat rapidly to Richmond; we followed swiftly, and reached this river before all his army got across, and expect to continue the pursuit soon; indeed, we were on the point of leaving last night, but were delayed by a severe thunder storm. We are now within thirty miles of Richmond, and in a few days I hope to write from "Before Richmond," as we shall probably regularly besiege that city, which will take considerable time.

To go back to the 20th, we left camp that day unexpectedly, and marched to Guinney's Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond R. R., and did not get to camp until 11.00 p.m. next day. At 12.00 o'clock we started again, and came half way between there and the river; stopping that night on a large plantation; a most delightful place for a camp. Just outside the house was an orchard; the men were short of rations, and there had been some foraging on the road; cattle, sheep, hogs and chickens suffered terribly. One regiment besieged a tobacco barn, and we met them on the road loaded with "natural leaf"; they were generous, and gave a great deal to our boys. I had as much as I could carry, and turned it over to Lynham

and Bennett; they have enough to last them six months. The next day we started a little earlier, and reached the banks of the North Anna, about noon. We had not sufficient force to cross at once, as part of the command got on the wrong road. Toward evening, hearing a little skirmishing in front, Turkington and I went up the hills that line the north bank, to see what was going on; but, on nearing the summit, the rebel batteries opened heavily, and the hills were cleared in double-quick time. Finding that the shells burst too near us we returned, just in time, for the firing became terrific. Toward 10.00 o'clock we crossed the river, having driven the enemy some distance from it. We were aroused several times during the next few hours, by false alarms.

At 3.00 o'clock in the morning we were called up again, and moved back to the river to look after the pontoon bridge. All day yesterday I was busy examining parties on the bridge and receiving prisoners, of which we had about 800 during the day. It is reported that the Second Corps have taken 2,000 men and 100 wagons.

I had a very narrow escape yesterday. Being very sleepy, I stole away from the bridge, to get up into the shade of the heights of the south bank, and have a chat with Turkington. This bank is sixty or seventy feet high, and very steep. After awhile, things being pretty quiet, I lay down and soon dropped off to sleep. I lay on my back about half way down the hill; a negro, passing along the crest of the hill, amused himself by rolling a pork barrel, weighing about sixty or eighty pounds, down it. Just before reaching me it struck a stone, and, rebounding, landed right on my forehead, striking me just above the temple; in addition to cutting me badly, it left me with a fearful headache. My feelings, on being thus summarily awakened, were

peculiar. When I had sufficiently recovered my senses, I supposed I had been struck by a shot, or piece of shell, and was surprised when told it was the pork barrel, which lay some feet lower down. Had it struck an inch lower down, it would probably have ended my career. Some of these men are a nuisance; I have just had another example of their want of good sense; I have one of these "intelligent contrabands" under guard here, and, wanting some water to make coffee, sent him to the spring with a kettle and a number of canteens for some of the men. On his way back he was asked by several men for a drink, and gave each of them *my* kettle to drink from, so that by the time he got back to me it was empty.

The men of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, alluded to in a recent letter, were turned over to us yesterday; so far, all goes well.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FROM THE NORTH ANNA TO THE CHICKAHOMINY. VANDALISM.

Hanover Town, 18 miles from Richmond.

May 29, 1864.

We are considerably nearer our goal than when I last wrote, and it has been accomplished by strategy. About 7.00 p.m., on the 25th, we began to prepare for a movement and, of course, it began to storm violently, as it usually does when we march. Having thoroughly saturated our tent-pieces and rubber-blankets, satirically denominated "waterproof," it cleared off and, shortly after, we moved. Instead of going some distance, as we expected, we only went to the front, where General Warren had been, but this short distance was not accomplished easily. In the first place it was very dark; secondly, no one knew the road and, consequently, we traveled about twice the necessary distance. At length we brought up at Warren's headquarters, placed as usual, close to the line of skirmishers, for Warren believes in being "at the front." We made our beds, as best we could, in the mud and with wet blankets, etc., and, notwithstanding several alarms during the night from heavy picket firing, managed to get a good night's rest, and it was well for us that we did. Next morning opened with a glorious storm and we sat on our knapsacks, enveloped in our rubber blankets, for hours at a time; toward afternoon it cleared off and gave us the coveted opportunity to dry all our things. "Move at dark," was again the cry, and whispers floated around that we were going to the Pamunky; some even said to the White House.

Having succeeded in drying everything, and congratulating ourselves on the decreased weight, and getting supper, imagine our disgust at finding another storm brewing, which shortly burst over us as furiously as before, and all were drenched again. Well, notwithstanding, we moved at dark, and the Provost-guard was ordered to proceed to a corduroy bridge on the river, and take charge of it, not only until our Corps had recrossed but also the pickets, that it might not be prematurely destroyed. This meant standing in the mud all night; being the rear guard in the morning, and running fast when we did get away or, possibly, getting to Richmond earlier than we desired.

All night the troops were crossing the bridge, and daylight saw the pickets also on their way to the north side; but, as the daylight became stronger, their movements were perceptibly hastened, until they reached the double-quick; some shots from the late front greatly accelerating the speed, and causing us to be still more interested in the pace. At last the rear of the column appeared and crossed, and we followed, passing over the bridge as the party detailed to destroy it arrived and filed on. All that day we marched, and after being twenty-six hours on foot, found that headquarters was still about six miles further on, and we in the rear of the headquarters train, which was stuck in the mud. When we had succeeded in covering a quarter of a mile in the space of five hours, our officers concluded to leave the teams to their fate and camp on our own hook, for which we were thankful, and at 11.00 p.m. lay down for the night.

Early next morning we were again on the way, crossed the Pamunky at 2.00 o'clock, and reached headquarters half an hour later. So much for our march of fifty miles, and now for the result of it. General Grant had come to the conclusion that so much storming and



charging on the enemy's earthworks does not pay, and he considers that if he can accomplish the results he aims at, without the loss of a man, it is by far the best course; therefore he again "flanks." His first flanking operation was in the Wilderness, by which he brought the enemy out of their entrenchments at Mine Run, which would have required the expenditure of a large amount of life and material to otherwise accomplish; he again tried it at Spottsylvania C. H., where Lee had another strong position. Lee patiently awaited an attack there, and awoke to find us on his right flank on our way to the North Anna river; of course, there was nothing for him to do but turn out of his works and hurry to the river to meet us; here again he had a strong position, with another a little further back at the South Anna. Grant did not, seemingly, care to endeavor to drive him from his intrenchments so, after playing with him for a day or two, causing him to spend time and labor in digging and fortifying, suddenly, on the night of the 27th, leaving a small force to engage his attention, swung the left of his army round and executed another prodigious flank movement as successfully as either of the preceding. By this movement he forces Lee to give up his position on the Anna, avoids the after works on the South Anna, and is twelve miles nearer Richmond, without a fight or the loss of a single life.

We are now at Hanover Town, ten miles east of Hanover C. H.; fifteen miles west of the White House; nine miles north of Mechanicsville; near the historical Gaines' Mill, and but eighteen miles from the Capital.

I am told that the enemy did not discover our whereabouts until yesterday morning and that there is nothing in front of us but cavalry, so he cannot possibly get to Gaines' Mill before us, which will be a great advantage to us, as they have strongly fortified that place, which will be an entire loss to them. If we go

there we shall be only eight miles from Richmond. Everything looks favorable for the fall of that city this summer. We have been out nearly a month, and have not suffered a defeat; every movement has been successful, and brought us nearer to our goal. Grant has proven a match for Lee and, if prisoners are to be credited, the latter is at a loss to know how to keep himself before Grant.

So much for war news: Let us turn to something else. I wish you could see the glorious prospect spread out before me now. Our headquarters is on an extensive plantation situated on a hill facing the river. We have pitched our tent, always with an eye to effect, facing the same way and can sit and look over an expanse of country stretching for fifteen or twenty miles, with every variety of scenery. A gentle slope is in our immediate front, about a thousand paces from our tent; next to this, stretching away to the river, is a wide plain divided into wheat and tobacco fields, and richly cultivated; beyond, the river winds in a serpentine manner, through a narrow belt of woods, while beyond it hills rise on hills, dotted with houses, farm buildings, grain fields and waving woods as far as the eye can reach. Over the numerous roads, which intersect the country, the white covers of the army wagons are seen winding along in trains of sixty or more, adding quite a picturesque touch to the scene. White tents are scattered here and there and, occasionally, the flashing of long lines of steel, reflecting the rays of the sun, betray the march of columns from point to point.

We have left behind the barren part of Virginia, devastated by war's pitiless hand, and for some days our march has been through a richly cultivated and, at times, a very beautiful country. I have not done justice to the scene before me, I have scarcely seen it surpassed, even in my own lovely island home. Success to

our arms, a beautiful Spring day, lovely scenery, unusually good music by the band at headquarters, and a happy heart make this a red-letter day; but—how long will it last?

The men of the Brooklyn regiment have been turned over to the Twelfth; Captain Ryder is now Major, four full companies have been formed, and eighteen more officers will be needed; so far so good.

May 30th.

“*Sic transit, etc.*” I was interrupted yesterday, by a further advance; our lovely camp, is a thing of the past, and we are three miles nearer our destination than when the above was written. Whether we shall get much further yet I cannot venture to say; the enemy is now in our front and appears, from the guns which send an occasional messenger over our way, to intend disputing our further advance, and the day may not pass without a fight. We are told that the whole distance between here and Richmond, is heavily fortified, and that there will be either some hard work here or Grant may swing round to the south or west. Our head-quarter trains are hitching up, a sign of moving, and I must close.

“Somewhere,” Va.

June 4th.

I do not know where we are now. As far as we can learn the left of the army rests on the Chickahominy, and is about seven miles from Richmond, while the right of the line, where we are situated, is perhaps ten miles from the city in the neighborhood of Cold Harbor. We have had some heavy engagements since my last, especially on the 1st, when Warren’s headquarters were within range and we were for several hours exposed to a heavy artillery fire. No fighting is going on to-day

and, it is reported, that the enemy is falling back somewhat. Our time has been spent since the 31st in moving up and down the line, for what purpose I have been unable to discover, sometimes with the Corps and sometimes without it. I am beginning to get tired of this campaign; the everlasting booming of cannon is tiresome in the extreme; it is the last sound in falling to sleep at night and, if not aroused during the night with it, it is sure to greet our ears on awakening in the morning. Not only so, but we have not seen our wagons since leaving Culpeper, a month ago, which greatly inconveniences us and, at present, we are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the supply train to break a fast of fifty-five hours' duration.

I am inclined to believe from recent events that, after all, my prospects of obtaining a commission may be contained in the geometrical quantity expressed by "the little end of nothing whittled down to a point." On the afternoon of the 1st a regiment that had been doing guard duty in Alexandria, for some time, came to the front and changed the aspect of affairs very materially. This is the Fifth N. Y. State Militia, a new organization of the old Duryea's Zouaves, rejoicing in a high Volunteer number, the One hundred and ninety-sixth, or thereabouts. General Warren was once Colonel of this regiment and consequently regards it with an eye of favor. It numbers about three hundred men, and has a surplus of officers, and a Lieutenant-Colonel. Warren, I suppose, wishing to place the eagle on his friend's shoulders, thought proper to consolidate our regiment with this; consequently, the Twelfth ceases to exist, and we now belong to the Fifth or One hundred and ninety-sixth, or something else. There is great dissatisfaction, caused especially by the loss of our number, and still more from the fact that that part of the regiment consisting of the Fifth and Fourteenth was

immediately placed together and accommodated with room in the front rifle pits; the old Twelfth still remaining as Provost-guard at headquarters. That same night there was a rather severe engagement, and at the first fire the Fifth broke and ran and could not be rallied. They have gained a sweet name, and our regiment forms a part of it! Oh! vanished glory of the departed "Dozen," to what have you come in your old days? How all this may affect me in the future remains to be seen but, at present, it would seem to put the commission in the background, as the new Colonel will naturally want to advance his own favorites.

A present source of annoyance lies in the fact that the Fifth is a Zouave regiment, and we fear we may be compelled to adopt its uniform, which consists of crimson zouave pants, buff leather gaiters, light blue jacket with scarlet braids sprawling fantastically over it, a variegated waistband wound round half a dozen times, and, horror on horrors, a crimson skull cap with a yellow tassel, or else a crimson and white turban. I suppose I would be permitted to continue the detailed duty uniform, but one cannot tell; one thing is certain, I will not wear the other without a fight.

In regard to clippings from newspapers, especially the one relating to General Wadsworth, it is as well to receive all such anecdotes with reserve; too frequently they have no existence except in the fertile brain of the writer. I have seen in the papers a so-called description of Grant's headquarters at Culpeper, and of what his meals consisted, as well as the assertion that he traveled with only a "tin cup and a horn spoon." Grant's headquarters in that town were within a few doors of the bank, in which my office was located, and I had plenty of opportunity of witnessing the arrangements there and positively deny, from personal observation, the truth of the assertion. Furthermore, Grant had his headquarters

“in the field,” at Spottsylvania, alongside our camp, and even there was nothing of the kind visible; and surely, if he did not content himself on the march, or during a campaign, with such primitive tools, he would not be likely to do so in winter quarters. General Grant, like any other sensible person, does not believe in making himself more uncomfortable than circumstances require, and when I say that a four-wheel spring wagon, drawn by four horses, is used solely for the transportation of his tent, bedding, baggage and other utensils, it may without difficulty be inferred that he has opportunity for carrying something more than a “tin cup and a horn spoon.” Could you see, also, his cooks, engaged in the preparation of hot biscuits, or the dressing of poultry, to say nothing of the cattle and sheep that are immolated on the approach of mealtimes, you would be inclined to doubt the truth of the remarks respecting “salt pork and hard-tack,” indulged in by the same imaginative writer.

Near Cold Harbor.

June 6th.

The Corps is resting to-day. Last evening we moved about five miles to the left, a part of the road running close to the earthworks of the Second Corps, and we had not passed this point more than five minutes when the rebels made a determined charge at that identical spot, and the shower of shot and shell that was discharged during the following half-hour was terrible. They did not make much by it, however, they found the Second Corps the wrong party to tackle, and retired discomfited to the shelter of their own works. It was well for us that we were not passing that point at the time, for we might have suffered severely without having had any part in it. This is the third time that they have endeavored to force their way through

here; it would open the way to the trains and the White House, where our supplies are.

Mails have arrived and newspapers are in great demand, since they contain cheering news. If Sherman continues to be successful in his campaign against Atlanta, it will go far toward ending the war, as that city has become of as much importance to the enemy, if not more so, than Richmond itself. It is reported that the Fifth Corps when it leaves its present camping-ground, will take transports for somewhere. It is evident something is on foot. The Corps is not withdrawn from the line and resting for nothing; all such calms as we are now experiencing are deceitful. "After a storm there comes a calm," says the proverb; this is reversed in war times. Our wagons have come and brought me a great deal of work; but they have also brought a change of clothing, which I have not had since we left Culpeper, in the beginning of May.

June 7th.

The expected movement this morning turned out to be only a partial one, the Corps, or part of it, going to support another corps in crossing the Chickahominy. I believe the terrific thunderstorm alluded to in your letter, reached us also; we were at the time on one of our flying visits to another part of the line, and had halted for an hour or two, and I and my two faithful companions had just built a fire and were preparing supper when it broke over us. We had no shelter but our waterproof blankets, which were wet through in two minutes. By dint of strenuous exertions, we succeeded in keeping our fire going, boiling our coffee and frying a slice of "Cincinnati turkey" (commonly called salt pork), and as soon as the down-pour ceased we sat down in about sixteen inches of mud to enjoy our meal; we had been halted in the

midst of the newly-ploughed field, and formed a capital subject for an artist's pencil.

Near Bottom's Bridge.

June 8th.

I have just fixed up a temporary office, with a pork barrel and cracker box for a desk, and another for a seat. There is little to note in the way of active operations. I had occasion to send a messenger over to the While House, and he tells me our siege guns, mortars, etc., are at the landing there, which indicates an early opening of the siege. From others I also learned, last night, that two divisions of our Corps, that left here yesterday, obtained possession of Bottom's Bridge, over the Chickahominy, about three miles from here, which commands the rebel position there and at Gaines' Mill. They have, however, some heavy guns, as a 300-pound shell was thrown into our line at the Bridge yesterday, but as probably all their stock consists of those only they took from us at Plymouth, North Carolina, they are not likely to trouble us much with them.

Last evening I had the pleasure of witnessing a praiseworthy action of General Warren. Some days since, during a charge by our brigade, he saw the colors of one of the regiments shot away from the staff, or rather, the staff was shivered just where the bearer held it; the bearer, though wounded, picked up the flag and, holding it by its broken staff, rushed forward and joined the regiment. Warren saw and admired the man's courage, and had all the brigade colors brought before him, and, singling out the man from among them, complimented him on his bravery and ordered his promotion on the spot; at the same time calling the "Herald" correspondent, and desiring him to note it in his correspondence. Warren is a fine, brave man himself, always to the front, utterly regardless of shot



or shell. I sincerely hope he may be preserved. He puts his headquarters rather nearer than pleasant, or, as we sometimes think, necessary but "n'importe."

I have just witnessed a scene of a far different character. A mounted bugler, a man bearing the official flag of the Provost Marshal-General, three cavalry guards, a civilian, supposed to be a reporter, who has been convicted of some offense, mounted on a horse with two boards suspended round his neck, the words "Libeller of the Press" written on each, more guards and a whole rabble of spectators following the procession, as, to the sound of the bugle, it winds its way in and out of the camps around here. An unpleasant scrape to get into, and I guess that man will make tracks for the North when he escapes from the clutches of General Patrick. It is said that he is the "special correspondent" of a Philadelphia newspaper, but I do not know the nature of his offense.

While I write, Generals Grant, Meade and Warren are busy studying a map, spread on the grass beneath an apple tree, about fifty paces distant.

Before Richmond.

June 10th.

I believe some important movement is likely to take place very soon, though of what nature it is impossible to get even a hint. In the meantime, things are very quiet here. I do not think a gun has been fired for two or three days. Two divisions of the Corps are holding Bottom's Bridge, and the others are lying in camp; this is all that they have done for the past six days. Important matters may be progressing all this while. It is thought that Grant is awaiting the results of several raids, said to be in progress, and I am told that in all probability there will be either an advance

or a fight to-morrow. Whatever is being done I am satisfied all is right. We have the most unbounded confidence in General Grant, and are content to await the development of movements that appear inexplicable to us.

If you take a map and draw a line, the right, or northern end of which commences at or near Cold Harbor, and the left at Bottom's Bridge, you will have some idea of the position of our army. Now draw a line parallel to this, running over Gaines' Hill, and you will get the enemy's position. Now, a heavy rain storm would, I think, be of use to us. The Chickahominy runs in rear of Lee's army; a swamp extends nearly a mile on each side of the river, which here is very deep; this swamp is passable only by the roads and, after a storm, is totally impassable even by them; at such a time, if pushed hard by Grant, Lee were forced to retreat, a large number of his men must inevitably be captured; it would seem as though we might be waiting for this to happen. It has threatened to rain for several days, but it will not probably do so while we remain in camp, just let us move and then—look out for storms.

Lieutenant Hilton told me to-day that the names of four sergeants, the sergeant-major (Turkington) and myself have been sent in to the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regiment for commissions. I am glad, of course, but the acceptance of a commission will naturally result in my return to active duty with the regiment (the "odious Fifth"). It is an honor to step from the condition of a private to that of a commissioned officer at one leap, especially when there are so many others who might justly consider themselves entitled to promotion. There are other reasons which determine me to accept it, if given me, and an important one is that Major Ryder may have to go back to the

regiment, if he remains in the service, which is doubtful; there is no other field officer, at present, with it, and it is under the command of a captain of one of the companies, Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow having been wounded the first day it was out here. If Major Ryder goes, and another Provost-Marshal is appointed in his place, my position may be endangered. The regiment will, no doubt, see much active service and chances are good for further and maybe rapid promotion. If I have to go back to the regiment I would, of course, prefer to go as a commissioned officer.

June 11th.

I was awakened this morning by the bugles in all directions sounding the call for marching. We rose at 4.00 o'clock, breakfasted, levelled our house, packed up, and then quietly rested until 8.00, at which time we started, and, by a circuitous route, amidst clouds of dust, effectually hiding everything a few yards distant, reached our present camp. Lieutenant Woods has just informed me we are about three miles from New Kent Court House, but as I saw a sign about two miles back, nailed to a tree, which said it was then twelve miles to that place, I do not place unbounded reliance on the worthy Lieutenant's statement.

Distances are an uncertain quantity in Virginia. Signboards are not always to be relied on, and the ideas of distances between points of the average native met with on the road are decidedly erratic and usually indefinite. Ask a man plodding along the highway how far it is to a certain town, and he will say: "Well, I reckon its a right smart piece." You try to pin him down to some definite distance, but in vain; all you get is a repetition of the everlasting "right smart piece." You say, "Yes, but is it two or three miles?" "I dunno," is the usual answer. "I dunno about that, it's

a right smart piece." You may sometimes get the admission that "*it may be* about two miles, *and a smart bit more.*" You go on for half an hour or more and meet another of the same genus, and you repeat the question, and ten to one the reply will be, "Well, I reckon, maybe, it's about two miles, but it's a right smart piece."

Our present camp is an improvement on the last. Then we were camped on a slight eminence in the midst of a tremendous cornfield, fairly trodden down and covered with sandy dust to a depth of three or four inches, with a high wind prevailing for four days, setting right in our directions, giving us the benefit of all the dust raised by it and hundreds of six-mule teams, wagons and cavalry continually passing and re-passing; add to all this, the odor arising from the mouldering remains of three horses, and one can readily imagine that our camp was not a paradise. Here we have a little grass around us, little dust, good water and plenty of wood; of course, having all these advantages, we shall not remain long here; we never do in a good location; the one described was the only really bad one we had since leaving Culpeper, and we staid there six days. While there some regiments were digging rifle pits and discovered a quantity of buried effects: one party found about four hundred dollars in gold, and another between four and five thousand dollars, a lot of jelly, butter and other articles—pretty good digging that!

On reaching this camping ground I had waited for the Major about two hours, to decide where he would have the office tent put up, and as I wanted my dinner and could not get it until settled in some place, I concluded not to wait any longer, but to select it myself and get the tent up. Close by his tent was a building on the roadside, which in days gone by had

been a store. Bennett suggested inspecting it and, if suitable, occupying it. We started an investigation, but our progress was barred at the outset by the door being locked. We soon found a way to remove that obstacle, and entered the building, and what a sight we beheld! The accumulated lumber from endless ages seemed to have been heaped there; remnants of the old store effects, boxes belonging to the headquarters of General Birney's brigade, which was camped opposite here in 1862; barrels, kettles, pans, and every imaginable thing heaped together in hopeless confusion. After becoming somewhat accustomed to the chaotic appearance of things, we endeavored to reduce it to something like order. A counter ran across the room, on which stood a desk, which, of course, I seized on at once; we piled everything on the other side of the counter, and soon one-half the room was clear, and, when swept, began to look really presentable. We then began to explore the mass of stuff behind our barrier, and hauled forth a table, two chairs, an iron kettle, a stool, an ink-stand and a candlestick. We set the table in the corner, arranged the chairs, fixed the desk in a suitable position, captured some chickens, which, roaming about the place, had sought refuge in the mass of rubbish, and which required all our ingenuity to dislodge; I hung my sign at the door, set Bennett to work getting dinner, made Lynham happy with some tobacco I had fished out of an old chest in a corner of the office, and perched myself on the three-legged stool, ready to write, when the door opened and the Major appeared at the entrance; his expression, on seeing the interior, was amusing. He said it looked like kitchen, sitting-room, office, furniture broker's, lumber-room and cellar, all in one.

Ours is a strange life! One day inmates of a well-furnished and extensive mansion, the next of a pig-

stye, or something little better; the day after, with no covering but the firmament, and cheerful and contented alike with all. To-night the heaviest storm might spend its fury unheeded and uncared for by us; this time to-morrow may see us lying in several inches of water or mud, vainly endeavoring to keep out the rain by our so-called "waterproof" blankets, and would we be less happy than now? Not a bit. It is probable that the men would be singing not only merrily, but more uproariously than usual, bandying livelier jokes and attacking each other with far more flashing sallies of wit than at any other time. It is a ludicrous sight, to see a half-drowned mortal sitting on a stone, or stump, in the midst of a sheet of water or mud, enveloped in a rubber blanket, the rain pouring down on him as though a second deluge was threatened; trying to keep the haversack that contains his two or three days' rations dry, and whistling "Hail Columbia" with stentorian lungs.

So, the wonderful Sanitary Fair is, by this time, in full swing. Well, I cannot say that I regret not being able to see it.

June 12th.

We had the pleasure of spending last night in our comfortable quarters, but are fairly certain that we shall not do so another night. Indeed, we fully expected to have been called up this morning for a change, and, but that it is Sunday, we probably would have been; but we never begin a movement or a battle on Sunday, if it can in any way be avoided. The mails are in and all hands are busy reading or writing, as it is whispered that this may be the last opportunity for doing so for some time.

## Near Long Bridge, Chickahominy River.

June 13th.

As expected, we are on the march to-day. Shortly after dark yesterday we received orders to move, and started in the direction of the Long Bridge, over the Chickahominy, on the southeastern border of the White Oak Swamp. We had a tedious, fatiguing march, and reached the bridge at daylight this morning. I think I never saw a more horrible looking stream than this; at this point a slow, sluggish, black, villainously treacherous looking stream, a fitting type of the mythological "Styx," and worthy the fevers and other maladies that arise in its neighborhood, and of the terrible scenes it witnessed in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862. Running, as it does, through a kind of "Dismal Swamp," with dark and gloomy trees rising out of its inky waters, tufts of rank and matted vegetation covering and stretching from one to another of the many rocks or hillocks that emerge from the water; its mud banks falling straight into the stream, itself of great depth, the almost impenetrable gloom that hangs over it caused not only by the dense nature of the wood through which it runs, but also from the character of its surroundings; its own dark waters and the terrible nature of the remembrances that crowd the brain of those who passed through the campaign in this neighborhood, in the earlier years of the war, all render this one of the most gloomy and unpleasant scenes we have yet met with.

After crossing we took a slightly northeasterly course, for a mile or two, but where bound I am at a loss to decide; it may be only to approach nearer to the defences, and it may possibly be that we are on our way to the south bank of the James River. General opinion tends toward this idea. Our present resting place is

on a large plantation. I have taken up my quarters in the garden under some locust trees and in front of the house. In all probability we shall move from here at dark, and I venture to suggest St. Mary's Church as our next stopping place, about midway between here and Turkey Bend, on the James, where I expect we shall cross, supposing our destination to be the south side of the river.

Charles City Court House.

June 14th.

We left the Long Bridge last night at 7.00 o'clock, and, as I expected, reached St. Mary's Church about 1.00 p.m.; took a short rest and soon after day-break started again for this place; we expected to stay only an hour but it seems now we are to stay over night. The greater part of the army is in the vicinity of the James. The neighborhood we are now in is familiar to me, as we passed over it two years ago on the retreat from Harrison's Landing.

The "History of the Fifth Army Corps" says: "The Army of the Potomac, after forty-three days of almost continuous fighting, had arrived at the James, but at what a sacrifice! 54,926 men was the price! The country between the Rapidan and the James proved a mausoleum for over 7,000 Union men; some unburied; some hastily put away; others sacrificed in the holocaust of the terrible fires in the Wilderness forests, many of whom are simply reported "missing." The Fifth Corps alone lost 12,027 officers and men, killed, wounded and missing."

I am seated under a large mulberry tree, in the extensive grounds of a mansion that, at no distant date, evidently belonged to one of the F. F. V's. It does not seem long since we came by this place; time, if it drags slowly enough at the moment once past, seems to have



flown. I am getting very tired of the war, and such scenes as I have just witnessed are not calculated to decrease the weariness. Twenty minutes ago there stood, within sight of my present seat, a beautiful house surrounded by all the requisites of a happy, comfortable home. What is it now? a pile of smouldering rubbish. In twenty short minutes that house has been burnt to the ground, and scarcely a vestige of it remains save the tall chimney that stood at the back, and, here and there, a blackened or flaming beam. Likely enough some straggler, in a spirit of pure mischief, applied the torch and turned a family loose on the wide world without a home to shelter them. Continually I am engaged in disposing of men arrested, charged with similar crimes, or the equally reprehensible one of marauding, often with violence to unprotected women and children, and they glory in these deeds.

How often the words "Cruel War," are uttered, and how glibly people beyond the reach of its influence talk of the misery caused by it, and the passage of armies, whether friendly or hostile, through inhabited places, but not one thousandth part of the real misery is even guessed at by those who are not eye witnesses of its horrors; nor do they dream of the almost fiendish cruelty it often calls to light. Would it were over; hardly a day passes but my heart bleeds for some poor family suddenly stricken down from wealth and opulence to the most abject penury; reduced to the necessity of begging the bread necessary to sustain life, and doomed to see, what little they may have succeeded in hoarding, swept away by rapacious villains deaf to all entreaties, and whose guilt is increased by the fact that they do it, not from necessity, but from choice; or of seeing their loved home, sometimes of great beauty, dear to them by a thousand reminiscences, destroyed by the ruthless hand of a villain; and this, too, without distinction of senti-

ment or feeling; the most ardent lover of his country, the most rigid patriot, and most loyal citizen, is just as liable to ruin as his rankest secession neighbor; for these fellows commit these atrocities solely from a love of mischief and the promptings of the devil within them.

These are not exaggerations, they are of daily occurrence and many a family has yet to mourn the loss of home and property at the hands of these miscreants that might otherwise have escaped uninjured by the iron hand of war. How thankful we should be that the war has been kept from our own States, that our own homes have not been devastated by the spoiler, our fields laid waste, our barns and houses burned to the ground. May the last deed of the kind soon have been perpetrated, even here, and the return of peace bring safety and repose to thousands who daily dread to hear the tread of armies and see desolation, devastation and death, brought to their own firesides.

The same.

June 15th.

To our great satisfaction we still remain at this place. It takes considerable time for the troops to cross as they are being carried on transports, the pontoon bridges not being ready; the river is a mile and a half wide here, and that requires a pretty long bridge. I suppose that, in a short time, we shall again make an effort to gain possession of Richmond. We are having delightful weather, and the country we are now in is a very pleasant change to what we have been doomed to live in for many months past.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Before Petersburg, Va.

June 17, 1864.

We have changed our position altogether. We crossed the James yesterday on transports and marched here at 1.00 p.m., by a forced march, having come twenty-five miles at a tremendous pace; there are some tired men to-day; here's one anyhow. The Second, Fifth, Ninth and Eighteenth Corps are here and the Sixth will be here soon. The rumor is that Grant has sent in a demand for the surrender of the city by 12.00 p.m., to-day, and if that is not done there will be something doing. We are now in an old rebel camp, a very substantial one, built of logs, with brick chimneys.

Some of the outer works were taken yesterday by the Second and Ninth Corps, and are in full view from here and are large and formidable; if reports are true fifteen guns were captured yesterday and five more this morning. I have seen a great number of prisoners taken by the Ninth Corps. Our corps has not been in yet but is now taking up a position, and if the "powers that be" refuse "Unconditional Surrender's" demand it will have something to say in what follows. After this place is captured, I suppose, we shall once more start for Richmond, probably taking Fort Darling on the way. Petersburg in our possession, Lee will either come out and fight or run away, though it is doubtful if he can do the latter. It is announced that Pope is around somewhere with a large army scraped together from all parts west, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the report.

June 19th.

We are not yet in Petersburg, but are within three quarters of a mile of it. The city is very strongly fortified and, being the key to Richmond, it is being stubbornly defended. Our headquarters are, I think, established on their outer line of works, from which they were driven the day before yesterday. We are in full view of the city and fortifications; so near that we can hear the railway locomotives which appear to be very busy. Night before last, very late, our headquarters moved nearer to the front, the provost guard remaining behind; but as I expected rebel prisoners to be brought in and there would be no one to attend to them at the camp I considered it my duty to go with headquarters; so I called up Bennett and Lynham and told them to pack up and join me with the guard. After a good deal of grumbling at the "foolery" of going out there, I got them out and we were soon immediately behind the works, from which the enemy had just been driven. We had no sooner reached the spot than about thirty shells burst immediately over our heads and it was long before our batteries could silence the one from which they came. I concluded that we had got into a "warm place," and my companions suggested going back, but I concluded to stay. The shelling having ceased, we spread our blankets, but, before lying down, went out to the works to take a look, when we were astonished at the showers of rifle balls that greeted us. I certainly had no idea we were to get into such close quarters; however, the firing ceased after awhile and we retired to rest; having first improvised a fortification of pork barrels and cracker boxes to ward off any stray bullets that might come our way during the night.

Nothing occurred until 3.00 o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by a heavy cannonading, followed by a storm of bullets; they fell around us like

hailstones on a slate roof. I expected nothing else than to get hit, if not riddled, in fact, it was only the pork barrels that saved us. My companion slept on unconscious, but thinking they ought to have their share of the concert, I unceremoniously awoke them; at the same time the guard woke up, too, and there was a hasty dressing, packing and retreat to the rifle pits. We three got on our things during a lull in the storm, but deeming ourselves as safe here as anywhere, gave one more look to our "works," lay down, listened to the singing that lasted some minutes longer, finally fell asleep and slept until daylight and then returned to our camping ground of the night previous; resolving to be a little more cautious in future in following up temporary headquarters.

I do not approve of General Beauregard's style of serenading. A round shot of huge proportions has just gone growling by. I do not know where it was bound but it was evidently in a great hurry. Yesterday morning I was asleep in my tent, making up for lost time, when I was aroused by a considerable commotion and awoke to find my tent down on me. Putting my head out at the rear I asked Lynhan, who stood near, what was going on. He said, "Oh, nothing; only a twenty-four pound ball came along, killed two horses, took off a man's leg, struck that tree, turned aside, carried away the front pole of your tent, and has gone off among that drove of mules across the road." Nothing! but "Familiarity breeds contempt." They have a very unceremonious way of disturbing a man's repose out here. Having again raised my tent, and relying on the unlikelihood of their being able to hit twice in the same spot, once more retreated into the land of Nod, and next time awoke unaided.

The house which is near our camp was evidently the abode of people of wealth, as it is, or rather was, full

of costly furniture, dresses, etc. Last night the troops around here gutted it, taking out everything they could carry; men were running around dressed up in ladies' dresses of great value, while in the morning property of all descriptions lay scattered all over the ground. How I hate this senseless destruction of property; I do not know what I shall do when we get into the city, but trust that the very strictest discipline will be enforced; I shall certainly do the utmost in my power to enforce it. Were I Provost Marshal-General there would be less of this kind of work going on.

I am pretty well convinced that, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, our names were not forwarded for commissions. I heard two days since that Sergeant Turkington and the First Sergeant of Company E, were ordered to report to the officer in command of the regiment to take command of two of the companies. The regiment was to go into action that night, and there were not enough officers to lead the men. The commanding officer said he would see that their nominations went in the next day, which is evidence that they had not been sent, and consequently mine has not gone in either. He also said that it was probable that more officers would be needed and that he would likely call for more of us. So far as I am concerned I have no desire to go on any such arrangement; when I get my commission I shall be ready to go wherever duty may call me, but I am not willing to take command and go into action without it. "There's many a slip, etc.:" we might go out, be badly wounded, go to a hospital and, while away, some others might supplant us; this has happened and may easily happen again, and I am by no means disposed to take the risk. It is an awkward position to be placed in; if I am asked to go, and refuse, there is an end to all chance of promotion; if I consent, I shall consider myself liable to be, as the saying

is, "sold," as we have been more than once since coming into the service. If I were sure of retaining my position the commission might go.

June 20th.

Another complication. We have just heard that the officer commanding our regiment has been killed, which leaves but one captain to command a regiment of 600 or 700 men. It would seem now that Major Ryder would have to go; they sent over last night for one of the four remaining applicants for commissions to go to the regiment and take command of one of the companies, but not one of them would do it. What the end of all this will be I know not, but it is certain something will have to be done before long, for there is scarcely an officer of any experience left with the regiment. I do not consider myself competent to command a company in active service; my ambition does not go beyond a Second-Lieutenancy at present, at least until I have had some experience in the duties that are required of even that grade.

The latest report is that Grant has sent a summons to General Beauregard demanding the surrender of the city, and the Confederate force under his command, to which Beauregard replied that he was willing to surrender, or rather, evacuate the city, but could not entertain the idea of surrendering the forces; but rumors of this nature are to be taken with a large allowance of salt. In regard to the punishment meted out to the war correspondent to which you allude, I endorse the view that it was too severe for the offence, but attribute its rigor to other circumstances and not solely to this offence. He has been the cause of considerable trouble ever since I have been at headquarters. Very frequently during the winter I received telegrams from the Provost Marshal-General, desiring us to order the corres-

pondent of the——to report immediately to his office, to answer some complaint against him, and on nearly every occasion said correspondent was nowhere to be found; this irritated the authorities considerably, and as he has more than once published “contraband” information, I believe these facts had a great deal to do with the extreme rigor of his punishment. I do not endorse all the action taken against him, but merely say that in my opinion it was not due entirely to the cause stated.

Lieutenant Hilton, who is now Assistant Provost Marshal, asked me to-day, “where do you keep yourself these days?” I told him “in the orchard;” he insisted on my coming into the house, and never to think of staying outside when headquarters was housed. So I am now located in a handsomely furnished room looking out on two sides into a very beautiful garden; it is, without exception, the finest building I have seen in Virginia. It was once in the possession of Colonel John Avery (they are all colonels or something in the South), and the room I have seems to savor somewhat of his profession.

The wall paper represents some very peculiar battle scenes; where, or in what war there is no means of discovering. One part represents a fight in some city, in which soldiers, in the most scarlet of scarlet uniforms, scarlet everything, are “taking advantage of any cover the nature of the ground may afford;” as we say in the tactics, and firing at a bridge of most peculiar construction, and a large house beyond, from every window of which a puff of smoke is issuing as the besieged fire on the attacking party. The next panel represents a stone building, somewhat resembling Girard College, standing in the centre of a square, with flames issuing from the roof; this is also being besieged by a party of “boiled lobsters” who, with an officer at their head, are making



frantic gesticulations at the building, for what purpose is best known to themselves or the artist who designed it. Two or three fires have been built in various parts of the square, looking vastly like some of our camp fires built for coffee boiling, transported from Virginia; sundry white patches of something are profusely scattered over the houses, buildings and roofs, but as these resemble everything in general, and nothing in particular, I will not pretend to say what they are. But by far the most warlike appearance about the room is a very round hole through one side, caused by the uncere- monious entry and passage of a twenty-four pound shot, which entered at an open window of a room in the front of the house, passed through the wall, crossed the hall, went through another room, entered this one on one side and finally brought up on the other side, after starting nearly all boards on that wall.

June 22d.

Rumors have been plentiful, the last two or three days, that the Corps is going to Charlestown. It seems to me that a general movement all along our lines is imminent; the firing has been getting heavier for some time past: a successful movement may give us possession of the city. (8.00 p.m.) Well, the enemy attacked the Second Corps and were driving it when our First Division was sent to its aid and repulsed them.

June 23d.

Our friends in Petersburg were very restless last night. I went to sleep amid the roar of cannon and the roll of musketry, was aroused several times by it, and finally awoke this morning to a like tune. This constant noise is sickening; if any good came of it, it would not be so bad, but from the darkness and thick mist that overhangs everything, it is nothing but a

waste of ammunition. I wonder how long we are going to stay in this place, doing nothing, or next door to it; they do not "prosecute the war vigorously" enough for my liking, but we have to cultivate the spirit of patience whether in love or war.

June 25th.

Active preparations are now being made to thoroughly besiege Petersburg. Siege guns of all sizes, from 400 pounders down, are at City Point. Perhaps we are preparing for a jollification on the "Fourth." Who knows but that Grant may repeat his last year's success at Vicksburg? The enemy has made another severe attack on our lines, this time in front of the Tenth Corps, but were, as usual, severely repulsed.

I endeavored yesterday to get a position in the Assistant Adjutant General's office, as chief clerk, as the present incumbent goes home soon, but found that it had been already promised. There are four vacancies in that office, one of which was offered me, but I did not relish the idea of a subordinate berth, certainly not to one of my own rank, so declined it. If I could have had the one I wanted I would be in a much more comfortable position, and would then have resigned all thoughts of a commission. I have my eye on another berth in the Quartermaster's Office, a number of clerks there are going home, so this is a good time to better myself. I have no doubt of finally getting a position that will satisfy me. There are more reasons for desiring a change than the one of the uncertainty of being able to hold the present one; there is not sufficient work here at times, while at others there is more than we can do properly, and there is much that is uncongenial. Constant annoyance with stragglers, deserters, skulkers, marauders, etc. Cowardice, theft, violence, three unpleasant themes—always before me. I have now to lay

this letter aside to take the necessary steps toward the discovery of the thief or thieves of staff-officers' horses; after that I have to cause to be identified, somewhere in the Corps, a man who violently assaulted and insulted a lady living close by, a few nights since; man's name and regiment unknown—a nice job that!

June 26th.

It is Sunday and, what is unusual with us in the army, it is also the Sabbath. It is a trite saying that “soldiers, during campaigning, have Sundays but no Sabbaths.” To-day, however, furnishes a happy exception. All is quiet along the lines, a circumstance that has not happened once before since our arrival before this city; not even the almost constant firing of pickets and sharpshooters can now be heard; both armies seem, by mutual consent, to be willing to desist from bloodshed on this hallowed day. A delicious stillness is around this beautiful place. But while this is the case I shall not be able to fully enjoy a day of rest, for Captain Hilton (you will perceive that he has obtained his promotion), has asked me to help him with his muster rolls for pay, as time is short; of course, I could not refuse and, begging off long enough to finish this letter, I promised him my services for the remainder of the day.

June 28th.

We commenced, yesterday, to throw a shell every five minutes into Petersburg; they returned the compliment by vigorously shelling the vicinity of our headquarters. If they do this often it will necessitate our removal to another location, which we shall greatly regret, as we are so nicely situated here and as there are unmistakable signs of permanency, at least for some time. Sutlers are beginning to arrive, etc.; soft bread is also coming; some call it “fresh bread,” but as it is

fully four days old it hardly deserves that name; indeed, my own designation of "soft" is a misnomer, but I use it to distinguish it from hard-tack. A railroad has been built, or rather repaired, from City Point to within a mile of this place, and a depot will be established to-day. All these things signify an expectation, at least, of an extended stay here, which will be very agreeable, for the next two month are not pleasant ones to be on the march.

Our recommendations for commissions, I discovered yesterday, never went beyond the commandant of the regiment and it is doubtful if they ever do. Sergeant Webb, who went with Sergeant Turkington to take temporary command of companies, returned yesterday, heartily sick of the whole affair, and I understand that all the others have decided to give up their commissions rather than serve under present conditions.

Last night the chief clerk of the Adjutant General's office, whose place I tried to get, came to me and wanted me to accept a place in that office. I gave him no definite answer, but think it probable that I shall do so; there is much more work to be done there, which is a recommendation rather than otherwise, and it will be better on the march; all their things are carried, and usually themselves, also: the clerks have a mess of their own and a cook likewise: they have no occasion to carry their rations or trouble about them but to eat them when prepared. I shall look into it thoroughly before deciding, and if I conclude to take it shall at once ask Captain Hilton to strike my name off the commission list.

In reply to the question as to my intentions at the close of the war, in regard to what will be my political status, I will say that on the day I again become a civilian, that day my individuality as an Englishman, so far as citizenship is concerned, will cease. On that

day I shall say to my friends, "Your country shall be my country, your people my people." A five years' residence is required by law before a foreigner can be naturalized; as, in all probability, that space of time will have elapsed since my landing on this continent, it has for some time been my fixed intention to then become an American citizen. On my return to civil life I shall proceed to take out my papers and be fully entitled to speak of "our country, our Constitution, our glorious Republic." I think by that time I shall have earned the right to enjoy the privileges of citizenship of the country, toward whose restitution to the blessings of peace and prosperity I shall have assisted, so far as my humble position and efforts will have permitted. I am vain enough to believe that America will never have to regret that my name shall have been added to the catalogue of the "Sons of her adoption." I give to her now and will ever do so, the same love I have for my own dear native land; for I owe her much; and all the hardships and sacrifices I am now called on to endure are but a fitting debt of gratitude for what has come to me since my arrival on these shores, on Thanksgiving Day, 1861, and for what I may reasonably expect to enjoy in the coming years beneath the "Stars and Stripes." I did not realize it then, of course, but now it seems to have been prophetic, that that one day of all the year should have been the one on which I was first to tread the soil of the New World; for, indeed, a new world is opening up to me: may that day never cease to be a Day of Thanksgiving, for me and mine.

The rumor of our going to Charleston was a false one, and there is, now at least, no prospect of any such event. When Virginia is cleared of the foe it is possible that other States may, for a time, be the seat of operations, but that time is distant, and we may hope

and believe that with the overthrow of the rebel forces in Virginia the chief strength of the enemy will have been destroyed and the end of the Rebellion easily in sight.

June 30th.

I have time for only a short letter to-day. Our wagons came up yesterday, and with them came orders from headquarters that, taking advantage of a few days' cessation of hostilities, we were to get up all back work. I worked till 12.00 o'clock last night, and am swamped with work to-day; one part of it being, in addition to current work, to transcribe into my journal the names, regiments, and offences of three thousand prisoners of all kinds that have passed through our hands in the last two months.

July 1st.

We are still here. Something must have tickled the fancy of the Rebs last night, for I hear that they had Petersburg all illuminated and all the city bells ringing. Our fellows let them alone while they contented themselves with illuminating, but when they commenced ringing the bells, our batteries joined in the concert and kept up a furious and continual fire on the town. I say I was told all this, for not all the cannonading in creation could wake me at times; nothing but a shell bursting in my room could do that, and even then, it may be, it would have to hit me to be successful. The staff have their table set on the veranda outside my window, and are discussing the merits of Philadelphia, which is rather tantalizing.

July 2d.

I have just returned from a visit to the front. I have been out but once since we came here, and not till to-night did I know very much about our position; this long quiet will not last much longer; the last two

days have been occupied in building forts for heavy guns, and probably the regular siege work will begin on the "Fourth." The guns will be placed in position to-night, and when they get to work there will be some noise around here. It appears that only the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps will take part in the bombardment; the others will remain in reserve until the grand assault takes place.

July 4th...

We are not celebrating the day as we expected; everything is very quiet. As usual, on holidays, there is a considerable amount of drunkenness to be seen about the camps. Some of these fellows seem to think it their bounden duty to celebrate a holiday, and the "Fourth" in particular, by getting as gloriously drunk as lies in their power, and, judging from results, they succeed to their hearts' content. . . . .

The use of whiskey, or rather the abuse of it was a continual annoyance and surprise to me. There were times when whiskey was a necessity, and it was then served as a ration, though frequently mixed with quinine. I was once asked to promise that I would not, under any circumstances, take it. Although by no means partial to it, I declined, and gave my reasons for so doing. I said the conditions here are very different from what they are with you at home. If, for instance, you are exposed to a storm, on reaching home you can procure a change of clothing to ward off a cold, or take means of curing one if taken. If we get wet or drenched to the skin, as very often happens, our cloth-

ing has to dry on us, either by returning sunshine or by the natural heat of the body. Often we are soaked through on a march, and have to stay so all night, in the open air or under a little tent that is really of little or no use in keeping off heavy rains. We have forded rivers two feet or more in depth, and then stood shivering on the banks until the column moved; no fires permitted, because of proximity to the enemy, or from the fear of betraying our movements to him. Even in permanent camps we are not safe; for sudden and violent storms penetrate the tents and drench the occupants. The regulated use of whiskey was not only of great efficacy, but was an absolute necessity; although it would at times be impossible to get it, and then the hospital and sick lists plainly showed the results.

I once had an instance of its good effects in my own case. I had occasion to go to the Hospital Department at City Point, the direct road to which was by the railroad near our headquarters, a matter of some eleven miles, while by the wagon road it was nearer fourteen. I decided to take the short cut; the only drawback to this was a very long and very high trestle on the way, over a deep and wide ravine, and on which trestle there was no footpath, nothing but the ties and rails. I was never very good at getting up high places, nor in looking down from great heights, and before I had gone half way over the bridge I began to get nervous and dizzy; then, the possibility of a train crossing on the trestle, before I reached the other end, was not helpful. I was afraid to go on or to go back, but determined to push forward; whether I finished the crossing on my hands and knees I cannot at this date remember, but my impression is that I had to descend to that undignified means of locomotion. During my stay at the Point, I called on the Medical Steward, who was an acquaintance, and told him of my dilemma and of



my wondering how I was to get back to camp. He said "I know what's the matter with you," and taking down a bottle labeled "*Spiritus Frumenti*," he poured out a good sized dose and said, "take that, that will fix you up all right." When my business was concluded I returned by the way I had gone, and crossed that trestle as easily and unconcerned as though I had been walking on the high road. "*Spiritus Frumenti*" was the medical name for whiskey, brandy being known as "*Spiritus Vini Gallici*."

July 7th.

So, the "Rebs" have taken it into their heads to make another excursion northwards! Well, they may make a mistake, as they have on two previous occasions. The Third Division of the Sixth Corps left here yesterday morning for City Point, where they are to take transports and hurry to Harper's Ferry. I do not think it likely that any more of this Army will go, as in all probability forces from other quarters can and will be sent, if needed. Hunter is now at a point from which he can soon reach the Ferry or, indeed, any other place where he may be needed; likely enough he is now on his way and will shortly turn up unexpectedly. So Sherman obtained possession of Marietta, just in time for the "Fourth;" this place is of great importance to him, and now his course is open to Atlanta, the capture of which will give a final blow to Rebel power and resources in the southwest. As to our progress here but little appears to be going on but, of course, no one can tell what is really being done; those heavy guns I spoke of recently opened yesterday for the first time, and now and then one of them sends its compliments into the city. The battery is not five hundred yards away from us, and the noise is furious. A deserter from their army came into our lines yesterday, and being a bright sort of youth

I questioned him a little before sending him to Army headquarters. He said they had pressed everyone into the ranks, all their detailed men, teamsters, cooks, etc., while negroes are doing that work. Men with half the head shot off are doing duty again, and men are in the ranks in the last stages of consumption; this shows them to be in terrible straits for men; surely it cannot last much longer; the end cannot be far off. It is reported that a large army is coming up from New Orleans; it will be useful here. I received, yesterday, a request from the editor of the New York "Sunday Mercury," to furnish him with an occasional letter (as special correspondence), on affairs connected with the Twelfth New York volunteers, and Corps Headquarters. I sent the first one this morning; it was a short one, however, and probably will not reach him in time for the next issue.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### STILL BEFORE PETERSBURG—EXPLOSION OF THE MINE. FIFTH CORPS LEAVES THE TRENCHES.

July 8, 1864.

The application I made some time back for the position of chief clerk in the office of the Assistant Adjutant General, and which failed, owing to the place having been filled or promised, has borne fruit after all. Last evening the clerk who asked me, recently, to take another position that was vacant, came to say that he had reason to believe that I was to be his successor, as the one that had been appointed had been found to be incompetent to manage the duties of the office, which are very complicated and difficult, while another that had been recommended asked, "if he would have to go to the front," and on being assured that he would, respectfully declined the offer, stating that he "could not write under fire; he could not see sitting down under a shower of grape and canister to make out a report," so my friend went to Colonel Locke and asked him to give the position to me: the Colonel interviewed Major Ryder and I was duly appointed to the post. The Major called me last night and asked if I wanted to go into that office. I said I had thought of it. He said that, in two or three months, the regiment would probably be broken up and he cease to be Provost Marshal, for which reasons he had consented to my going, and while I would not be at all likely to be sent to the regiment, as he had some time since asked Colonel Locke to take care of me if he should be removed, yet this position was worth having, and it had better be secured while the way was open. It is a very responsible one, and also an arduous one, but has several advantages and but few disadvantages.

I shall have nothing to carry on a march, and a horse to ride, two very important items; no cooking to do, as the clerks of that office have a mess of their own and a detailed man to cook. There are six clerks in the offices, and I shall have, to some extent, the supervision of those in the division offices, so far as concerns the proper making out of reports, from which the corps returns have to be made up.

The disadvantages are: first, less time for letter writing, and the duty of writing "under fire," as my position will require me to be in constant attendance on the Assistant Adjutant General, who, in turn, always accompanies the General on the march and in action; but after all, I do not know that I shall be in much more danger than in my present position and, of course, it will be only at intervals that we shall be in such close proximity to the firing line.

This post being now assured me, and which will be permanent, always providing that I prove competent, of which I have no fear, I have requested Major Ryder to have my application for a commission recalled. He said that if I did not like the work of the office on trial, nor Colonel Locke, I should come back to him and he would endeavor to see me comfortably placed elsewhere, if he left. Lynham takes my place with him in the meantime. The clerk whose place I take will not leave for a month yet, which time will be occupied in showing me the duties of the new place, and in my instructing Lynham more thoroughly in those of his advanced position.

July 13th.

I wrote a note yesterday morning, at 3.00 o'clock, saying that the Army of the Potomac was once more on its way to Maryland, having learned that another rebel corps had gone north, and was again raiding in

that State, but did not mail it; for from some unexplained reason we did not go, although orders for a movement were out. It is not likely we shall go now, for there will soon be work enough at this point. The raid does not appear to trouble the authorities here; they take little notice of it, and seem perfectly indifferent concerning it. Certainly, Grant will not give up his designs on Petersburg, on account of it.

A great many deserters come in every day; mostly from Florida regiments of Finnegan's brigade, that fought at Olustee some time since. One of them gave me a Richmond paper of yesterday's date, which I enclose. My time is almost entirely taken up with the duties of my new position; the night before last I worked till 11.00 o'clock, and was up again at 2.00. Last night I stopped at 10.30, after seven hours of consecutive work. The most important work now is the examination of the monthly and tri-monthly returns of the four divisions of the corps; of all and every of the officers and men present and absent in the corps; all changes of the staff officers, lists of names of officers killed and wounded, and a record of events. After correcting these, where necessary, we made a consolidated return in triplicate for Corps headquarters, Army headquarters and the Department at Washington. Now the returns for May and June have to be done. I assisted the clerk in making the one for May, and then took up the June one myself, and succeeded in doing it correctly, and was congratulated by Colonel Locke on so soon mastering the technicalities of the work.

I was engaged for seven hours last night; recommenced at 7.00 this morning, and finished at 5.00 o'clock this afternoon; seventeen hours to copy one report, and still longer to make it up.

It would be hard to conceive the enormous amount of work which is being done, in a military way, before

this city, during all this apparent quiet; I have been astonished at the preparations which are being made; something will be doing before long.

I picked up a magazine the other day in which was a lengthy dissertation on "Cotton." The essayist indulged freely in commendation of its usefulness, and bore testimony to the universal praise bestowed on it, in all its forms, by various writers. Even in "Song," he said, "has one of its beautiful preparations been celebrated, for has not Gray, in his "Elegy," spoken approvingly of the glories of the "*Upland Lawn*." Comment is superfluous! One does sometimes find strange things in print, but I had to read the above over and over again, before I could believe my own eyes or satisfy myself that the writer was serious; but the conviction forced itself on my mind, finally, that he was, for there was not the slightest possible sign of an intentionally humorous vein in the entire article.

July 15th.

I like my new position very much; it is far better than the other. The clerks appear to be gentlemen; everything is conducted on business principles; each has his particular duties to perform, and is required strictly to perform them, too; of course I have the supervision of the entire work and the more important part falls to my share. I have before me a report, about twenty-five inches long and fifteen wide, full of figures in black and red ink; some columns are only a quarter of an inch, and five figures have to be got in there. I have just finished it, to my own satisfaction; the close work and the change in the color of the inks have a very pretty effect. I can scarcely keep my eyes off it. I am pleased with it as a child with a new toy. The General does not seem inclined to turn in, although it is very late, he sits here chatting with Colonel Locke.

July 16th.

Were you, in Philadelphia, scared by the raid? I was not concerned about it myself, not expecting them to go north of the Susquehanna, though they did go farther than I expected or wished them to. If they had only let the Gunpowder Bridge alone, and not interrupted our mail communications, I would have been better pleased. It is to be hoped that the next time the authorities at Washington are warned, by General Grant, of an intended raid, they will take the necessary steps to repel it; they knew of this one on the 5th, in ample time to have prevented much of the plunder and destruction of property that has happened; when will they learn by experience? Surely they have had enough of it.

July 17th.

A rebel deserter, just in, reports the intention of the enemy to attack us tonight. They think our force greatly weakened; they are deeply deceived. We are packing up to be ready, in case of need.

July 18th.

Well, they did not come, but we were up and breakfasted by 3.00 a.m. The New York "Sunday Mercury," with my letter in, has arrived, and has excited considerable curiosity in the regiment as to the author, only three persons knowing who it is. Last night I went into the Provost Marshal's office, to see how they were getting on, and found a crowd discussing the letter, and was immediately applied to for my opinion, and unceremoniously hauled forth to read my own production and pass judgment thereon. Of course, I was much surprised, and asked who they supposed the author to be; it was signed "Twelfth." Some suggested one, others someone else; not a few pitched on Lynham, who

refused to father it; not one laid it to me, to my great satisfaction. I sent another in this mail, which is calculated to increase the curiosity.

July 21st.

I have just learned that I could have gone to the Provost Marshal's office, at Army Headquarters, and my friend, Albert Haverstick (118th Penna. Vol.) Chief clerk at Army Headquarters in the Assistant Adjutant General's office, kindly offered me a position with him, but I have no wish to go away from here. I am well suited, my predecessor has gone home, and I am "boss of the shanty." He carried with him many testimonials, from the General down, while the Quartermaster and the Commissary at these headquarters offered him a civilian clerkship, at one hundred dollars a month, but he preferred to go home.

The raid is now about over. We had a dispatch from General Grant, just now, saying that Wright had overtaken them, taken eighty wagons and many prisoners, and expected to yet capture the whole of their wagon trains.

By the way, where do you suppose I can get ambrotypes, 1 by 1 1-2 inches, taken out here? Your idea of country and places on battle fields, or the immediate vicinity of siege works, must be rather peculiar. Ambrotypes taken in the trenches! a twelve-pound shot or three inch rifle shell might assist in the operation, with *striking effect!*

July 24th.

I have been busier to-day than I expected to be; several of the clerks have been out to see the forts, and we have, of course, been short-handed; then, a long dispatch came from Sherman, and had to be copied; we shall not get Atlanta as easily as we thought; they



have had some terrible fighting down there, but ultimate success is certain. The enemy have received the news of this engagement, and claim a great victory. They have told the troops of the capture of two batteries, etc., but conveniently forgot to tell them that we had recaptured said batteries. This is the way they keep up the courage and spirit of the men; our rulers tell us the truth, and we know when we gain anything of consequence; for, if they tell us of our reverses we can place reliance in the accounts of our successes.

July 27th.

I went in to see Bennett, yesterday. I usually go in every day or so, to knock him around a bit, lest he should expire of "ennui." First Lieutenant Turkington (he was expecting a Second Lieutenancy, and behold he received a "first"), is now commanding Company K, Fifth New York, in the trenches. Those applications from the Fifth were sent to Albany, a few days before I received my position in this office, when I immediately asked to have mine recalled; it had then already gone to Albany. Well, yesterday about twenty officers received their commissions in the Fifth, and in picking them out of the regimental mail I was apprehensive that, after all, mine might turn up, but to my great relief it did not. I have been told that all the names sent in were favorably acted on, and but that mine had been recalled, it would have been treated the same way. I am more than satisfied; this berth suits me exactly, and I hope to retain it until the close of the war.

July 29th.

We are about to open on the town, and everything is in a turmoil. It is reported that the enemy have again gone towards Washington, in much larger numbers than before, but there is no way of proving the

truth of the rumor. We are told that the bombardment will commence tomorrow. Orders just received say "Assault at 4.00 a.m. to-morrow."

July 30th.

The grand event came off this morning, as expected, but contrary to expectation, we are still here; in other words, it was a grand failure, and Petersburg still remains in the hands of the enemy. At twenty minutes of 5.00 this morning the signal gun was fired, immediately followed by the springing of the mine beneath one of the rebel forts, blowing into the air four pieces of artillery and a regiment of Carolina troops. Then followed the grand assault, which resulted in the capture of that part of the enemy's line, a magnificent position, but it could not be held.

Everybody had been convinced that "Headquarters in Petersburg," was a near and sure fact. Surely, never was there such a tremendous noise as was heard here this morning. It was deafening; everything was packed up ready to move, if necessary, but we were not molested here at all, that is to say, not much; no one was hurt at Headquarters. I went out, about a quarter of a mile, toward the front, where a splendid view was obtained of the contending lines, expecting to see the entire line in that part of the works carried by the Ninth Corps, which had been assigned to that duty, but was miserably disappointed. Instead of the charge of our men, and the capture of the last of the enemy's works, I had to witness their charge on us, and the driving of our troops out of the works we had previously captured. This brings affairs back to their former status, as we now occupy the position we had previous to the commencement of this work; a large number of brave men have gone to their final account; many more lie wounded, torn and mangled; many a home made desolate, and

with what result? none! Three or four weeks will probably pass before another attempt is made.

July 31st.

From certain signs, like those on an Indian trail, which can only be read by the initiated and experienced, I am inclined to believe that another movement will be made and that, possibly, before another day passes. I have just returned from a visit to the extreme front, within twenty-five yards of the rebel works; a flag of truce went out to obtain permission to bury the dead of yesterday's action, and I availed myself of the opportunity to make an inspection of the lines. They resemble an immense underground town, no one who has not seen it can form any idea of the place, or of the immense amount of digging required. It was a sad sight, though—our dead lying there in front of the fort that was undermined and blown up. No amount of intimacy with such sights can ever reconcile the thoughtful mind to them; I know, at least that, notwithstanding the vast amount of death in every shape, I have witnessed during my service, I can not look unmoved on such scenes as were around me then.

All our heavy guns and mortars have been removed, which alone would indicate some change in the plans here; perhaps the abandonment of all designs on Petersburg, though I cannot bring myself to think that. . . . It is the end of the month, and for the next ten days I shall be very busy with our reports if we stay here, or go where we can set up an office. (The "wiggle" above is due to the fact that I dropped off to sleep while writing; for several days past I have been at work from 7.00 a.m. to 11.00 p.m., and up most of the last two nights, besides). The official mail is just in. What do you think of this for an address:—"Mr. H. Dibler, Rifle Pit, near Petersburg, Va." This reminds

me of the washerwoman, in Philadelphia, who asked me if I met her son, who, she said, was in the Sixth Corps; would I give him her love, which I promised to do, *if* I met him.

August 4th.

This is the day appointed for the National Fast and Humiliation. I enclose some lines which I have written, appropriate to the day:

THE DAY OF HUMILIATION.

(August 4, 1864.)

God of our Fathers! Lend Thine ear this day;  
In lowly supplicance Thy people pray:  
Low at Thy feet a mighty Nation bends,  
And to Thy throne of Grace an offering sends.  
See, where we kneel, in reverence and fear;  
Father! attend us! our petition hear!  
God of our Country! who, in days gone by,  
Didst nerve our Patriot Sires to do, or die;  
Be with us now in this our hour of need;  
Inspire each noble thought! may every deed  
Bear Valor's impress, stamped by Thy dread hand  
To haste the healing of our bleeding Land.  
This day we turn a searching glance within  
And humbly own our weakness and our sin!  
Too lightly trusting Thine Almighty power  
We hope and fear with each alternate hour.  
Now, over-confident! despairing, then,  
We dread like children! not endure like men!  
Forgive our impious doubts, Oh Just and Wise!  
Cause us to see Thy ways with clearer eyes;  
Teach us to place our fullest trust on Thee,  
Who dost the Future as the Present see;

By whom the smallest needs are understood  
And all things ordered for our future good.  
Look down, Oh God! in pity on our land  
Prostrate beneath the fell destroyer's hand;  
On field and farm; thro' forest and by flood  
Still flows the precious stream of noble blood!  
Where'er it turns, the grieving spirit hears  
The widow's groans or sees the orphan's tears;  
Some wander houseless, hopeless, by the scene  
Of their once blooming home, then smiling, green  
In summer loveliness; but now, alas!  
Naught but a blackened, charred, and smouldering  
mass!

Some shed, in secret, the memorial tear  
For father, brother, son or husband dear;—  
Whose lives were yielded in defence of all  
Their hearts held dear; yet not, unnoticed, fall  
Those tears in secret shed, for God is there  
To soothe the mourner and to grant her prayer!  
How long, Oh God! wilt Thou permit this woe?  
Yet how much longer must our best blood flow?  
Father! we pray Thee, let this fierce strife end;—  
Let smiling Victory on our arms descend!  
O'er all the land, full soon, let bloodshed cease!  
Our banners only spread their folds to Peace!  
Giver of all good! from Thy throne above  
Restore our Union! and Fraternal Love!  
Forgive our weakness and excuse our pride!  
In meet affliction has our strength been tried.  
Heal Thou the wounded! for the cripple care:  
Make their life-journey prosperous and fair!  
Take the brave dead to Thine eternal rest,  
Pillow those noble martyrs on Thy breast!  
Bind up the shattered heart that mourns the fall  
Of some loved darling! Hear the orphan's call!

The widow's sighs! the mother's anguished sobs!  
The sister's lament! Dire rebellion robs  
The Nation's peace, and with its ruthless hand  
Scatters fell anguish broadcast through the land!  
Hear our petition! God of Battles! hear!  
Send us sweet victory! wipe away each tear!  
Bid peace and plenty once more on us shine  
And our eternal gratitude be Thine!

I have just officiated in a new line. Our Company decided, some weeks ago, to present Lieutenant Turkington with a splendid sword, belt and sash, in commemoration of his promotion. I was told that the articles had arrived, and that the presentation would take place at the first convenient opportunity, and that I would be notified in time to be present. I have just received notice that this was to be done at once. I went over to see the things, and the men were considering who should be appointed to make the presentation speech. As soon as I entered the Company street, I was pounced upon for the task, and, although I expostulated, seeing that I should probably be forced to do it, I made my escape, under pretext of going to the office to get leave to be absent for awhile, but, in reality, to write out a few appropriate words; in a few minutes, however, a man rushed in and said I had been unanimously selected for the service, and the regiment was awaiting the arrival of the "orator of the day," so I went over without further parley. Turkington had no idea of what was in progress, and when the regiment was paraded and halted in front of his quarters he was invited to come out for a few minutes. Imagine his surprise when he saw the regiment drawn up, and me standing with the sword, etc., in my hands; not exactly in presentable condition for a ceremony of that character, being in shirt sleeves. Apologizing for that

fact, and stepping back a few paces, I went through the ceremony in due form, the officers starting the applause when I concluded.

Poor Joe! he was so taken by surprise, and so affected, that it was with difficulty that he could keep back the tears during my remarks; and I, seeing the nervous twitchings of his features could hardly keep my own countenance straight or my eyes dry. Joe replied with a very telling little speech, in acknowledgment, as soon as he recovered his equilibrium, and after three cheers, the meeting adjourned, and so ended one of the most delightful episodes of my military experience. I do hope he may be spared in this war; I should feel any accident to him very keenly, he has always been a dear friend to me.

We have just heard that the rebel cavalry made a raid in our rear, and captured a herd of two thousand cattle, intended for the use of all the armies operating against Richmond.

I have had occasion to write to the chief clerk at the four division headquarters on some business concerning a report I am getting up for Colonel Locke, but of which at present, he has not the remotest idea; indeed, he thinks it impossible to compile it, but I do not often recognize that word. One of the clerks wrote me a long letter, after discussing the business part, he went on privately in very good style; he writes a real, good letter; rich, humorous and friendly. I have never seen him, but must scrape acquaintance with the youth, and see if I cannot find an occasional companion, at least; from the style of his letter I judge him to be one that would suit me.

A military execution has just taken place in front of our headquarters. A man attempted to desert to the enemy and was caught in the act, and executed; a hard fate, but a necessary one.

Answering your question I certainly do not carry out Goethe's advice here. "Read a beautiful poem, hear some good music, look at a pretty picture, and speak a few sensible words every day." I do not know that I quote him correctly, probably not, but that is the gist of his advice. Very seldom does a "beautiful poem" fall within my reach, though always on the lookout for one; "good music" is something I have not heard for many a month; regimental bands do not, at least in this army, often "discourse most excellent music"; "pretty pictures" are as scarce as either of the preceding, and as to the sensible words, well—I aim to do so, but am afraid that they are very few, indeed.

August 14th.

We have been very busy in the office during the last few days, too much so to write much, and there has been but little to say, as matters have been very quiet here. It is, however, the usual calm before the storm; something will be stirring soon. Late last night despatches were received giving notice of intended operations, and, as these may commence any hour, we are working hard to have everything in shape to be ready to pack up quickly.

August 15th.

Still here, but in hourly expectation of being called out. Our corps has been relieved from the trenches, and is now in reserve, "ready for the fray;" operations are progressing, and before many hours another severe engagement may have taken place.



## CHAPTER IX.

### EXPEDITION TO THE WELDON RAILROAD—NEWS FROM SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

August 17, 1864.

Late last night we received orders to move at 3.00 o'clock this morning, but are still here; after being up all night the orders were suspended. Everything was packed and has remained so all day; we may receive definite orders to-night, and indeed we rather confidently expect them. We have been treated every evening, for some days, to a thunder storm, and one is in progress now, which helps to make the temperature cooler. The coming campaign, or movement, it is hoped may be successful; let us trust it may, as every success brings the end more appreciably near; pray for our safety: I do not anticipate any danger, but out here we are none of us safe; see the number suddenly hurled into eternity by that awful explosion, the other day, at City Point, ten miles from the front!

August 20th.

I am all right: not a moment to spare. Orders to move at 4.00 o'clock, on the morning of the 18th came, as I expected, just after my last letter had been mailed. We have been fighting two days. Drenching rain all the time; another engagement just commencing. Very hungry, very wet, very jolly! Will write as soon as this movement is over.

In the Field, August 22d.

Still on this delightful picnic; what with the enemy, the weather, and work, there is scant time for writing. The "rebs" have left our front and we may soon

change our anything but pleasant abode. Yesterday we had a lively time. We occupy an old house, minus windows and doors, close to the Weldon Railroad, about three miles north of Ream's Station. Our line of battle is within twenty yards of the opposite side of the road, so you can imagine we are pretty close. Yesterday morning about 20,000 men attacked us on this line, but they could not dislodge the Fifth Corps; but they did annoy us seriously, sending shell after shell through our house, and making the bricks fly in fine style. Fortunately, they did not do much damage, though at one time even General Warren said, "Headquarters is getting almost too warm," and when he says so you may believe that it is. I have one clerk with me here, the others are with the trains.

I have been made a Corporal, there being some Corporals in the office it became necessary that I should hold the same rank. But, while only a Corporal, I am called Sergeant by every one outside the office.

August 24th.

This will convince you that I am still in the land of the living. We are now beginning to settle down once more. General Lee says he will have us out of here by Saturday night. The surest way of accomplishing this will be for him to get out of Petersburg, and we will "be out of this" in double-quick time, he may be satisfied of that. Seriously though, we are giving them much trouble by our present position on the Weldon Railroad. It cuts them from one of their chief sources of supply of provisions, already too short with them. We shall, I think, soon make a similar movement on the Danville road, six miles from here, and then, good bye to them.

I made an application direct to the Secretary of State, about two weeks ago, for a furlough, and it now

lies before me, having been returned for General Warren's approval. Possibly he may approve it, but I did not calculate on its coming back, or would not have sent it. It may get me into serious trouble, as it is a military offence to send anything direct instead of through "the proper military channels;" but I did not know this at the time. Colonel Locke looked at it twice, but said nothing; I am afraid I shall catch it; the other Assistant Adjutant General read me a severe lecture, but I do not care a pin for him. I have stowed it away, and will not risk it any further. If they say nothing about it I shall not, and in the course of a week or two I shall suddenly find that it has been "mysteriously mislaid."

I think all the Major Generals of the army are about here now; I have counted eight, and about twenty Brigadier Generals, and have given up in despair; the place is full of them. Two of them have just made an attack on me for supplies. General Crawford, on my right, has borrowed a pen; General Griffen, on my left, my blotting paper. I think I will suspend operations for a time, until some of these "stars" have gone elsewhere, and we poor wearers of "stripes" are not so much at a discount; not that I personally, wear any, I have not assumed that distinguished mark of "rank," and never intend to.

General Meade is here. "Get ready to move," is the order of the day, so I must stop.

August 28th.

Things have been quiet for two or three days. There was some little uneasiness on the 24th, resulting from an attack on the Second Corps, but it did not affect us beyond the possibility that we might be called on to go to its relief; as far as I can gather it got rather the worst of the affair, but we were not disturbed.

Five deserters were shot in this corps on the 26th. Desertions, bounty-jumping, and fraudulent enlistments had become so frequent that exemplary punishment became necessary. The entire corps was paraded; the configuration of the ground enabling the troops to have a full view of the scene. Five graves had been dug and coffins placed in front of them. As the hour approached the men, dressed in blue trousers and white flannel shirts, accompanied by the officiating clergymen, the escort and firing detail, moved slowly to a position in front of the place of execution; the guards, with arms reversed, and the band playing the dead march. The provost guard, consisting of fifty men, were detailed in ten detachments, ten to each man, with loaded muskets. The condemned men were seated, each on the end of his coffin, blindfolded. The guard was stationed thirty paces from them, and, at the command, fired. Four of the men fell back on their coffins instantly, but the fifth remained in a sitting posture. "Inspection arms," was the sharp command, but the ramrods rang clear, showing that each piece had been discharged. The surgeon then advanced and on examination pronounced the man dead. One musket in each ten was said to have been loaded with blank cartridge so that no one could say which piece had been effective.

This is Sunday, and should be a day of rest, but it is the only one on which we can do anything for ourselves, and as it was necessary to put up a mess tent, I undertook the job, and out of the mess of ten only one was willing to assist me, though all would be benefitted by the work. We had to go a long way into the woods for poles for supports, and that, too, in front of our lines; there was no other place to get them. Then a tent was procured from the Quartermaster, axes from the Chief of the Pioneers, and spades from the Engi-

neer Officer, all of which fell to my lot to do. In spite of obstacles and disappointments the tent was finally up, and then we turned carpenters and constructed tables and seats; then, by way of diversion, we dug a well, or rather a well hole, for we have not reached water yet, after seven feet of digging; so after working for seven hours, continuously, I am too tired to write much to-night.

September 4th.

Sunday again, but I am so far behind in my work, owing partly to the incorrect manner in which some of the division reports are made out, that I cannot take advantage of it. It is becoming altogether too common to have to endorse a return from one or more of the divisions, "Respectfully returned for correction." I am in doubt of the "respectfully," though; I shall have to have some of these clerks disciplined.

Well, how about the news from Sherman? The night before last I was at supper, discussing affairs with a man of decidedly Copperhead propensities, who maintained that both General Grant's and General Sherman's campaigns had been, and would be, miserable failures, and scoffed at my denial and my opinion, that a few days would see us masters of Atlanta; when, in the midst of all our altercation, down came the telegraph operator with a dispatch which he handed me. Imagine the triumphant tone in which I read:—"Atlanta, Ga., September 8th. General Sherman has taken Atlanta. The Twentieth Corps occupies the city. The main army is on the Macon road, at a place called East Point, near which place a battle has been fought in which Sherman was successful; no particulars yet known." Imagine, also, my opponent's dismay! This is glorious news! This is the way to get peace; better than all the Conventions and negotiations. A few more such victories and the end will be near.

Sherman has managed this thing finely. When he moved the bulk of his army to the south of Atlanta he left the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochie, ten miles on the other side, a fact of which General Hood was not aware. Thinking that our entire force was south of the city, he piled out of it to attack Sherman and sever his communications, and when he had fairly left the city behind, Slocum, with the Twentieth Corps, quietly walked in and the place was easily ours. Then Sherman turns round and fights Hood, and as the telegram tells us, beats him. Hood must now be in an unpleasant situation; Sherman in his front and Slocum, in Atlanta, in his rear. Verily, Jeff Davis has Sherman "where he wants him," by this time.

The Richmond papers say: "The Fifth Corps is where they want it." What peculiar taste the rebels must have! They also say the possession of the Weldon Railroad is undecided. I must confess that I cannot see the indecision; in this quarter matters appear to be *very decided*. As far as we can judge the case stands thus: We are on the railroad and General Lee cannot put us off it, and each day we are strengthening our position.

I hope we shall soon hear of the capture of Mobile. Three cheers all round! (All the material for another big report has just come in, and I must stop and make it up. Three groans for the report.)

September 6th.

I had hoped to have had time to have written a long letter to-day, but am unable to do so, as the work is still in arrears and the telegraph operator is taking down a long message, which has already reached twelve sheets and which I shall have to send out to the command. It is from Atlanta—no, I am mistaken—shall know in due time what it is.

September 8th.

Speaking of the end of the war, many think it will end this winter. I am not so sanguine of it, but I do think it will not survive the winter of 1865. Sometimes I think that there will be no organized warfare after this winter; there will not be if Grant can give a crushing blow to this army in front of us, for on that all their hope depends; all their strength is concentrated in it. Atlanta gone, and Mobile doomed, their power in the southwest will be gone altogether, and it will need only that Lee and his army shall receive a sound and unequivocal thrashing, to materially alter the character of the war. Everything looks favorable; we are here to stay until Petersburg falls, nor would I, for one, much as I want to get home, much as I long for the end of the war, willingly give up one principle to the rebels, not one inch of ground; nothing short of their total, uncompromising and unconditional surrender will please me now, even though, to bring this about, should take the remainder of my term, two years and a half; and I believe that this is also the feeling of an overwhelming majority of the men of the Army of the Potomac.

September 10th.

They are building a railroad from City Point, up to our headquarters, and expect to have cars running to-morrow night. Think of it! a railroad built, bridges and all, fourteen miles, in a week! pretty quick work! It is getting very cold, here, nights and mornings, and as our headquarters are at an old tavern (the "Globe"), without doors, any doorways, or sashes to any windows; besides a large number of holes all through, from cannon shots, it is far from pleasant. General Warren, however, is always very attentive to the general comfort, and has ordered a house on the picket line to be taken down and the material used in fixing up our own, so

that we expect to be much more comfortable. General Hancock captured a position of great advantage last night, and we expect that something more will be done on his part of the line to-night. A rebel deserter last night reported the capture of Mobile, by our forces, but we have not received any information yet, confirming it. General Sherman telegraphed to say that his troops were resting around Atlanta, for a few days, when they would again start on a hunt for the enemy.

September 11th.

Although this is Sunday, and if I am not mistaken, the day appointed by the President as a day of national Thanksgiving for recent victories, it has been for me as much a day of work as any of the six preceding. The 10th was on me before I had finished the reports for the 30th, so could not spare the day. I did steal out this afternoon to attend Divine Service, in one of our near-by brigades, and heard a good sermon on the words "Watch and pray;" a band played several psalm tunes, and altogether I was much pleased and, I think, benefited. I needed the influence badly, for I am too impatient for the end of the war; and the almost daily experience of the expiration of the term of service of some who have been the sharers of our life and trials, and who are leaving for home, adds to my discomfort.

September 13th.

We have had a very lively time here to-day. A Sergeant and two privates of different regiments captured a flag each during the engagement of August 21st, and the Secretary of War caused medals to be struck as rewards; General Meade having received them last night or this morning, intimated his intention of presenting them to the men himself, and advised some ceremony over it. So General Warren had a platform



erected in front of our headquarters, collected a lot of flags, and decorated the place and made the rotten tumble-down old house look quite respectable. The three regiments to which the men belonged were drawn up on three sides of a square, and so much of the Corps as could be spared was massed in the rear. A covered balcony over the porch made a capital place for the band, which "discoursed (not) eloquent music" during and after the ceremony. A large number of officers of all grades gathered to witness the proceedings, and at the appointed hour, General Meade, accompanied by General Hancock, arrived.

After some introductory ceremonies, in which our old friend "Spiritus Frumenti," bore a conspicuous part, the orator of the day delivered a speech which did not present anything of note, except a good deal of hesitation and an almost complete break-down, but which, I do not doubt, under the pruning knife of the reporter or editor, will appear well enough in print. The medals were next presented and then General Meade made a few appropriate remarks on the war; paid a tribute to the soldiers of his army, and concluded with the prayer that peace might soon return and send us all to our homes. "Three cheers," proposed by General Warren, and given with hearty good will by the assembled multitude, closed the proceedings; the troops returned to camp and the Generals retired to partake of a dinner provided by General Warren.

An order has just been issued causing a general inspection to be made of all enlisted men serving on special duty and detached service; with instructions to examine the nature of the duties they are performing, and where it is thought that their services can be dispensed with, Commanding Generals are authorized to return them to their regiments. This will make a great sweep among extra duty men, of whom it is said there

are upwards of 20,000 in this army alone, and probably 6,000 of these could be dispensed with without difficulty. Of course, this order will not affect me, nor any of the clerks, as their services cannot be dispensed with; there are scarcely enough as it is; but a great many cooks, hostlers, servants, etc., vulgarly, but expressively, denominated here "dog-robbers," will shortly find themselves shouldering rifles. (That wretched band is thumping away, at an awful rate, at "Yankee Doodle," in which a very doleful drum and a peculiarly shrill fife bear the chief parts.

September 16th.

The enemy are rather troublesome this morning; considerable firing is going on on the picket line, and it is the general opinion that, ere long, a heavy engagement will take place here. Indeed, this firing may be the herald of a coming storm, and indicates that they are about to make a desperate attempt to really "put us out of here." We are in no way concerned about it, though; conscious of our power to at least hold our present position, if no more. There are two forts on this line, so large that I doubt whether there are any around northern cities that are stronger, and not all the Confederacy can take either of them from us. The ditch around one is eighteen feet deep and fifteen feet wide; no insignificant obstacle for an attacking force to surmount, to say nothing of the artillery, and stern, unyielding men within. Before they can reach the ditch, however, there are other obstacles to be overcome, and I doubt the power of all of General Lee's army to get on any side of this work but the outside.

There is no engineer in the army superior to General Warren, and that is one advantage our Corps has in him; a first-class engineer; (a West Pointer, and Major in the Regular Engineer Corps) a splendid

tactitian; unequalled for coolness and resolution on the battle-field; such is the Commander of the Fifth Army Corps. The corps is too well known to need description, and holding, as it does, a most important position, and one that has considerable bearing on the campaign, the country can have full confidence in it, and if it cannot hold the Weldon Railroad I am certain no Corps can. Pardon this eulogy, but I got a little conceited, and could not help sounding the praises of the "Corps of the Maltese Cross!"

September 21st.

What do you think of Sheridan's way of knocking the ground from under the feet of the Chicago Convention? Is it not a glorious victory? Something worth celebrating, and celebrated it has been here. I think I never heard such cheering since the early days of the war, as was heard here last night; peal on peal went up, hour after hour. Bands played in all directions, and if the rebels had not obtained the news they must have supposed us all gone mad. I am curious to see how they will make this terrible defeat a "blessing" to them; for so they have done with all the previous ones. I had the satisfaction of being the first to see the telegram yesterday that brought the news, as I was in the telegraph office when it was received, and the operator showed it to me before General Warren got it.

Yes, there is much fraternizing between the picket lines of both armies when near each other, and when not in actual campaigning. We are not experiencing it here to any extent, as we are watching each other too closely, and conflict is likely to arise at any moment; but before Petersburg there is, and has been, considerable. They meet part way and exchange rations and other articles. The usual way of opening negotiations is the following: "Hallo, Yank! have you'uns any

coffee?" "Say, Johnny, got any tobacco?" and these luxuries then change hands. Pleasantries of one kind or another often pass between them on the result, perhaps, of some recent or long-past engagement, in which both had taken part, and, at times, the rejoinders are more forcible than polite, but they are always taken good-humoredly, so far as I have ever heard. Indeed, these meetings between the men of the contending armies are, at times, remarkable for the forbearance displayed. General Grant met with a noteworthy instance on one occasion. (See his "Memoirs.") The pickets of the Union and Confederate forces in Tennessee at one time lay directly on Chattanooga Creek, at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Grant wanted personal information of both picket lines and, taking a bugler only, with him (and who remained some distance behind), rode down toward the creek. On approaching the Union line he heard the sentinel cry, "Call out the guard for the Commanding General!" "Never mind the guard," said the General, and the guard retired. The Confederate sentinel on the other side of the creek also cried, "Turn out the guard for the Commanding General!" and Grant thinks he added "General Grant!" The line formed, faced front, and saluted, and Grant returned the salute. It would have been an easy thing for the Confederate pickets to have shot him, and the courtesy paid him in the place of doing so is very remarkable.

A little distance off was a log across the stream, where the men of both armies went to get water for their camps. Seeing a man sitting on the log in a blue uniform, somewhat lighter than our own, General Grant rode up and asked him where he belonged. The man touched his cap and said he belonged to Longstreet's Corps. Grant asked him a few questions, all of which he answered politely, and the General rode away. Here

is an instance of how ready the Confederate soldiers were to acknowledge bravery in their opponents. At the battle of Gettysburg, a Union battery nearly fell into the hands of a Georgia regiment. The battery had managed to limber up all but one gun, which was delayed by some trouble; the cannoneer, although a line of muskets was levelled at him, coolly limbered up and deliberately drove off the field. A cry went up from the Georgians, "Dont shoot," and not a musket was fired.

September 23d.

Twenty-five years old to-day! how time flies. May I celebrate the next birthday at home. Last evening I received an invitation to spend the evening with the Hospital steward and the Medical Director's clerk, at these headquarters, both of whom are Scotchmen, and have not been long in this country. As both resided some time in London, we had a delightful time of old recollections. The clerk is the son of an ex-Senator, and during his visits to London, resided with the late W. M. Thackeray, so you can imagine I spent a most delightful evening. The English reminiscences were especially pleasing, and the delight thus occasioned was increased on returning to the office to find several letters for me, including some from my home in that dear country.

October 3d.

I wrote on the 23d of last month that I had a return of my old trouble, and had to keep out of the office for several days. At the same time came the news of Sheridan's victory, and I also said that General Grant was up here the day before, and that that indicated that some movement was being contemplated. I also spoke of my acquaintance with Senator Reed's son; by the way, he is also a relative of General Meade, and

that he, the Hospital Steward, and I, had decided to form a mess just for our three selves; when, just as we were about arranging the matter, Mr. Reed was transferred to one of the division headquarters, and we are in expectation of the Steward also being sent elsewhere. That is always how things work here. Just as soon as I make some agreeable and congenial acquaintance he, or they, are sent somewhere else, often too far away to make visiting practicable. On the 28th we were informed that a movement of some importance would take place the next day; well, it did, and it is over. What it accomplished I do not know, except that we have considerably extended our lines, which, I believe, now reach to within a short distance of the Danville Railroad. It is probably the precursor of another movement in the near future. We clerks did not leave headquarters, and right glad we were of it too, for as usual, no sooner did the Corps begin to move than the rain began to descend in torrents, and kept it up most of the time it was out.

October 6th.

I have been sick again, and now begin a regular course of dosing with iron and quinine, three times a day, for the next two or three weeks. I am glad to find that, after all, my two friends, Reed and the Steward, will not leave here now, and Mr. Reed has introduced me to two others whom I find to be fine men. We often meet of an evening, after business, and discuss all kinds of subjects. One of these men is an American and has traveled all over Europe, perfectly educated, and has kept the highest society. His conversation is delightful; his words beautifully chosen and delicately arranged, without the least approach to affectation; it is a treat to listen to him. His people are wealthy. The other is an artist of considerable talent; a fine, classical-looking man, and a perfect gentleman; he is now pri-

vate secretary to one of our Division Generals. I did not suppose that there were such men out here, and am very fortunate in finding them. About thirty of my company went home a few days ago and, as usual, all the best went; all the Sergeants with whom I have ever associated, and whom I really liked, have gone, and only the nuisances remain, but I will not complain if I can only keep my new friends.

October 9th.

It has been so piercingly cold the last two or three nights that it has been next to impossible to write. Our house is *freely ventilated*, some of the windows are partly filled with canvass; there is no front door to it; the upper floor is all open and the ceilings, being nearly all down, the currents of air that come down are by no means slight. Added to these inconveniences, there are long slits and holes in the walls, which are not calculated to keep out the cold blasts. I hope they will soon give us better winter-quarters or else put us into tents. In the daytime we light a fire in our room and, immediately, up come two or three officers and plant themselves directly in front of it, thus shutting us completely out. I have just reminded them that there is a large fire down in the officers' room, and that we need this one for our own accommodation. One of them did not like it much, but I do not stand in awe of "shoulder straps," where my rights are concerned.

Such is the part of the house devoted to daytime. The room in which we sleep is so *airtight* that a candle can only be kept alight by means of much labor and persuasion. On the boards of the floor I lay down a rubber blanket, that is, put it down, as the draught will not let it lie still; on that I place a piece of light, very light, canvas tenting, five feet by one and a half, and on that I place myself, and over me I draw one blanket! Such is the bedroom and bed. Is it to be wondered at that we are cold?

October 14th.

We have been very busy for several days, but as our reports are all done and gone, until the 20th, we shall have a little let up in the daily routine. You say my "life is full of change and transpiring events." I must say that I do not see it in that light. Does this look like it? I rise at 6.00 a.m., breakfast and go into the office; stay there until 12.00; go out to dinner; back again directly and in office until 5.00 or 6.00; then to supper and, generally, back to my desk until 9.00 or 10.00, as the case may be; then to bed; and this is the daily routine of my present life. What change is there in that? What can I see in the office to especially interest me? If I go out what is there to be seen? A lot of tents, a few railroad cars, a number of horses, mules and wagons, the interminable dust and the everlasting pines, and, with the exception of an increase in the number of tents or a decrease in the number of cars, no change has occurred since we came here two months ago and, with one exception, not for four months since we came to Petersburg.

Reed has gone, after all, and one of the others is gone also. I have a very nice young fellow to help me, especially, and according to custom will probably soon lose him. He glories in the name of Churnside, is not over twenty, and has been married three years.

The elections are going very favorably for us, and there seems no reason to doubt of success next month. From what little information we have at present it seems that Pennsylvania will have a very close fight, but the soldier vote will decide it in the Republican column by a very fair majority. It is a rare thing to find a soldier willing to vote the Democratic ticket, if for no other reason, that he decidedly objects to vote for the party that insults him by saying that "all he has done since the commencement of the war is a



miserable failure." Many a regiment, if we have been rightly informed, gives two votes to the Democrats and from three to four hundred for the Union.

October 20th.

Three cheers for Sheridan! What do you think of the Valley news now? Sheridan is great. I like the way he sends his reports; he conceals nothing; he states plainly what happens, and is equally truthful over victories or defeats. We were beaten, at first, beyond a doubt, but how soon he changed the conditions. I have a little silk flag on a gilt staff here which I raise on all news of this nature; it is now flying from the top of my desk.

October 24th.

I am not in a very good humor to-day. Nearly all the reports that have come in from the divisions are wrong, and have to go back again two or three times. Work that should take six hours to do extends over two, or more, days. In addition to this source of annoyance, General Warren issued an order to-day that all the clerks in the Corps are to be fully armed and equipped, ready to take their places in the ranks or defences, in case of emergency.

I do not know what will result from this order; perhaps a general strike among the clerks; because the chief reason why the men seek these positions is the fact that they have, hitherto, been exempt from carrying arms, and it is unlikely that they will quietly submit to do double duty. If we must carry arms, and do our share of the fighting, we may just as well do it with our regiments, for then we would have much more freedom and less work than in these positions. I wrote to the clerks of the three divisions, to ascertain their opinions, and when I get their answers I can tell

better which way the wind is likely to blow. I may be exempted from the order but, at present, appearances indicate that there will be no exceptions or distinctions. Division and brigade clerks may get out of it, but Warren will keep *us* up to the mark.

As to myself, I certainly will not do the work I now do, and keep a gun in order, nor will I carry a gun and all its accompaniments on a long day's march, and run a Corps Adjutant General's office at the same time. If I must carry a gun, I will do it with my regiment; and I would not have to carry it long, either. I have no desire to go back to it; I have been in several battles. If I can honorably keep out of another I most assuredly will do so. The scenes I witnessed at Chancellorsville, the last fight in which I carried a gun, (although I have been in all the subsequent ones, more or less, except Gettysburg), were quite sufficient to satisfy me, and I shall certainly prefer to keep out of any more. I can tell better in a day or two what will be the end of all this commotion.

From all indications something of importance is going to happen soon. I hope it will amount to something. I should like this army to gain a big victory before election, just to help "Father Abraham" along; it would help matters considerably. On the eve of a movement of some importance, of course, I have my hands full, and letter-writing is not an easy task. Naturally, I cannot say how long operations may last, nor even try to guess what we are to attempt to do; unless it be to try and capture the Southside Railroad, and if the Fifth Corps gets a chance it is pretty sure said road will change owners.

The order about arming the clerks has been modified, so far as I am concerned. All the others have to shoulder the rifle and report to the Provost Guard tomorrow. I go with headquarters as usual.

## CHAPTER X.

### AN EXPEDITION THAT FAILED—THANKSGIVING—THE CORPS RELIEVED—WORK AHEAD—DESTRUCTION OF THE WELDON RAILROAD.

Yellow House, Weldon Railroad.

October 29, 1864.

We have just returned from an expedition that I hoped would have put us into Richmond in a few days, but which has turned out, from some unexplained cause, nothing more than a failure. I will endeavor to give you an account of it:

I arose at 4.00 a.m. on the 27th; had everything packed and sent to the rear; the Colonel told me the Quartermaster would furnish me with a horse (the other clerks were armed and sent to the Guard, for the time being). I went for the horse and succeeded in getting one, but no saddle or bridle, and it was two hours before I could secure them. First, I got the horse; then the saddle; next the saddle blanket, then, finally the bridle; the Colonel, meanwhile, had become tired of waiting for me, and went off. As soon as I was ready I followed him, but without my breakfast, which I could not stay to get. Once on the road, the question where to find the General and staff was soon answered. Warren always goes to the front, and to the front I went, knowing that if I did not find him on the first line of battle, he would be on the skirmish line. I was three hours reaching the front (about three miles), and arrived just as the fighting commenced.

I had an awful hard road to travel; the greater part ran through a dense wood, the road only wide enough to take two men abreast, so horsemen were con-

strained to travel through the wood itself, and you cannot conceive what delightful work that is. This wood was unusually thick, and it required a skilful hand to pilot one's way. The trees were so close that, without great care, one knee or the other was sure to be crushed against them; while the sweeping branches overhead threatened each moment to brush one's hat from his head or himself from the saddle. One not only has to guide his horse with nicety between the trees, looking out for the branches overhead, but also to look out that the horse does not stumble over a root, or decayed log, or into a hole concealed in the thick underbrush. At times I was brought to a decided halt unable to penetrate further, and forced to watch an opportunity to get into the road in the rear of the regiment, until the woods became less dense.

I found the Staff in a wood, just in rear of the line of battle, and Warren very busy, very energetic, and very mad; the leaden messengers, and iron too, were flying thickly around, and I began to think that there were many safer places than that. Some sharpshooters fired at the General, and came very near hitting him, but he remained unmoved; another bullet whistled by, still he did not notice it; shortly after a third came so unpleasantly near his face, and so unmistakably meant for him, that he considered it prudent to alter his position, and his decision was hastened when a shell fell and exploded right in our midst, but without hitting anyone. We then moved back about fifty yards; then two regiments (new) broke and exposed us to as severe a shower of bullets as it was ever my luck to get into or out of. I cannot understand why none of them hit us; it absolutely rained lead for some minutes, while everyone was employed in staying the flying men, and forcing them back to their places. The loss was but slight, however, and the panic over, the line was again formed and the men held their ground.

General Grant then arrived, and hearing him say to Warren, "If there is an enemy's line there, I want to know it at once," I prepared for a ride, and got it, too. We went away about two miles, on the left, at a tremendous pace, a most exhilarating exercise; the General ahead, then his staff, Corps flag and flag guard, then myself, then the signal party, mounted orderlies and a squadron of cavalry escort; dashing full speed along the road or across the fields, a gay sight and right merry work. I enjoyed it, and was sorry when we halted, which we did in a pine wood, and remained there the rest of the day until 8.00 p.m., and then began the unpleasant part of the affair. As I have often said, the Army of the Potomac can never move without rain; that is an understood thing. No matter how long it may be fine, when General Meade undertakes a movement it is sure to rain. It had rained some at intervals all day, but at 8.00 o'clock it came down in torrents; in the midst of all this we left the woods and made for the house, which was to be our headquarters for the night; it was only large enough for the officers and we had to seek a hole elsewhere. I was wet and tired. I had not ridden a horse, for any distance, since the Mine Run affair, twelve months ago, and it is tiring work when unused to it, and hungry in the bargain. We found a garret over a negro shanty, about ten feet by twelve, and about nineteen of us slept there that night, and truly glad we were to "get in out of the wet." Having taken possession of my five feet by one, all that I could get, I fed my horse, loosened his trappings and began to look round for supper.

I had noticed a well in the garden when we arrived, but on going to it found it dry. On inquiry I learned that the water was half a mile away in the woods, so off I went in search of it. Making further inquiry, on nearing the supposed locality, I was directed to proceed in a certain direction, and I would find

a path and a hollow. On I went, in the pouring rain and pitchy darkness, in accordance with the directions, but I found the hollow first, and that in the shape of a deep ditch into which I fell. Having gained the wood I failed to find the water, so had to return and go supperless to bed. Next morning, having fed my horse and got ready to move, just as I was preparing breakfast, the enemy opened furiously on our line, and had not a friend had more coffee than he could drink, I would have had to go without again.

We stayed there until 12.00 o'clock, and then commenced our homeward journey, but had gone only about five hundred yards when the enemy attacked us in the rear, and there was a lively time for awhile; we formed line instantly, but they did not attempt to come out to us, but remained under cover of the woods. After flying around the lines for some time, the Colonel, myself and a few others, started for home. A short distance further I ran against a stump and knocked my right stirrup off, and had to come home on a hard run with only one, which gave me a first-rate lesson in horsemanship. I did not know I could ride so well, though I think one stirrup is worse than none.

So we came back like whipped curs, having made a tremendous fuss and accomplished nothing! This is a gloriously unlucky army. I begin to think it never will do anything.

October 30th.

November is close upon us, and the Presidential campaign will now be the all-absorbing topic. I do not much doubt our success; but, of course, as long as it is undecided, more or less doubt will obtrude itself on our thoughts. I had hoped our recent movement would have been so successful as to render Mr. Lincoln's election a matter beyond all possibility of doubt; but, as it is, he will have to stand on his previous capital,

and there is little reason to doubt that it will be sufficient.

I am not sorry that October is so nearly gone; for, notwithstanding your repeated eulogiums, I cannot say that I much like the month, at least out here. At home it would probably be different; here it is a kind of hybrid season, neither cold nor warm, sometimes one and sometimes the other, anything but conducive to health. The fact is, we soldiers can but seldom appreciate the beauties of the surrounding country or of climate; we are so used to taking things as they come that anything out of the common way passes almost unnoticed. A day that would attract universal admiration at home, is dismissed with some casual observation, and no more thought of; while as for scenery, we see so much country that we come to look on it much the same as you would on a row of houses. Occasionally a picture that would be considered beautiful presents itself to us and, for a moment or so, we may view it with admiration, but some inevitable and sickening sign of war's cruel presence almost immediately forces itself upon our notice, and brings us back to the hard, stern matter-of-fact situation that, for a time, we had lost sight of. Here the eye in all the extent of landscape which it can compass, sees nothing but dry, dead, ground vegetation, bare clay, breastworks, smoke-environed camps, and dingy, sickly looking pines; not by any means a cheering prospect.

November 6th.

Winter would seem to have fairly commenced here now. Cold, bleak winds, marvelously clever at finding the cracks and crevices, "their name is legion" about this old house of ours, are now our almost constant visitors; the leaves have nearly all fallen; the smaller trees are entirely bare; while the oaks, maples, and other giant monarchs of the woods have assumed the last tints

of autumn and lose a part of their russet robes at each succeeding blast; even the pines, which constitute the majority of the trees in this part of the State, have lost the freshness of their green garb, and look yet more sombre and cheerless than before. The sky assumes a frosty appearance; the "deep, blue ethereal vault" contrasts more distinctly with the landscape; while the clear, sharp ring of the axe, as some sturdy woodsman fells the stout timbers for his winter home, all betoken the near approach of what is to me the best season of the year. The numerous log houses, with their canvas roofs, and chimneys of wood, brick or stone, that rise, as if by magic, all around as far as the eye can reach, show that winter-quarters is at last an acknowledged fact.

Orders from headquarters of the army call for a list of all killed, wounded and missing in every regiment from May 4th to September 30th. This will require the filling up of about 23,000 lines of the width of foolscap paper, and as Churnside has left me in the lurch, having gone home with his regiment to vote, I shall have to give up letter-writing for a while, so good-by, also good-by to my day of rest, as we are supposed to designate Sunday.

Election Day, November 8th.

We are anxiously awaiting news of the election. I did not leave my desk yesterday, except for meals, until 1.00 a.m. At it again this morning at 7.00 steady all day, with every prospect of keeping on till daylight; am almost asleep, but must finish this list for Army headquarters by morning.

November 12th.

Saturday night again! What a week this has been! I have been harassed for several days, and now, when I hoped for a little rest, that long report of killed,



wounded and missing, that kept me steadily at work for four days, up to 12.00 o'clock at the least, each night, has come back. It does not suit General Meade, and has to be made out again; too bad, but it can't be helped. Colonel Locke, too, has gone home for fifteen days, and that increases my work; Churnside has not returned yet, but I have succeeded in getting a friend into the office whom I have long wished to have.

So the election went off gloriously, as far as we can gather. To-morrow I will send a report on the voting in the Fifth Corps to show what part it took in the contest. How delighted I am at Mr. Lincoln's re-election; at one time I began to grow rather anxious about the result; but, as it turns out, all our fears were groundless.

November 13th.

Eight months of my new term of three years have passed and two years from now, if still in the field, I shall be counting the days that will bring me home; but who can tell but that long before that period has elapsed, the rebellion may be a thing of the past, and I once more a civilian. It has been supposed that Lincoln's re-election would hasten the termination of the war. We shall now have the chance of testing the truth of the supposition. I am highly delighted, every way, with the results of the election; it could hardly have been more favorable to us. I am especially pleased with the Keystone State, and our own dear city; I was afraid of both; but, if the returns received here are to be relied on, a very respectable majority has been given by both.

I enclose a return of our own Corps on election day. You will see by it that the Fifth can vote as well as fight. The red ink figures show the only regiments that voted for McClellan. The ratio of the Union majority is about two and a half to one; very much

better than I hoped the Corps would turn out. The Fifth has always been considered a McClellan Corps; the old Fifth especially, before the First Corps was merged into it. It was Fitz John Porter's corps, and fairly idolized him and his chief, so that, when this Corps gives a majority for Lincoln against McClellan, it speaks volumes for its good sense and patriotism. Some of the Democratic election agents have been arrested for issuing spurious tickets, in which the names of the electors were wrongly spelt and one name omitted, so that all votes on them would be thrown out on examination. Such is Democratic, or more properly speaking, Copperhead honesty.

Soon after I commenced this letter Reed came down to see me, and asked me to go back with him to Third Division Hospital to dinner. Now, a good dinner, occasionally, is a great thing with us, so I went and had, as I expected I would, a very good one, and as I have still an engagement to fill at Second Division headquarters I shall have to close now; indeed, as we have no fire here, nor door to our office, I am almost frozen, and can scarcely feel the pen in my fingers.

November 17th.

The rebels now say that, not only were they sure all through that Lincoln would be re-elected, but that they would not wish anyone else, as he is the very man they would have selected for us. Pretty cool, that. They talk very confidently of four more years of war, but they begin to feel very uneasy about Sherman's doings and, I think not without good cause. I do not know where he has gone, nor what he contemplates doing, though circumstances point to Charleston as the most probable scene of action. One thing is pretty certain,

that wherever he goes he will be successful, and whether Mobile, Savannah, Charleston or Wilmington fall before him, the advantages derived will be about equal.

As to ourselves, I cannot conceive what we are going to do. Winter huts are rapidly going up, but I cannot get rid of an idea that it will be some time yet before we go regularly into winter quarters. The rebels have gone squarely in, but who knows how long they will be allowed to remain there? I am inclined to think that there will be a general assault all along the line before settling down, and if so, it will be likely to occur before December 15th. It would be rough work now, but after that time it would be almost impossible to withstand the cold. I cannot make up my mind what the fleet that is gathering at Fortress Monroe is to do; whether it is meant for Wilmington, or as has been suggested, for a combined attack on Richmond on the completion of the Dutch Gap Canal. Well, time will clear up all these mysteries, and during the meantime we must sing our old song of "Patience."

I heard a good story to-day. The Fourteenth New York State Militia had a new flag presented to them by the ladies of Brooklyn, shortly after the second battle of Bull Run, on which were inscribed the names of many battles, in some of which the regiment had participated and some in which it had not. Some discussion arose as to the latter, when a man stepped up and, looking at the flag with an indignant expression, remarked: "E Pluribus Unum! Colonel, that's a —— lie, we never had a fight there!"

The Fourth Delaware is back again. I went over to the depot to meet Churnside, and did not find him. Well, here he is now! Now for a good talk, and good-by for awhile to letter writing; and, yes, here comes a pile of work, and its good-by to talk also.

November 20th.

For a wonder, it is wet to-day. A wet Sunday is a rare phenomenon; but to-day bids fair to make up for all the rest; it has rained steadily for forty-eight hours, and there is mud in plenty around the "Yellow House." The "Sacred Soil" under the influence of a continued rain, becomes a delightful mass of mud, resembling a newly-ploughed field, after having been traversed by wagons or scampered over by a herd of wild buffaloes.

November 24th.

Three years ago to-day I landed in New York, from the good ship "Adriatic" (the same the Tallahassee lately captured and burned), and struck the trail that has led to certain success, and which will, I trust, lead to perfect happiness. To me it is indeed a day of heartfelt Thanksgiving, and I hope the next will be a still happier one, from the end of this long and terrible war having been reached in the meantime.

Deserters from the enemy came in to-day and say that Sherman has captured Macon, and was within a mile of Augusta. His campaign is proving a "grand triumphal march."

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November 25th.

So far as this army was concerned Thanksgiving Day was an utter failure. I do not know how other Corps fared, but ours has not yet received one particle of any of the "dinner" that we were promised. All that has come so far was 138 barrels of apples, which have been distributed. Now our mess consists of twenty men, and one barrel was left at our commissary's for us, and about a similar number of men in the train; but we have not seen any yet; the supposition is that the Commissary Sergeant has confiscated them for his own use. A considerable quantity of other stuff still lies on the

depot platform, belonging to the Ninth Corps, but ours has not been seen so far. Those who were at City Point, yesterday, say that endeavors were made by the military authorities to send the stuff up to the army by rail. Scarcely a negro was to be seen who did not have a turkey under his arm, while men were seen carrying boxes off by the dozen, carrying them to a stone and splitting them open, taking just what suited them, and no one interfered. I hope our good friends at the North, on future occasions will keep their dollars in their pockets, for they will derive much more benefit from them than the army will from the proceeds. Unless things of this kind can be delivered by authorized civilian authorities it is simply money thrown away; for by the time they have passed through the hands of a dozen or more commissaries and others of that genus there is apt to be little left for the men.

I suppose by Sunday our share will begin to make its appearance, and if we (our men), are lucky enough to get any of it we must keep our "Thanksgiving" then; though, judging from past experience, I think it a matter of doubt if we get a feather. (A little later). One of our clerks has just come in and brought a "drumstick" and eight apples for each man (I think that this must be a mistake, however, it must be eight altogether), and one small chicken, among twenty men, of which only the drumstick remains. So much for the great Thanksgiving movement, and that, too, at Corps headquarters. I am terribly afraid we shall all suffer from indigestion. It is laughable, almost as much so as the dinner itself would have been. (Still later.) Having returned from a tour of inspection I am able to give an account of what was actually received; to wit: Four small chickens, which, when divided into piles, fresh and mouldy (the latter being in the proportion of two and a half to one), one can ar-

rive at an idea how far our "turkeys," hatched from hens' eggs, will go; two mince pies of the following dimensions: 8 1-2 inches in diameter, thickness in centre 3-4 inch; quality, first-class; all told—a big dinner for twenty hungry men. The Telegraph department, consisting of five men, received one chicken, which looked as though indigo had been the principal ingredient of its diet, and two doughnuts! The Provost Guard of 130 men had thirty-five pounds of a larger growth of "*sparrows*," (also of a cerulean hue,) and a chunk of cake weighing 1 3-4 pounds. We are thinking of adopting a plan which has been suggested for our share, viz.: To detail a man from the mess who shall eat the whole pile! The only difficulty which presents itself to this plan is the difficulty of finding one of sufficiently moderate appetite.

November 26th.

We were agreeably surprised to-day by the arrival of a large load of poultry, so we shall dine to-morrow on turkey and chicken. We have fared better than we expected to in our Thanksgiving dinner, on the installment plan!

From the information we receive we have no doubt that Sherman has been successful, the latest accounts say that he has taken Macon, and many prisoners.

November 29th.

The last few days have been excessively warm; we have had no fires, and all the doors (where there are any) open; but we shall undoubtedly pay for this later. General Warren said to-day that we must not calculate on going into winter quarters much before the middle of January. The papers say that it is probable that Sherman has captured the balance of our prisoners, near Macon. If it turns out so it will send joy to many

sorrowing hearts; although the question of exchanges seems to be in a fair way of being settled.

All the deserters that come in say that their men are quite sick of the war, and very anxious to give it up (of course, there are exceptions). They say, also, that Jefferson Davis is losing ground, and that the people are looking to Alexander Stephens instead. This is a pretty good sign.

December 2d.

I can now say that, apart from the change of day, the "Army Thanksgiving Dinner" passed off very well. A large quantity of provisions came up later, so that the men could keep the day on Sunday. Had all the things come at one time it would, of course, have been nicer, but there is no great cause for complaint; the weather prevented the vessels from getting here in time. I hear that the regiments fared very well, they always do in matters of this kind, better than we do at headquarters, and it is right they should, I will never complain of that. We have the advantage of them in other respects.

We have just received a telegraphic dispatch from General Thomas, the particulars of which you will see by the papers, before this reaches you. I reckon Hood did not make much by his last move on the "Chess Board"; this was a very decided "check." I would like now to see either Grant or Sherman "mate in two moves."

December 4th.

We had two rebel deserters here the night before last, who brought the information that Sherman had reached Millen, which is a town on the Georgia Central Railroad, about two-thirds of the distance between Milledgeville and Savannah; and about eighty miles from the latter place. The chief thing about it is that it

is a large depot of prisoners; it is estimated that there are about 20,000 of our men there, and the rebels have been endeavoring to send them to other parts of the country, but without success. There is, consequently, little doubt but that Sherman has liberated them all; this was several days ago, and by the time this reaches Philadelphia, he will probably be at Savannah. It is thought that only half of his force is on that road, and that the other wing, under Slocum, took the road to Augusta, and from thence direct to Charleston. Depend upon it, great results will attend this campaign of Sherman's.

Winter is now upon us in earnest. There is not a leaf to be seen on any tree, except the gloomy pines, and we can scarcely call them leaves. The pine, at its best, is but a sombre looking affair in winter; except when covered with snow, it is hideous. A pine forest then would show to advantage, in some of the scenes of Dante's "Inferno."

December 5th.

The Sixth Corps has rejoined this army from its successful trip to the Shenandoah Valley, and is now relieving the Fifth, and, consequently, we have to move camp. This is rather hard on us, as we had succeeded in getting fairly comfortable, and most of the troops had good houses built, which they now have to leave for the benefit of others, and do the work all over again. It will not make much difference to me, as I have not been at any labor, but the men will find it hard. The Sixth Corps men are fortunate, for they come into a camp well laid out, built and drained. We shall probably move to-morrow.

December 6th.

As I expected, when this corps was relieved, some work had been planned for it. We start to-morrow,



with six days' rations; where to, I have not yet learned, but believe it to be to the Southside Railroad; or perhaps, the Weldon again. It would seem that they cannot trust any Corps but this for that kind of work. Well, all the more laurels for the grand old Fifth. I hope we shall do something worth while this time, and then settle down for the winter.

December 12th.

I have time for a short note only, after five days' marching, day and night, and now that we are again in camp for a while, there is a large amount of work to be done to bring our records, etc., up to date; but we shall most likely do nothing to-day, as there are no accommodations as yet for office work; we hope to fix headquarters to-morrow.

December 15th.

We moved headquarters on the 13th, as expected, and have bid adieu, for a time at least, to houses in which we have been located for seven months. We are in a tent on the top of a hill—to receive all the winds that blow. Our office is a large tent, which is to be raised on logs if we stay here, and this will give us good office-room.

General Meade entertained the idea of making a general assault on the enemy's line during the absence of Hill's Corps, which had gone after us to the Weldon Railroad; but, with his usual caution, delayed too long. Hill returned to-day, and therefore it is too late. I want to get time to tell you of our operations on the railroad, but it will be a few days yet before we can get our work up to a point where I can hope for any leisure.

December 17th.

I thought that to-day I was going to have a few minutes to myself, when in came another dispatch

from Thomas,—fifteen sheets last night, three this morning and eight more now. Nothing but reports of victories of late. Three cheers for Thomas, Sherman, and “We, Us, and Company!” It is all very delightful and encouraging, but it adds furiously to the work when I have to make four copies of all these dispatches.

We have at last succeeded in getting the office comfortably arranged. We were awfully cramped for two or three days. I was writing on a board (the door of a small closet), and as my report blanks are three feet square, it can easily be imagined that the accommodations were insufficient. Besides this, there were several clerks crowded in a room not half large enough to hold them. Now we have a large tent with plenty of room, a good substantial fireplace and chimney, that send out a cheerful heat, so that the rain, which is coming down heavily, does not trouble us in the least.

You take exception to my remarks anent pines, in a recent letter, and remind me, rather sarcastically, that the pine is an evergreen. I am aware of the fact; but in winter it loses its fresh, bright tint, and looks, as I described it, sombre. Beside this, a great many decay from various causes; horses are fastened to them, and they gnaw off all the bark; notches are cut in them to fasten rails to; many limbs are lopped off for camp purposes, and under all these damaging conditions it changes to a dead brown, and this accounts for the altered appearance of what is, truly, an evergreen.

Alluding to another point, it is not a remarkable thing to me to hear of a “Major’s wife sweeping a doorstep”; for, judging from what I learn here, a good many Majors themselves did little better than sweep crossings before entering the service. I know of a Colonel in this Corps who was a negro minstrel, another peddled peanuts, while a number of staff officers were bartenders three years ago. You intimate that it is

fitting that the Sixth Corps should have our camp, because of the hard work it has had to do. I hope you do not think that the Fifth has been idle all that time we laid in camp. There are few men in it that, for the last seven months, have had two nights sleep in succession; on picket duty all the time they have not been digging trenches, or building forts. One has no idea of the amount of work of this kind that has to be done, even when in camp; and it is still worse when in the field. Often, when the troops get into camp, after a hard day's march, large details are called out to intrench, so as to hold the position, and there is no harder work than digging. The Fifth Corps has earned its right to a few months' rest; but it is not likely to get it.

Now for an account of our journey to Hicksford: We started on the morning of the 7th; and here let me remark that, as it was to be a several days' march, and moving all the time, I could not get a horse; had we been going only for a day or two I would have had no difficulty in procuring one. Churnside went with me; of course, as soon as we started it began to rain. Soon after getting away our wagonmaster saw us, and took our blankets and haversacks and put them into a wagon, which lightened our load considerably. I had had the good fortune to receive a present of a very light and very good india rubber raincoat, which kept me quite dry.

We set out for the Nottaway River, near Sussex Court House, at a place, called Freeman's Bridge, fifteen miles from camp. This was an awful march to us, through the mud and not being used to marching; life in the office does not tend to toughen men for this kind of work. We reached the river about 3.00 p.m., and witnessed the construction of the pontoon bridge. No sooner was it laid than the first wagon that attempted to cross it, upset, and broke the bridge

down, causing a delay of an hour. We remained on the bank until dark, then crossed, and finding headquarters established on the other bank, we retired to as good a place as we could find. We,—I, Churnside and Lynham,—after some persuasion, managed to start a fire, got our supper, and turned in. About 12.00 o'clock I awoke, and found it raining furiously, and all our things getting wet. I first woke Lynham; he grunted, turned over and went to sleep again; then I tried Churnside, and said: "Are we going to stand this?" Quoth Churnside, "I guess we will have to." So I drew the blankets over my head and lay there till it ceased. At 2.00 a.m. we arose, rekindled our fire, dried our things, ate our breakfast, and then lay down by the fire and dozed till sunrise. All the troops by this time were across, and we started on the road once more, passing through Sussex Court House.

After another hard day's march, we reached the railroad about 4.00 p.m., and had our headquarters at a house. Some of us took possession of an outhouse, with no windows or doors, and there passed the remainder of the day and night. At 2.00 a.m. we were again called up; the day previous had been warm and pleasant; this morning it was bitter cold. I had left my woolen overcoat behind, not wishing to have the weight to carry; now, however, I needed it badly, and, finding an old one lying about, picked it up and wore it on the remainder of the trip. It was not much of a coat; it had no cape, only one sleeve lining, and no buttons; but it answered my purpose.

About 8.00 a.m. we went on the railroad and spent the day watching the work of destruction. The entire Corps was stretched along the road by divisions, and, having stacked arms, went to work. As fast as one division destroyed the road in its front it would march

some distance further along the road and begin again, and so on, each division alternately.

The track disappeared fast; the men loosened the ties, all got hold and raised about thirty yards up, until the whole track fell over, which would cause some part of it to break; then the ties were wrenched off the rails and laid in piles, fifteen in each pile; fence rails filled the interstices, and then the iron rails were placed on top; all this was set fire to, and as the rails heated they bent with their own weight. Sometimes they were taken when red hot, or nearly so, and twisted around trees, thus tying them in knots. Cotton gins, stores, and some houses were burning in all directions. Towards night we found ourselves within a mile and a half of Hicksville, and about three miles ahead of headquarters; so, retracing our steps, we reached camp about dark. Then there was a grand sight! Along the high embankment countless blazing fires stretched as far as the eye could trace, all one glowing mass of flame, while a high bridge in front of our headquarters was also in flames. We raised a small tent, about four feet square, in which four of us spent the night, after writing out orders for returning to camp next morning, we had accomplished our appointed task.

When morning came (it had frozen during the night), our tents were one mass of ice. All the trees were hanging thick with icicles, a very pretty sight; but the roads were muddy from the great traffic. At 8.00 a.m. we commenced our homeward journey, and here was another glorious march through the woods for twenty miles; every step of the way icicles fell by bushels from the trees overhanging the road, and we were very tired by the time we reached Sussex Court House, our destination for the night.

There we had a fine house for the night for our

headquarters. A few of us put up in the study; there was a library of some three or four hundred volumes, several feather-beds, and a large pile of cotton, of which latter commodity we made our beds. Some of our party had foraged extensively that day, and eighteen of us sat down to a supper of chickens, of which we cooked seventeen, I helping to pluck them, or, more properly speaking, skin them.

Next morning we looked over the books and found nearly all the Latin and Greek authors, and made selections to bring home, carrying three haversacks well filled. I brought a seven-volume edition of Josephus' works, Homer and Herodotus, in Greek; a Greek grammar and reader, an edition of Cabell's "Unity of Races in Man," Colburn's Algebra, and three or four small volumes. Churnside brought a large volume of Simpson's Euclid, Day's Algebra, Madame De Stael's "Corinne ou Italie," a dictionary of classical quotations, a work on Botany, a French work on Grammatical Construction, and some others. Lynham also brought away some. This was, as Colonel Locke says, quite a *literary raid*, but I found my share rather heavy before the day was out.

From Sussex Court House we started for the river and crossed it, thinking the Corps would follow straight on for camp. We started off, and, after going some four miles, found that it had gone into camp for the remainder of the day at Freeman's Bridge, and was not coming on until the next. Here was a pretty dilemma. We held a consultation as to what we should do—go back or go on,—and decided on the latter course. The woods were known to be full of Rebel cavalry, but, as there were several of ours on the road, and a division of the Sixth Corps somewhere near, we risked it, and trusted to Providence to bring us through. But it was an awful journey,—mud up to our

knees almost. Churnside was really tired out, and I was not much better.

It was 1.00 p.m. before we reached camp, as we had to go some distance out of our way in order to pass the pickets. Altogether we traveled twenty-seven miles that day, and the last two hours were very bad from the cold winds that almost cut us in two, and the fire look cheerful when we arrived. We stopped outside the Yellow House, with a friend of Churnside's, got well warmed up, had a good supper, then went in and, having hastily satisfied the curiosity of the rest, turned in and went to sleep without being rocked. Five thousand Rebel cavalry were on that road the night before, and we were very fortunate in getting in safely. What became of all the others I do not know. Some two or three hundred passed us while we were discussing what we should do, and of these we saw but ten or twelve all the way home. I shall not risk another such a trip, for it would be almost sure to result less favorably, and we might get shut up in Libby or some other place for three or four months. Beside walking all around the region of the railroad, we traveled upwards of a hundred miles in the five days, and I do not remember having quite such a time in the past three years. But it is all over now till the next time.

The idea is held in some quarters that we were to have gone to Weldon; this is incorrect; we were ordered to strike the railroad below Stony Creek, and destroy it as far down as Hicksford, if possible, and then return by whatever route General Warren pleased; this we did, fulfilling our orders to the letter. It was not intended, in the least, that we should go to Weldon; it would have required nine or ten days to have done so, and we took only six days' rations.

Now it must not be supposed that we did all this work of destruction without any interruption from the

enemy; there was a great deal of fighting by Gregg's Cavalry, but he drove the enemy across the river and kept him there.

We do not expect to move again this winter; but, as we are on the reserve, there is no telling what they may find for us to do. We are comfortable in office arrangements, more so than for some time; although the tent is large enough for office purposes it is not large enough for half the staff to hang about in, shielding the fire from us, as they have been in the habit of doing.



## CHAPTER XI.

RESUMÉ OF OPERATIONS—CHRISTMAS—WINTER  
QUARTERS—HATCHER'S RUN—SHERIDAN'S RAID.  
NEWS FROM OTHER ARMIES—SHERMAN VISITS  
GRANT—PREPARING FOR A CAMPAIGN.

As the letters do not convey a very clear account of the operations of the Corps, it will be well, before continuing them, to give a concise account of what had been done from the time the Army of the Potomac sat down before Petersburg.

The period between June 14th and July 30th was occupied in various assaults on the enemy's lines at this place, and in perfecting the investment of the city. On the latter date occurred the explosion of the mine, which had been long in preparation, and which was to have been followed by a general assault; it was only partially successful, and the assault failed. The Corps had taken part in the work of investment and in the actions that occurred during its progress. Two months, from the time the army took up its position, had passed, and the hot rays of the summer sun had been trying on the men in their life in the trenches, and the troops of the Fifth Corps were delighted when, on the 14th of August, the Corps was relieved by Burnside's Ninth Corps, and Warren was ordered to take and hold the Weldon Railroad. The Corps, with Griffin's Division, as usual, in advance, started on the 18th at 4.00 a.m., reached the Globe Tavern at 9.00 a.m., about three miles from Jerusalem Plank Road. A fight ensued, and the ground thus gained was never recovered by the Confederates. The battle was renewed on the 19th and 20th. Warren prepared for an attack he was sure the enemy would make, and which was made the next day,

and repulsed. The Corps' losses for the three days' fighting were 3,669 killed, wounded and missing.

On the 21st the Second Corps was ordered to be massed at the Gurley House, in rear of the Fifth. These movements interrupted the use of the railroad into Petersburg, but did not prevent the enemy using it as a line of supplies, up to a point within a day's hauling by wagons. If the road were destroyed to Rowanty's Creek, they would have to haul a distance of thirty miles from Stony Creek Depot, via Dinwiddie Court House, and the Boydton Plank Road. The Second Corps was assigned to this task, and by the 24th had succeeded in doing it to three miles south of Ream's Station. Here it was halted by a strong force, severely handled, and withdrew to its intrenchments.

September was occupied, by the Fifth Corps, in intrenching its position. On the 23d the news of Sheridan's success in the Shenandoah Valley, was received. On September 28th a movement was made, north of the James, on Richmond, by the way of Newmarket and Darby roads, by the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps, while the Fifth, on the 30th, fought the battle of Poplar Church.

No further active movement was made until October 25th, when a further disposition of the Ninth and Fifth Corps took place; the Fifth moving at 4.00 a.m., on the 27th; all transportation and baggage was sent to City Point; half of the ambulance and intrenching tools were taken; sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and four days' rations. The Fifth Corps, First and Second Divisions, and Second Brigade of Third Division), consisted of about 12,000 men, of whom 1,649 were ignorant of the manual, and 3,913 had never fired a shot. The battle of Hatcher's Run, on the Boydton Plank road, was fought on that day, resulting in what

was virtually a repulse: the Fifth Corps retained its position all night in a heavy rain, and next day the two Corps returned to their former station.

After a month of comparative rest, on December 7th, Gregg's division of cavalry, three divisions of Fifth Corps, First Division of Second Corps, four batteries, and a canvas pontoon bridge, all under the command of General Warren, started for the Meherrin River, forty miles south of Petersburg, with six days' rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition, taken by men and wagons. The cavalry forded the Nottoway River and bivouacked at Sussex Court House. Crawford's division crossed on pontoons, and also bivouacked at the Court House. Griffin and Ayres remained on the north bank until 2.00 a.m. next morning. The division of the Second Corps, and trains, crossed and bivouacked on south bank.

Gregg started at 4.00 a.m. for Jarrett's Station. Griffin crossed in a heavy rain at 2.30; all were over by 4.00 a.m., and the rain ceased. Gregg went to work on the railroad, and partially destroyed it down to Jarrett's Station. At 6.00 p.m. Crawford, Ayres, and Griffin went to work, and completed its destruction by moonlight from the Nottoway to below Jarrett's. Next day the work was renewed; the corps forming along the road, each division destroying its front and then moving in turn to the left. The cavalry drove the enemy southward across the Meherrin at Hicksford, the enemy having there three forts and a considerable force. Warren, having entirely destroyed about eighteen miles of road, burned the ties, heated and twisted the rails, and burned all the bridges except the one over the Meherrin, at Hicksford, decided to return. It was a nasty march; a sleet storm began at 8.00 p.m., and lasted all night; the next day was very cold, and the

mud, frozen stiff, entailed much suffering on the men from sore and blistered feet, while the weather almost precluded rest and sleep.

This ended the operations of the Fifth Corps, for 1864.

December 25th.

“A Merry Christmas to all,” and may the next see us all home again. People here are beginning to entertain the idea of the approaching termination of the war; all, from the highest to the lowest, seem to be anticipating it. In arranging all our War Department and Army of the Potomac files, yesterday, Colonel Locke said, “Corporal, I hope by this time next year we shall have turned all these in.” Of course, I expressed my participation in that hope. General Meade was here yesterday, to see Warren. Warren told him of a boy, of fifteen years of age, who was sent out as a substitute. His mother had written about him, and said: “If they get to taking boys of that age they had better take the women, as well.” Warren wants to get the boy discharged, and spoke to Meade about it, telling him what the mother had said. “Yes,” said Meade, “I had thought of getting up a brigade of women, but the thing is so near its close that we shall not need the women, nor the boys either. We’ll discharge him.”

As our larder does not offer anything more tempting for our Christmas dinner than “pork and hard-tack,” I think I shall take a walk and see if I can find anyone better off. I was promised a good dinner at one place, but it is too far away for me; I do not care enough about it to go any great distance. I shall go and pay Lynham a visit. You ask about Turkington; he is still Adjutant of my regiment, but I do not see him more than once in two months. I saw him last on the Weldon Railroad; he was well, and expecting his commission as

Captain, every day. Excepting him and Lynham, all my comrades are now home, and I shall not be surprised if Lynham goes ere long.

I shall soon be the last man here. Of 1,200 men who left New York in 1862, all that are left of the original "Twelfth" are remnants of two companies; the number can be surmised when I say that there are four tents in one company's street, and one in the other. The old "Twelfth" is nearly gone; its few remaining members call it the "Nearly Defunct Dozen."

December 26th.

I succeeded much better yesterday, in the way of entertainment, than I expected to. On reaching Lynham's I found a very respectable dinner, to which I did full justice. About 11.00 p.m. I returned to the office to find two dispatches from Sherman, one of which had been sent to the President, "presenting him, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah!" and the other a dispatch from General Foster, giving some particulars of the affair. We are moving on; it makes us veterans feel quite elated.

December 30th.

We are very busy now, the end of the year bringing additional work, two other gigantic reports having to be made out. We are fixing up rapidly, now. The Colonel gave us clerks the privilege to mess by ourselves, so we will be five instead of nineteen. He is acting very generously, has a detail at work to-day building a log house for our mess, and another for our orderlies; and to-morrow a large building is to be commenced for our office, in place of the tent in which we now work, so that, altogether, we expect to get on very comfortably this winter. General Meade has gone home for a few days. When he returns I hope he will issue that

order for furloughs, and give me a chance to do likewise.

December 31st.

The last day of a memorable year! Surely, we should be grateful to Providence for all the blessings bestowed upon us as a nation and as individuals. May the year on which we are about to enter be fraught with blessings to us all, the chiefest of which shall be, if He so wills, the return of peace to our beloved country.

January 2d, 1865.

A "Happy New Year!" to you. As they (the officers) will probably celebrate the advent of the new year to-night, after their customary fashion, I expect there will be no little noise around here. Indeed, it is about beginning already; about three hundred of them have just marched up in two ranks, and a band has struck up a tune that reminds me of the one they used to tell me, when I was a youngster, was the one that caused the decease of a feminine member of the bovine race. This is written under difficulties, as my pen seems inclined to keep time with the music (so called).

So the Wilmington expedition turned out a failure. I hope General Grant will soon find out that, if he wants anything done, he must send men with brains to do it. As I have said before, Butler, as a Military Governor, is not to be excelled, but as a *military man*, he is nowhere. However, Porter is still there, and will very likely do something before he leaves the place. I should not be surprised if he takes Fort Fisher, with a detachment of marines; or else, clearing the channel a little, run the forts as Farragut did at Mobile. I shall be sorry if it does not end, at least, with closing the port to blockade runners. That will be of almost as much service to us as the actual possession of the city.

January 13th.

War news is a scarce commodity, these days; we, of course, are not doing anything, and news from other parts seems to have dropped off entirely. We are having a hard time here, being much inconvenienced by the want of progress in the building of our house, which Colonel Locke ordered several days ago; he is the only one who has any thought for us. The Quartermaster, who has charge of all work of this kind, has a lot of dogs that are accommodated with a wall tent and bunks to sleep in, while we are cooped up in a tent much too small for us, full of holes, and minus even a floor, as he will not do these necessary things for us in these temporary quarters, and we cannot spare the time to do them ourselves; much to my regret, I must bother the Colonel about it again. This is the last day of my original three years, and I am tempted to wish that I had not re-enlisted, for in that case I could laugh at all these troubles and leave them forever; but it cannot be helped, and so I must be patient.

January 16th.

So General Butler has been removed, and I am rejoicing at the news. I hope they will place the Army of the James in command of someone who knows how to handle it. I do not expect anyone to be successful every time, but I do not think it quite the thing for a man to fail in everything he undertakes. Peace rumors are rife again; they are but straws; but still they serve to show which way the wind is blowing. I do really think this is to be our last winter here, and certainly hope it is. We are now approaching the objective point of General Grant's plans. It has taken a long while to work out the preliminary details; this has been done successfully, and the results are beginning to be apparent. The last hours of the Confederacy are numbered. Sherman and

Thomas are closing in on Richmond, and, consolidating with our forces, must crush it at a blow.

January 17th.

At last we are in our new house; it is a good one, in some respects, and not so good in others. It is almost too large, it is difficult to keep it warm enough; in some ways it is a splendid "Hotel!"

What do you think of the news? It was a great surprise to us, and probably it also will be, in some degree, north. Poor Fort Fisher had to cave in at last. I wonder whether General Bragg feels like sending any more crowing dispatches to Davis, on the impregnability of the fort? And I also wonder how Butler feels about it? "The Fort cannot be taken by assault!" said he. Grant thought differently, and the event shows he was right. Good-bye to blockade running (on a large scale) at Wilmington, now; and this alone will go a great way toward ending the rebellion, for Wilmington has been the main artery of the Confederacy ever since the war began; and for some time past there is no doubt that they have existed mainly through the stores which they have received through this port. Of course, now that it is almost hermetically sealed to them, we shall be told by the Richmond papers that Wilmington "was never of any great account to them." I never knew any place that was of any account to them (after they lost it) according to their statements. We hope to hear from Sherman, soon.

To-day our new cook was detailed, in order to start our mess, and I sent him to City Point for utensils. Things do not cost anything down here; our small stock of goods cost fourteen dollars. Knives, eight dollars a dozen, and rubbish at that. To-night we are going to do a little carpentering, and hope to finish to-morrow.



January 20th.

After two days' hard work, our mess house is finished, and we had our first meal in it this afternoon. With the help of the cook I tore down a twenty-foot high chimney and built up another of nearly double the breadth and same height, made a lot of seats, shelves, and a table, and then put a new roof on the house, after sewing about sixty feet of canvas. It has rained for the last six hours, and frozen as fast as it fell; consequently all the houses are encased in icy shells, and the whole surface of the ground is coated with ice, making pedestrianism over the hills and dales of this country hazardous in the extreme.

January 22d.

I was obliged to close my last letter suddenly, because a new order issued requires all lights to be extinguished at 10.00 o'clock. This will be good in one respect; we shall get more rest, as we may as well go to bed, and to sleep, at that hour, as we are not allowed to sit in the dark and talk, because "it annoys the officers in the nearby tents." I wonder whether they ever think of the hideous racket they sometimes keep up until far into the night, keeping us poor fellows awake.

My work is likely to be further increased, as one of the assistant adjutant-generals has resigned and gone home, and if Colonel Locke does not have another to assist him, a part of his duties will probably fall upon me.

January 24th.

We have just had a dispatch saying that several rebel vessels of war came down the James River last evening with the intention of raising mischief somewhere along our lines; but, instead, they came to grief. One was blown up; another disabled; two were run aground within range of our guns, and will probably be

destroyed. One of our boats, the "Onondaga," was sent up the river, and a second dispatch stated that a rebel ram was seen coming down to meet her. They were firing on the grounded boats all night, and the greater part of the morning.

January 29th.

The clerk who went, two weeks ago, home on furlough returned to day. Another goes to-morrow, and on his return, in two weeks, it will be my turn. Your hope that our next victory will be at Charleston, I think, is in a fair way to be realized. I am every day expecting to be called on to copy a dispatch from somewhere in the neighborhood of the doomed city; after that—Richmond, and Peace! So that box has not reached its destination in the Sixth Corps yet; I doubt if it ever does, and your mother's mince pies and other good things have probably served to gladden the heart of others for whom they were not intended. You cannot imagine the great amount of stealing done at City Point. I consider it nothing but a waste of money to send things by express now. We had, for our Corps, sixty wagon loads of boxes last week, and seven out of every ten were broken, and portions, if not all, of the contents were missing. Express matter goes through so many hands, after reaching City Point, and the amount of toll it pays is so heavy, that it is a losing business altogether.

February 1st.

The weather just now is magnificent. Fires and overcoats are at a discount; it is more like May than February. There is an undefined but, I fear, a too well-founded idea of a speedy movement of some sort. We have been ordered to fill up with ammunition; unpleasant rumors of ten days' rations are floating around, and general expectation seems pitched on a movement at

hand. I hope it will either come at once or be delayed until after the 14th, or my furlough will vanish into thin air. Still, headquarters may not move even if some of the Corps should go. No more furloughs are being granted now for any cause but sickness, which has a suspicious look. It is said, and believed here, that Alexander H. Stephens has come through our lines from Davis, in consequence of some representations made by Mr. Blair. I wish he may do some good.

Woodbridge has been playing a neat little trick, endeavoring to get a furlough ahead of me. I came in, unexpectedly, and overheard his scheme, unknown to him. I kicked over a stool to make a confusion, and immediately sat down and wrote my application and handed it to the Colonel, with some other papers. He looked at it, folded it, marked it on the back and stowed it away, out of sight. When Woodbridge hands his application in it will be met with the reply: "Yes, when the Corporal returns." I would like to see his face then. He is a Yankee from Massachusetts all right, but he can't get ahead of me.

February 3d.

Monthly reports on hand to-day; and, by way of helping out, we managed to set our chimney on fire, and as we had to knock it down, to put out the fire, we were without one until we could get it rebuilt. The scare about moving seems to have blown over. The ice in the rivers continues to annoy us; we are living on almost nothing now. An order was issued that no more beef cattle were to be killed until the rivers are free of ice, so our rations consist of nothing but salt pork and hard bread; even beans are cut off. This is rather hard living. However, as it has commenced to rain here it may enable some of the ice-bound boats to get up.

February 4th.

Alas, for the uncertainty of things military! We are under orders to move. I am anxious to know what is about to happen; while I want to get home badly, I also want to be on the spot here if anything is to be done. (Later.) We move to-morrow at 6.30 a.m. Do not yet know where; but as we leave guards in camp I imagine that the movement will not be a lengthy one. I find I have to go with headquarters, and as Churnside is sick, I shall go alone; do not expect to be gone more than four days, as we leave the pickets on post in our front.

Hatcher's Run, February 7th.

All safe and sound so far. We had an unlucky day yesterday. A large part of the Corps was driven in; when the First Division of the Sixth Corps, coming to our help, fired at us, too, and created a general panic. I never saw such a stampede. We renew the attack when the weather permits; it is raining furiously. Our headquarters escaped wonderfully, being in between two fires, trying to rally our men, when the enemy opened on one side of us and the Sixth Corps on the other. I never heard the balls whistle round our ears as they did then; men fell by dozens all around us; the ambulance corps men, carrying wounded men to the rear, would themselves be shot down and drop their burdens.

We, General Warren, Colonel Locke, myself and two orderlies, stood for some time on the field, when the General moved a little further to the front to the top of a little rise of the ground, where he halted. As the balls were flying very thickly we all dismounted, and used the horses as a partial shield. After some few minutes the General mounted, and the Colonel following his example, we did likewise. The General turned, and, seeing us, angrily ordered us to dismount and await orders

before again taking the saddle; at the same time both he and the Colonel also dismounted. Another short space of time passed and the firing seemed to be getting nearer and heavier when, suddenly, without a word, Warren sprang on his horse and dashed off at a furious speed across the field into a patch of woods on the right and disappeared. The Colonel, who seemed taken by surprise, mounted and followed the General as rapidly as he could, but left no orders for us.

I was dazed for a moment, and then shouted, "Orderlies! We will get out of this, orders or no orders!" and we mounted as quickly as possible. The increased height showed us a line of rebels coming up the slope of the hill in front of us, and, turning our horses, we were horrified to see a line of our own troops deploying across the field on which we were standing, thus placing us between two lines of fire, as they would open fire as soon as the advancing line of the enemy appeared on the crest of the hill, and which they would reach in a few seconds. I shouted to the orderlies to save themselves the best way they could, and do not know what became of them. I saw that my only chance of escape was to get through that line a few hundred feet ahead, and spurred my horse toward it, expecting, of course, that the line would break away enough to let me through, which it did, but a man that stood on one side of the gap thus made, reversed his musket, and, as I passed, swung it at me in the evident attempt to knock me off my horse; we were a little too quick for him, however, but as I flew by I felt the wind of that musket butt brush my ear; it was a close call. At that instant a spent ball struck my horse in the rear (another going through my overcoat sleeve), and he became unmanageable, and, crossing the rest of the open field at a mad gallop, entered a patch of woods, where I was in momentary expectation of being dashed against a tree or

swept off by a branch, but managed to guide him breast-on against a large tree and, that staggering him a little, I regained control of him before he could recover himself.

This fearful experience was followed by a somewhat ludicrous episode. I made my way back to the place where our headquarters had been set up that morning, and on nearing it I met an orderly, who told me that it was reported that General Warren had been captured and that Colonel Locke had sent him to find me and tell me to order headquarters to be packed up, so I continued my way to camp as quickly as possible and delivered the order to the Quartermaster, and in a very few minutes the tents were down and all things being put into the wagons. I then rode off a little distance into a piece of woods nearby to await results. Soon I perceived Colonel Locke coming along in no particular hurry, and so I rode up to him and asked what had become of the General; he said he did not know, and seemed to be evasive; he said that he had not seen him for some time; this made me place still more reliance on the report of his capture, especially remembering the General's hasty flight into the woods and the Colonel's pursuit of him and return to camp without him, all coupled with the near proximity of the rebel lines which I had witnessed.

So I left the Colonel and returned to my former post in the woods, and not many seconds after I saw the General come riding along as serenely as though there were no such thing as an enemy's force within many miles of us. I thought things looked queer, and concluded to keep aloof and note the progress of events. When Warren reached the open and saw the tents down and everything packed on the wagons, I could see that there was no little commotion, and that the wagons were being emptied in double quick time, and the work of re-pitching the tents soon in progress. About that time a friend, who knew my whereabouts, came running up to

me and said that when Warren saw what had been done he demanded "who had ordered headquarters struck!" He was told, first, that it had been done by Colonel Locke's orders. This Locke indignantly denied. Further inquiry elicited the fact that I had ridden into Camp, and told the Quartermaster that the Colonel had sent an orderly to find me and give the order. Colonel Locke denied having sent any such order, and at this juncture my friend thought he had better let me know the state of affairs, for Warren is an ugly man to deal with when he gets mad, which he frequently does, by the way. So I concluded to make myself scarce for the remainder of the day, and that was the last of it so far as I was concerned.

I am of the opinion that the message I received was really sent me by the Colonel under the impression that the General had been captured as reported, especially as he said that he had lost track of him, and more especially still that he had not evinced any surprise on finding headquarters struck on coming within sight of the place. Then, seeing that the General was safe, he concluded to keep to himself his share in the matter and let it rest on my shoulders, knowing, doubtless, that he could protect me from any unpleasant consequences from the General's anger. Anyway, I heard nothing more about it when I reported for orders next morning, nor did I make any effort to get an explanation, believing in the proverb that "it is best not to disturb a sleeping lion."

February 9th.

Fighting is over, but we have not yet fixed camp: it is probable that we shall do so to-morrow. Is it not too bad! When we had our first winter-quarters nearly all up, we had to leave them and turn them over to the Sixth Corps, and now, when we have just finished still better ones, we have to leave them all again. Our line

is now extended, and we are that much nearer the South-side Railroad. We will have it yet! I am very busy, and my accommodations for writing none of the best; being in front of a fire that smokes furiously;—face and knees burning, back freezing,—sitting on a log, writing on a flexible covered book. We had the Richmond papers yesterday, and on reading their account of the fight it would appear that we hurt them a great deal more than we thought we had;—more, possibly, than they hurt us. Our loss was 100 killed and 900 wounded; how many prisoners we lost I cannot say, but 900 men are reported missing, but they probably went back to camp; the rebels say they “took a few,” which no doubt means very few. I do not wonder at our men breaking, since the enemy had three divisions against us, or about three men to our one, and one of those divisions was quite fresh while our men had been on foot for fifty hours and were nearly played out. They call our stampede “a running fight,” which is very moderate for them; altogether their account is very humble and evidently they had nothing to boast of. They assert, however, that “the last charge was handsomely repulsed,” which is an awful untruth, since, in that charge, we took their works and regained all the ground we lost the day before.

February 10th.

Still in the field, and no immediate prospect of getting to camp. When I shall get away is a problem; for, after we do get to camp, all back work will have to be made up; but, perhaps, that can be worked; Churnside can make out the reports on a pinch, and my predecessor is back in the army as a civilian clerk and has promised to help him out with them. But General Warren does not appear to be in the least hurry to leave here.



February 12th.

At last we are again in camp, but not settled down; we got on this ground to-day, but the wind is so high as to prevent the proper pitching of tents. To-morrow we hope the camp will be permanently laid out; in the meantime we have a small tent which is an improvement on the open air. The Colonel says he will manage my furlough as soon as I get the back work up, to which end I shall work night and day.

February 15th.

Another delay. The clerk who is away and should have returned several days ago telegraphed that he could not get back, as the snow was so deep. The work is all up, but I must await his return.

February 18th.

Shall be in Philadelphia Monday afternoon if not delayed in transit.

In Camp, March 8th.

After a miserable and tedious journey I reached here last night. On arriving at Fortress Monroe yesterday at 8.30 I expected to reach camp by 6.00 p.m., but the old tub that brought us up the James River took about two hours longer than she needed and we did not arrive at City Point until nearly 5.00 o'clock. Then commenced a chapter of accidents. The train for the front, instead of starting at 5.00, did not get off till 6.15, and the engine, yclept "General Burnside," like its namesake, got stuck, not in the mud, but, four miles from the "Point," broke down and repeated this exercise three times; a little further on it had to back up five times before it could get over a slight grade; then a coupling broke and left our car behind some distance; then there was a train at Parke Station, for which we had to lay over: then we had the luck to get on the wrong car and

had to change at every station, and as the cars were full of freight, we had to be content with an outside seat; not very pleasant late at night; in short, we did not reach the terminus until 10 o'clock; four hours going sixteen miles. The Colonel returned on Monday night and did not expect me until last night, so I am all right notwithstanding I was two days over my time.

Some deserters have come in and say that General Early was killed; that Rosser (cavalry general) was wounded, and that Sheridan is advancing rapidly on Lynchburg; having destroyed a good many bridges behind him and torn up a large part of the Virginia Central Railroad. He will probably reach Lynchburg before any force can, and so cut off Lee's only remaining line of retreat into Tennessee that he can take unmolested. They also say that a brigade of cavalry has been sent to Stony Point to prevent desertions from their army. It is believed that a thousand men leave it in the course of twenty-four hours, with what desert to us and with those sent to hunt them up. They also adhere to the statement of heavy guns being removed from Petersburg and that all the cotton has been piled ready for burning. All the rumors of troops being massed on our left are (as I expected) entirely false; there are no more there now than when I left here, our corps being the only troops on this part of the line. There are no signs of an immediate movement, although one will undoubtedly take place as soon as the weather will permit, but this may not be for a month yet.

Everything is in good shape here and the work has been well done, only the office looked fearfully disorderly, as I was sure it would with the Colonel and myself both away, but after two hours' work I succeeded in restoring things into something like order. It has rained furiously to-day, and our canvas roof was no protection; we were unable to do any work during the

greater part of the day, but now we have a double roof on and hope to fare better.

March 10th.

Churnside has gone home again and is with his wife; he is a lucky fellow; he had three weeks' furlough last November; now two weeks more, and goes home for good in August (so may we all, for that matter). We have had nothing but rain since my return; rain, rain, rain all the time, but this evening it suddenly cleared off, and it is now splendid, while for some distance around our camp one can scarcely discern any signs of rain having fallen; the sandy soil of this region has swallowed it all up, and it is only where there has been much traffic that you could find any mud; but then I believe that army wagons would grind mud out of the Desert of Sahara. Captain Halstead, our new Assistant Adjutant-General, is very nice, not so stuck up as so many staff officers are; he does not know very much about the business; not more, if as much, as our late one; but he is a much better man to deal with; more of a gentleman. I think he and I will get along very well, especially when he gets better posted about the work; as it is now he gives me more work than I have a right to have, but as I immediately turn it over to some one else, he begins to see what my special branch is and lets me alone. The Colonel is, as usual, very friendly.

March 12th.

The weather has taken a turn, and is splendid, with a prospect of continuance. There is not much to record in a military line. Sherman's whereabouts are not known, but the conviction is entertained that he is "all right." Sheridan is believed to be pushing for Lynchburg, and another strong force making for the same place, and not far from it on the line of the Tennessee Railroad. Rumors of evacuation are still rife, but I think there is little in them, for I believe that this part

of the country will yet see the final struggle. General Grant has said that "if the coming spring campaign is as successful as he has every reason to believe it will be, the 'termination of the war is rapidly approaching.' Yes, I saw the report of the capture of 18,000 of Early's men the morning I left, but was not deceived by it as I knew he had not more than 2,000, if so many. They often make a mistake of a cypher in telegraphic dispatches. Several brigades have been sent by Lee to Lynchburg, but I think they will only succeed in failing to save the place; the capture of which would greatly simplify the existing state of affairs on the military chess-board. The advent of settled weather will hasten the inauguration of the general movements, which, in the opinion of circles here of high authority, will result in the overthrow of the two great Confederate armies, and the rest will be child's play.

March 14th.

You will see from the dispatches which I enclose that we are getting a little news now and have a fair promise of more ere long. The one in relation to Sheridan's flying excursion, I have just lent out, but, if it is returned before night, I will enclose it. I intend sending copies of these dispatches, as it is possible that some of them may not get into the papers, as Grant may wish to return Lee's compliment and not give him any news he may not succeed in getting himself.

Sherman is doubtless at Fayetteville now, as he does not appear to have met with any resistance. That city is at the head of navigation on the Cape Fear River, about sixty miles west of Wilmington, and I think about fifty from Raleigh, so he is getting pretty near us. He will establish his base at Wilmington and Cape Fear River, and from thence can move in any direction he desires.

The scene of Schofield's fight with Bragg, South

West Creek, is on the road between Newberne and Kingston, very near the latter place, and not far from Goldsboro, which again, is but a short distance from Raleigh; so that Sherman and Schofield can soon connect, if they have not already done so. General Couch, mentioned in the dispatch, is in command of the reinforcements we had rumors of as being at Newberne, but in what numbers we do not know, but it is certain we shall have enough to carry all before us in that quarter. There is also a force at Suffolk which will probably advance on Weldon.

General Sheridan has arrived at the "White House," and, if I am not mistaken, will soon be sent on a big raid on the railroads south of Richmond, as he has so successfully demolished them all north and northwest of that delectable city. Everything looks glorious; deserters are coming in very numerously. We received a number this morning who reported that it was said in their camps that Schofield had met with a reverse; and, of course, a few minutes later a dispatch arrived saying he had beaten Bragg. We like to hear them tell of disasters to our arms, for we know how to interpret them. As a woman's "No" is said to mean "Yes," so their successes and our defeats have to be reversed.

12 p.m.—We have received orders to prepare to move. The movement will probably not take place for several days, for, being a general movement, some time is needed for preparation. Sutlers and all tradesmen have to leave. Everyone will be very busy until we go.

March 16th.

Yesterday was a busy day with me, packing surplus papers for transmission to Washington and burning others; I am availing myself of the opportunity of a grand clearing out of a lot of useless material; to-day I arranged the desks and packed our line of stationery;

to-morrow I shall get together the things we shall take with us; then I shall look after my own affairs, and on Monday we may move. There is every token that we shall be away from our office machinery for some time, except such portable stuff as we use on active campaigning.

As storms are customary at this season, which are termed "equinoctials" (although the equinoxes have nothing whatever to do with them), we may not get off until they are over. The weather of late has been much like that of April, frequent light showers, not severe enough to do any damage to the roads, which are beginning to get into good order, while the high winds facilitate the process of drying.

Last Sunday I made a visit to all the division offices. The clerk at the first division is a Philadelphian and a friend of mine of two years' standing, and, what is something of a rarity here, a gentleman in manners and speech. I stayed with him about three hours.\* While waiting at the second division office for the clerk there, who was out, I paid a visit to the Fifth Regiment to see Captain Turkington, and spent a very pleasant hour with him. He told me that the day he was mustered in as Captain he found that he was to have come to our headquarters as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, but that his promotion interfered with it. I was very sorry, as I would have been so glad to have had him here; it is possible that he may yet come, so I must look around for another chunk of patience. My stock of this valuable commodity is continually becoming depleted.

I have had no more news since the last I sent, but we are in daily expectation of hearing something from

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\* Mr. Levi Teal (118th Penna. Vols.) I have but recently located him and an acquaintance which has been interrupted for nearly forty-seven years.

Sherman and Schofield. Sherman, by this time, must be where he will be able to freely communicate with us. The mails for his army have been sent to Newberne, so that a very few days should bring us news from him.

March 21st.

Still here and as busy as bees trying to get all our reports done and out of the way. I shall be glad when we move and add some variety to our life; the endless round of work, work, work, with no intermission, is very wearing; we have it much easier when campaigning, with the added advantage of exercise. The President and a large party are to be at Army headquarters tomorrow; I suppose there will be a great time there.

March 22d.

“Boreas” has gone mad to-day; he seems bent on throwing down our log-house, which, so far, has resisted all his efforts, but whether it will continue to do so remains to be seen. Last night it rained so furiously that even our double roof failed to keep it out, and caused a sudden and not unwelcome stoppage of business; and to-day, though a delightful one, so far as sunshine goes, is just as windy as yesterday was wet. I believe that now all really bad weather is at an end, and that our movement cannot be much longer delayed, unless we are awaiting further developments of Sherman and Schofield. It is a hard matter to write to-day, for the immense surface of canvas overhead makes such a noise as to be almost unbearable. In addition to this, my desk is attached to the logs at the side of the house, and the whole building is in a tremor, and the desk partakes of the motion; then the door is opened on the average every thirty seconds, and, as it swings to, gives a tremendous shake to the wall and desk.

We still continue to receive our share of deserters

from Rebeldom ; nearly all say that their rations are reduced to one ounce of meat and two handfuls of meal a day ; short commons that ! The Richmond papers give doleful accounts of the damage done and property destroyed by Sheridan in his late great raid, and there is no doubt that its effects will be seriously felt. Jeff. Davis says that "the Capital of the Country is at last threatened, and that it is in more danger than ever before." I suspect that it will be in still worse danger before long. It is impossible for them to hold out much longer, and even if the arming of the slaves, as is now proposed, should be of any avail, provisions are just as requisite as ever, and they have trouble enough now to feed the men they have, to say nothing of a largely increased number.

But this arming the negroes is all nonsense ; they cannot possibly be of any use to them against our trained soldiers ; even could they supply them with arms, which is out of the question for three or four months at least, and ere that time elapses the work will probably be finished. The plan might have been of use to them twelve months ago. It is now too late. Davis made some rather heavy demands on the Legislature to pass laws to supply them with what they need, but it refused to accede to anything except the suspension of the writ of "*habeas corpus*." It is currently reported that he threatened to resign or abdicate if the powers he asked for were not conferred on him ; it remains to be seen whether he will do so or not. My impression is, that ere many months are past, he will not dare show his face anywhere on this continent, but will have to seek safety in that general asylum for exiles and oppressed, as also for thieves, murderers and villains of all sorts—London.

March 24th.

I do not know what kind of weather Philadelphia is being blessed with, but here, although the days are



beautiful, the wind is furious in the extreme. Yesterday afternoon it blew a perfect hurricane, and you would have laughed to see the results of it in our camps; scarcely a house withstood its fury. Canvas roofs were flying around in a marvelous manner; tents strained on their ropes, till, finally breaking loose, they fell, enveloping their occupants; here a foot was seen sticking out; there a head appeared, its owner desperately endeavoring to work out from under the ruins; clouds of dust so thick, they filled the air as sensibly to diminish the sun's light.

In the midst of it all, the upper logs of the gable end of our office fell in with a crash, just missing Woodbridge by an inch; one after another fell, and we momentarily expected the whole roof to give way. Fancy several logs, ten feet long by nine inches in diameter, falling from a height of thirty feet amongst a lot of busy clerks. Having an idea that the ridge-pole which supported the roofs, about thirty feet in length, was coming down, and would bring with it the accompanying uprights, cross beams, ties, etc., if not the high, brick chimney into the bargain, I came to the conclusion that our bones would be safer outside, and so led the way. I had but just reached the door, when a heavy sign-board, which we had on the front of the house, and which weighed about fifty pounds, was blown from its fastenings and fell with a crash not six inches from me. Then I did not know which was the safest place, inside or out; but as just then another big log fell, I decided to risk whatever might be flying around loose, and out we went; and what a sight met our view! A good photographer should have been there to take a picture of it; it would have made his fortune.

Not a roof was left on any office but what was loose and flapping in the wind like the sails of a ship, broken loose from the yards; some clerks, orderlies, etc., were

frantically holding on to all that they could catch, and awaiting the termination of the gale. One office, a little way off, had withstood thus far all the assaults of the wind; but at this moment a more furious gust than any struck it full on the side, and in an instant, like the explosion of a magazine, the whole flew into the air, and papers, letters, reports, and goodness knows what, besides, were seen going toward City Point, at an incredible rate of speed. One tall staff, bent almost double, threatened each instant to fall on the officers' tents; iron chimney pipes rushed frantically along over our heads; brick chimneys found their weak points and came down with a run; tent flies assumed the habits, as well as the name, of those busy insects and fled away. Officers, pioneers, orderlies and all were either shrieking with laughter at the misfortunes of their less fortunate comrades, or swearing over their own; and still the gale kept on with increased rather than diminished fury. Then trees began to fall and we all looked for nothing short of the total destruction of the camps, when lo! just as suddenly as it had arisen, the wind subsided, and in less than an hour after, you could hardly have told that there had been any wind at all; for in that short space of time. hands, grown expert from long practice, had readjusted roofs, tightened tent ropes, caught, quarreled over, and at last selected erratic tent flies and all was order again.

But at night, as soon as we had retired, it arose again and kept us awake wondering whether or not the scene of the afternoon was to be repeated. Although quite furious, it did not do so much damage; anyway our house was all right, and, to tell the truth, that was about all I then cared for. One cannot sleep easily when in momentary expectation of three or four young trees dropping on his devoted head. After awhile it lessened in fury, and I slept. This morning the sun is once more shining gloriously, and the wind, as usual, is howl-

ing fiercely; maybe it will get up another entertainment for us to-day.

The newspapers are now teeming with prophecies of the speedy termination of the war, and no doubt they have good cause to be jubilant, for everything does look very favorable; but do not raise your hopes too high; some of the reports that are floating around are probably true, but many have no ground at all for belief. The report of the occupation of Goldsboro by Sherman and Schofield, we are disposed to give credit to here, and, indeed, are expecting official information of it daily; but the reported occupation of Burkeville is unworthy of any credence whatever. The capture of that place would compel one of three things; an attack by the enemy in the wild hope of retrieving their lost cause by some desperate act; a hasty evacuation and retreat, or a surrender; since, if Burkeville were destroyed, they could not get any supplies whatever, it being the junction of their only two remaining lines of railroad. As none of these things have happened the report is doubtless false.

Then again, who was to occupy it? Sherman could not have reached it then; Sheridan is at the "White House"; and I am sure none of our army have gone there. Kilpatrick may possibly have gone round to it, but, if he captured it, we must have heard of it here; no deserters have said anything about it. Do not believe it; it is too good to be true.

The late effort of Davis to get a Military Convention between Lee and Grant has a very suspicious look; it seems to imply that he is really getting scared and is paving the way to throwing the weight of the whole concern on Lee's shoulders and of getting out of the scrape himself the best way he can.

March 26th.

How little we know what a day may bring forth. I little thought, when writing the day before yesterday,

that we should have a terrible fight before twenty-four hours were gone; but so it was. Yesterday morning at 5.00 o'clock, the Colonel came in and woke us up, and as soon as we were out of our blankets we were aware that a heavy battle was going on up the line a few miles from here. We lost no time in getting up, and the Corps was ordered under arms and moved down to the vicinity to serve as a support; while things were cleared up in the office ready for any emergency.

We soon learned that the enemy had broken through our lines in front of the Ninth Corps, and had gained possession of part of the line and some few forts, and were pressing forward toward the railroad. This created some excitement, but not much fear, for we knew that if no foolish error were made, the probability was that it would turn out to be far more disastrous to them than to us. So we did not break camp, contenting ourselves with getting things in readiness for whatever might chance to turn up.

The battle had been going on for some hours before daylight, but, shortly after, it was decided in our favor, and the enemy were driven back with heavy loss in killed and wounded, we regaining the whole of the line and the works that they had taken from us. Skirmishing and picket-firing were kept up all day in front of the Second Corps, till 4 p.m. when one of the heaviest musketry fights I have ever heard took place, lasting for about two hours and a half, resulting, I understand, in the capture of their advanced line and many prisoners. At 7.30 the enemy again attacked the Second Corps, endeavoring to regain their picket line, but were heavily repulsed, losing a large number of killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, and several flags; we kept the line and still hold it.

As usual, we are without particulars of to-day's fighting. If a battle takes place elsewhere, we know all

about it speedily; but if this army becomes engaged, we know but little until the newspaper reports are received or our official reports are out. But this much is certain: the enemy were badly beaten all day. Our loss is not likely to be light, as the enemy had everything their own way for several hours, but when the tide turned, they lost fearfully. Presumably reliable accounts place the number of prisoners taken by us at between two and three thousand; while it is likely that their loss in killed and wounded will reach five thousand or more. Of our own loss we have heard nothing, but as they were the attacking party, their loss must greatly exceed ours. General Lee tried a desperate game and dismally failed. I doubt if the affair is entirely over yet, but as this is Sunday, we are not likely to commence operations.

Sherman is getting along all right. He was at Goldsboro, and by this time may be at Raleigh; he is now within 125 miles of us here, and, unopposed, could reach us in seven days; Johnson is too weak to successfully oppose him, and two weeks may see all the forces on both sides concentrated, and,—then, for some hot work!

Churnside returned to-day, and is very quiet, poor fellow; his sister died while he was home, I believe very unexpectedly. From information received, it is not unlikely we may have another fight to-day, as the enemy appear to be preparing for another attack. We find that the number of prisoners we took yesterday is 3,700, which will raise their probable loss to the neighborhood of eight or ten thousand,—a pretty good day's work.

March 28th.

Nothing has occurred since Sunday. From further information we have received of our last fight, I find my estimate of it tolerably well borne out. It is a difficult matter to judge of the losses and gains of both sides;

the reports are numerous and all "reliable," and yet no two approach any degree of similarity. I am, however, glad to find that our losses are lighter than I expected, and we may safely consider the whole affair a decided success for our side.

Everyone is excited by a report by our Purveyor from City Point, of the arrival there of General Sherman for an interview with General Grant; he says he witnessed the meeting of the two Generals, and says "Grant took both of Sherman's hands in his own, and shook them heartily."

The papers last night brought particulars of the occupation of Goldsboro. I wonder why Grant did not circulate that despatch through the army, according to custom. It might have come during the battle, or he may not have considered it of sufficient importance. It is very strange that Schofield should not have heard of the "terrible slaughter and defeat of Sherman's troops" the rebels make so much noise about; on the contrary, he speaks of "the gradual approach of the sound of artillery, which would imply Sherman's advance instead of retreat. Most generals when defeated, either retreat or come to a standstill; but the rebel generals seem to reverse the order of things and fall back after a victory. No doubt a day or two will bring us reliable news from Sherman himself, and we shall find the victory to be on our side instead. Sherman may have been repulsed at first, and subsequently badly whipped his opponents; for the rebels have a great trick of telling the first half of an affair, and being peculiarly oblivious of what follows when a battle finally goes against them. Witness Bragg's telegram of the fight at Kingston; Hood's report of the battle of Franklin, and many other instances of like character.

Preparations for the actual opening of the campaign continue to be made, and from indications we suppose

Sheridan is about starting on another excursion, and, according to custom, we shall follow in a day or two after he starts. (Later.) We are certainly going in a very short time, as we are turning in everything surplus in the way of stores and tents—a sure sign of what is coming. One of our men has just arrived who was captured at Bentonville on the 19th. He says the rebels captured only three guns and 150 men from us; that it was by no means a heavy engagement, and the story of 3,000 or more killed and wounded is utterly false. He escaped from a place called Ridgeway on the Roanoke railroad, whither they had taken him, and came across country to Dinwiddie Court-House, and so into our lines.

It has come at last. We move at 3.00 a.m. to-morrow (29th). “Pack up immediately!”; short notice this time.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN—FIVE FORKS—EVACUATION OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND—PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY—SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Near Boydton Plank Road, March 30, 1865.

I take advantage of a few moments' cessation of a furious rain to say that I am all right, and that we are getting along bravely. Naturally, as soon as we moved, it began to rain; that must be understood. We have had some success. Yesterday we took possession of the Boydton plank road, one more step to the Southside railroad. A division of the Corps has just advanced beyond the road to feel the position of the enemy; we are now only four miles from the railroad. The heavy rain, however, prevents any great movement, and if it does not soon stop, it will make the roads very bad. It commenced last night after we had gone to bed, and we lay through it all, and got drenched.

I was ordered to remain in the rear and rejoin headquarters at night. I am not especially pleased at this; I prefer being at the front and in the midst of things to being in the rear, awaiting the result of a fight raging but a short distance away, listening to the roar of the artillery and musketry and the cries of the wounded as they are borne past on their way to the hospital camps, making even the heart of the soldier sick, callous as it becomes to all such sights and sounds from very intimacy with them. I suppose the movement is to be so rushed that all orders will be sent down by the general's aides, and the headquarters be confined to the staff, orderlies, and escort.

April 2d.

Victory! Victory! Our troops are in Petersburg! It was carried by assault this morning, after fifteen



hours' bombardment. Yesterday we thrashed the enemy outside. Our Corps alone took three thousand prisoners. Will try to send particulars to-morrow.

Jetersville station, Danville Railroad.

April 5th.

I am afraid you will think, from three days' silence, that, like the Confederacy, I am nearly "gone up"; but we are having such a busy time with forced marches and one thing and another that I have not been able to write. We have been stationary to-day, and I tried four times to write a few lines, but had to give it up because of work coming in; and now I am writing by the light of a fence-rail fire in regular bivouac style.

What splendid events have been crowded into these last nine days! First, our victory at Five Forks; then the capture of Petersburg; then, that of the Southside railroad; then the evacuation of Richmond, and then, to crown all, to-day, of which you will hear before this reaches you. By long and rapid marches we have reached this station on the Danville railroad, and cut off the enemy's retreat; and they will either have to evade us or surrender. Our cavalry has been busy all day, and brought in an enormous number of teams; report says they have burnt a train of nine hundred wagons. Oh the captured flags, which have been pouring down the road! It is really astonishing; we have whole regiments guarding prisoners. A splendid battery of Whitworth guns, quite new, was taken to-day. There will be precious little left of the Army of Northern Virginia by the time we are done with it. We shall soon have hard work to find an enemy. The troops are in capital spirits and trim; the cheering on all sides is deafening. We cannot have taken, altogether, less than thirty thousand prisoners, and "still they come." The Army of the Potomac has bided its time, but has fulfilled

all its promises; it lay by until it was quite ready; then it moved, and has swept all before it. The deeds of this army now eclipse those of Sherman's, great as they were; and the dear old Fifth Corps has borne no insignificant share in the work. We are separated from the Army of the Potomac, and form an independent force, with the cavalry, under command of Sheridan, who praises our troops highly. We are having splendid weather now; beautiful moonlight nights and warm days. My fire is dying out, and I must stop.

Appomattox Court-House, April 10th.

We have had no mail communications for several days, and I do not know when this letter will reach you, but the news is so good that I write, and trust to luck for it to reach you soon.

We have had a very hard time since leaving the Southside railroad; marching from 6.00 o'clock in the morning to 11.00 or 12.00 o'clock at night; but with what glorious results! General Lee yesterday surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at this place, and the Army of the Potomac has now no enemy to run after or fight. What a glorious campaign this has been! From the very first, success has been with us, and in twelve days from the time we moved the rebel army is no more. Our captures along the road were enormous; in a single day we captured eleven Generals, ten thousand men, thirty guns, and three hundred wagons. We are now about eighteen miles from Lynchburg, and expect soon to start back to Petersburg—another march of ninety miles. What we shall do then is not known; perhaps we shall be divided up and sent off to other parts, if the rest of the Confederate armies do not surrender before, or if Davis does not give up the ship, as it is more than probable he will. The paroling of Lee's army is about to take place; also the turning over to us of their

artillery and public property. I want to see the operation, so will defer writing until to-morrow or next day.

April 13th.

Still here, waiting most impatiently for the completion of the arrangements of the surrender. It has rained for four days now, and is just beginning to clear off. I do not know how much longer we shall remain here. We have had no rations for two days, and no prospect of any coming soon; our trains are twenty-five miles back, and the roads almost impassable. As to mails, we have had none for nine days, but they are expected up to-day. The roads back are filled with guerillas, and a part of the cavalry that broke through before the surrender; and this makes it dangerous to travel, except in force; so that mail can seldom get here, and still less often leave. We are all anxious for papers, to see what is being done elsewhere; we are entirely cut off from the world now. (It is hard work writing, lying on one's back in the mud.)

It is said by one of General Grant's staff officers that our Corps will go to Washington as soon as its duty here is completed, and I hope it may be so. It has done good work in this campaign; by the capture of the works at Five Forks it compelled the enemy to leave Richmond and Petersburg, and has pressed them heavily since, being at this place ahead of them; and it is to our Corps that they have stacked their arms. General Griffin, now in command of the Corps, has the management of the reception of all the arms, etc., and it is this that keeps us here. I think the work is nearly done, so we may hope soon to get away.

April 14th.

The mail arrived this morning. Among several other letters, I received one written on the 4th, describing the effect of the news of the capture of Richmond

and Petersburg on the good people of Philadelphia, and containing, also, a request for an account of our doings in this last campaign. This I will endeavor to give, but it will be at best an imperfect and short one, as we are too unsettled to write much; conveniences are too poor, and, having had no opportunity of taking notes, I must depend entirely on memory for events that took place.

Our fighting duties commenced with our first day's march. On the 29th we left camp at an early hour, taking the road to Dinwiddie Court-House. I remained in camp seeing our office effects loaded, until after daylight, and then pushed on to overtake the command. Not expecting to go further than the Southside railroad, for some time, at least, I decided to go on foot sooner than be bothered with a horse; and bitterly did I regret this decision, for a longer or harder march I think I have never had. Now I have succeeded in raising what, in army phraseology, is termed a "crow-bait," so that when next we move I shall get on better. How long we may remain here I cannot say; this may be our last day, as I understand the paroling is over, and we are now, I believe, only waiting for rations, which are expected up this morning.

At the risk of repeating some things which I have already mentioned, it may be advisable to give a succinct account of the whole campaign and the events which led to it, for the operations in February were preliminary to the great movement which began on the 29th of March. This is an elaboration of the account contained in the above letter.

It was reported early in the year that supplies reached Petersburg from Hicksford (to which place Warren had destroyed the Weldon railroad), the route being along the Meherrin River, over the Boydton plank

road to Dinwiddie Court-House, and thence to Petersburg. Grant therefore determined to break up this route. Gregg's cavalry and the Fifth Corps started at 3.00 a.m., February 5th, via Ream's station, for Dinwiddie Court-House, the cavalry to move up and down the road and intercept supplies, the Fifth Corps to cross Hatcher's Run and support the cavalry, and the Second Corps to cross the run, proceed to Armstrong's mill, and support Warren. All these movements were successfully carried out. Gregg pushed on to Dinwiddie Court-House and captured some wagons and prisoners on the Boydton plank road. General Lee, hearing of these movements, sent parts of Hill's and Gordon's Corps to meet it. Fighting continued until the 8th, ending in the extension of the Union entrenched line to Hatcher's Run at the Vaughan road crossing.

It was evident now that the capture of Petersburg was near at hand. The remaining line of direct communication with the South was severely threatened, and Grant, fearing that Lee might abandon both Petersburg and Richmond, and endeavor to unite with Johnston's army, then in Sherman's front, sent for Sheridan from the Shenandoah valley. Sheridan moved from Winchester, Virginia, February 27th, up the valley to Staunton, thence to Charlottesville, destroying the railroad between those two towns; thence from Charlottesville toward Gordonsville, and to near Lynchburg. He destroyed the James river canal from Newmarket to near Goochland, and joined the Army of the Potomac, March 27th. An order had been prepared for a movement on the 29th for the attempted destruction of the Danville railroad, thereby turning Lee's right and forcing him from his entrenchments. Lee, however, made a desperate attack on Fort Stedman, which he captured, and detachments of his troops moved in the direction of City Point, but these were driven back and Fort Stedman retaken.

General Grant now ordered General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, to join the Army of the Potomac with the bulk of his forces. He made a secret march to the left of that army, and massed in rear of the Second Corps. Lee knew nothing of this movement until April 2d. Sheridan's orders were to move with about thirteen thousand men early on the 29th, from Hatcher's Run, pass near or through Dinwiddie Court-House, and reach Lee's right and rear as soon as possible. He was not to attack the enemy in his entrenchments, but to force him out of them. If Lee did not come out, Sheridan was to cut loose and push for the Danville railroad, completely destroy it, cross, if possible, the Southside road between Petersburg and Burkesville, destroy as much of it as he could, and then return to Grant or join Sherman, who, at the beginning of the movement, was at Goldsboro, N. C.

The Fifth Corps was to cross Hatcher's run at 3.00 a.m. on the 29th, and connect with the Second Corps, which was to cross as soon as General Ord's troops relieved it in the entrenchments. The Sixth Corps was to be in readiness to be withdrawn, and the Ninth Corps to remain and take up the Sixth Corps' position if that Corps was withdrawn.

General Sheridan marched to Dinwiddie Court-House on the 29th, but, hearing that a strong force of Confederate cavalry was south of Stony Creek, Custer's division was left near Malone's crossing to protect the trains. The Fifth Corps took up the position assigned it. Lee, knowing that Sheridan's movement indicated an attack on the Southside railroad, directed General Fitz-Hugh Lee, who was north of the James on the extreme left of his lines, to move at once to Five Forks, and, with infantry to be sent him, attack Sheridan. A heavy storm all night of the 29th and during the 30th made the roads impassable for artillery and wagons.

Considerable fighting ensued, with varying success to both sides, but the enemy, by a clever movement of Chamberlain's brigade, finally lost the White Oak road.

On the 1st of April was fought the battle of Five Forks by Sheridan and the Fifth Corps, and it was at the end of this engagement that Sheridan relieved Warren of the command of the Corps, and gave it to General Griffin. Skirmishing had been going on all the afternoon till just before sundown, when preparations were made for the grand assault. When all was ready, the Fifth Corps in front and the cavalry on the left, the grand charge was made; no sooner did the rebels see the columns approaching, than, throwing down their arms, they tried to escape; but, at the instant our Corps reached the works, the cavalry swung round on the rear and entrapped the whole of them. Discipline was at an end; our men broke from the ranks, and, rushing over the breastworks, "grabbed" as many rebels as they could lay hold of and brought them away captive. The enemy being in flight, Griffin, by Sheridan's orders, kept up the pursuit till dark. It was a terrible night; the mud was almost knee-deep. I was from 6.30 p.m. to 1.15 a.m. going a distance of four miles to where headquarters stopped for the night. The cheering was intense, for we were now sure of the Southside road. I remained the rest of the night cleaning the mud from my clothing, and listening to the furious cannonading going on at Petersburg. Next morning, signs of a fight being discernible, I went back with the train to within two miles of the city, only to return by the same road next morning. About ten o'clock that morning a staff officer of General Grant's told us that Petersburg had been taken. The engagement at Five Forks practically ended our losses, for all the rest of the way our Corps lost only one officer and six men.

It is useless to go into the question of the justice

or injustice of Sheridan's removal of General Warren; his action seems to have been founded on a misapprehension of the facts connected with the march of the Fifth Corps to his support, coupled with the well-known impetuosity of the character of both generals. No one connected with the Corps can ever be made to believe that Warren did not do all that was possible to overcome the difficulties in the way, nor can they for a moment admit any aspersions on his bravery.

When General Grant heard of the success of the Fifth Corps he ordered the Commanders of the Twenty-fourth, Sixth and Ninth Corps to assault the works before Petersburg at 4.00 a.m., April 2d. Carrying them, they were to move forward toward the city; the Second Corps to be thrown in the same direction; and Sheridan to sweep the White Oak road and all north of it to Petersburg. Wright, with the Sixth Corps, attacked at 4.00 a.m., and carried everything before him until he encountered an inner line immediately around the city. General Parke was also successful; but the Ninth Corps, facing the longest and best fortified part of the Confederate line, could not carry it on account of the second and inner lines. Several other movements were made successfully, and finally the city fell into our hands.

The Fifth Corps remained on the battle-field of Five Forks until the afternoon of the 2d, when Griffin received orders to move by the Church road toward Petersburg, where a slight engagement occurred. At 3.30 he was ordered to resume his march up the Cox road, and bivouac for the night at Sutherland station. Before day light of the 3d, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps, in front of Richmond, discovered that the city was being evacuated, and advanced at once in double-quick time, passed the line of Confederate works, and came in sight of the city; and Richmond was entered by



the Union Army about 8.30 a.m. As the advance guard of our troops entered the city by the main street, the rear guard of the Confederates passed up the street ahead of them. On hearing that Petersburg had been evacuated, the entire Army of the Potomac, excepting one division of the Ninth Corps to hold the town, was moved up the river to near Sutherland station.

Grant, expecting that Lee would seek to reach Danville or Lynchburg, made preparations to head him off. Sheridan and the Fifth Corps were to move in a westerly direction south of, and near to the river, and to keep constantly in touch with Lee. Meade, with the Second and Sixth was to follow Sheridan moving westward in the direction of Amelia Court House; General Ord, with Gibbon's Corps and Birney's colored troops, followed by the Ninth Corps, to move along the Southside railroad to Burkeville. On the morning of the 3d the cavalry commenced the pursuit of Lee's army, a severe fight taking place at Deep Creek. The Fifth Corps followed rapidly, picking up prisoners, abandoned guns and wagons, and camped at night on the Namozine road, near Deep Creek. On the morning of the 4th, Crook was ordered to strike the Danville road between Jetersville and Burke's station, and then move up to Jetersville. The Fifth Corps followed rapidly, and was ordered to entrench and hold the position until the main army could get up. The Second and Sixth Corps had followed closely until about 11.00 a.m., when they were delayed by Merritt's Cavalry, and did not reach Deep Creek until night.

Lee was now, with a part of his army, at Amelia Court-House; and Sheridan said in his report that "if Lee had attacked the comparatively small force opposed to him he might have reached Burkeville and saved his army." The Fifth Corps and the cavalry held Jetersville from the afternoon of the 4th, until the afternoon

of the 5th, as the Second Corps did not begin to arrive there until 2.00 p.m. of that day. On the morning of the 5th, a brigade of cavalry was sent to Paineville, about five miles north of Amelia Springs, to see if the Confederates were moving in that direction. There they found a train said to contain Lee's headquarters papers and records, as well as Fitz-Hugh Lee's headquarters wagons, guarded by a brigade of Confederate cavalry. Davis attacked at once, drove off or captured the escort, burned the wagons, and captured eight pieces of artillery.

General Ord had made a march of fifty-two miles since the morning of the 3d, reaching Burke's Junction late on the 5th, Birney's troops being left at Black's and White's. Ord had been ordered by Grant to destroy the High Bridge, and other bridges in Lee's front, but sent an inadequate force for that purpose, and the troops were forced to surrender about two miles from the High Bridge. Early on the 6th, General Crook was ordered to advance with his division to Deatonville. Lee having continued his march westward on the night of the 5th, Crook found them passing through that place, their trains on the Jamestown road. At midday he tried to cut out the trains, but found them too strongly guarded. General Meade began now to advance with the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps toward Amelia Court-House to attack Lee; he found, however, that Lee had been passing all night of the 5th, and he at once ordered the Second to Deatonville, the Fifth through Paineville on the right, and the Sixth through Jetersville to report to Sheridan. The Fifth Corps had been returned to Meade at his request. Sheridan at first wanted the Sixth Corps, but had to take the Fifth. He said, subsequently, that he regretted having given it up. A number of engagements took place along the line of march. The Fifth Corps marched thirty-two miles on the route designated;

and bivouacked at Sailor's Creek, near Ligintown Ferry, all night of the 6th.

The "History of the Fifth Army Corps" says at this point: "No army in the world could stand such losses as Lee was meeting with every day, and no troops could long endure the strain of marching by night and fighting by day as Lee's men were now enduring. They were by this time deprived of everything, even food, and, when captured, presented a pitiable condition."

On the night of the 6th, Longstreet marched to Farmville, crossed to the north bank of the Appomattox river, and next morning started for Lynchburg on the road passing through Appomattox Court-House. Ord followed early on the 7th. Sheridan sent Merritt toward Prince Edward Court-House to intercept any movement toward Danville. The Fifth Corps was ordered to proceed there also, and the Sixth and Second Corps to continue the direct pursuit as long as it was necessary or useful. Crook's cavalry continued the pursuit, and met the main body of the Confederates at Farmville. The Second Corps reached the High Bridge just in time to save the wagon bridge, which was very valuable, the river not being fordable. Some fighting ensued after crossing, but it only resulted in detaining Lee, which detention, however, was fatal to his retreat. The Fifth Corps meanwhile had occupied Prince Edward Court-House, and it was then that Grant sent his first letter to Lee, advising him to surrender. Lee replied, asking terms; but as this reply could reach Grant only by a long roundabout route, Lee, as was expected, moved off again during the night of the 7th.

The Second Corps at 5.30 on the 8th, followed by the Sixth Corps, resumed the pursuit toward Lynchburg. During the morning of the 8th a second letter was sent by Grant to Lee; but he ordered at the same time that no abatement was to be made in the pursuit

or in the movements of the Union forces. General Merritt marched from Spring Creek, near Goochland, early on the 8th, toward Appomattox Court-House, arriving there early the same evening, and captured a train of artillery and wagons, and three trains of cars with subsistence for the enemy. After dark on the 8th, when in the neighborhood of New Store, General Humphreys received a letter from Lee proposing to meet General Grant at 10.00 a.m. on the 9th, between the picket lines of the two armies on the stage road to Richmond. Grant was ten miles from New Store, and no reply could then be made. The Fifth Corps had moved from Prince Edward Court-House on the morning of the 8th, struck the Lynchburg road at Prospect station, and thence followed the Twenty-fourth Corps toward Appomattox Court-House, bivouacked at 2.00 a.m. about two miles from the Court-House, after marching twenty-nine miles. The march had been slow and tiresome, owing to the repeated and long halts of the corps ahead; but two hours later the well-known call of "Dan-Dan-Dan-Butterfield-Butterfield" rang out and, although tired out, the men, having an inkling of what was coming, without rations the day before and without breakfast that morning, moved off at 4.00 a.m. on the 9th, and reached Sheridan's headquarters about 6.00 o'clock.

An engagement then took place between the cavalry, supported by the Fifth Corps, and the enemy, who was being pushed back, and losing numerous wagons and prisoners; when a dispatch was received from Sheridan that hostilities would be suspended, as Lee was about to surrender. On the morning of the 9th, General Grant's third letter was sent to Lee. His reply reached Grant at 11.50 a.m., four miles west of Walker's Church. Lee asked for an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in Grant's letter of the day previous. Grant's

reply was an inquiry as to where Lee wished the interview to take place. The place was decided on, the two Commanders met, and General Lee's acceptance of Grant's terms ended the war so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned. The final ceremony took place a few days later.

The following are the dispatches which immediately concern the surrender. They are taken from the manifold copies made by me at the time for the information of the division commanders of our Corps. I desired to have reproduced the dispatches just as they were written, but the paper then used and the indistinctness of the writing at this date renders their reproduction impossible:

APPOMATTOX C. H. Va.

April 9th, 1865.

Gen'l R. E. Lee,  
Comd'g C. S. A.  
General,

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst. I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms—to wit—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual parole not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The Arms, Artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them; this will not embrace the the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be

allowed to return to their homes not to be disturbed by United States authority as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,  
(Sgnd) U. S. GRANT  
Lt. Gen'l.

H'd Qrs. A. N. Va.  
9th April 1865.

Lt. Gen'l U. S. Grant  
Comd'g Armies of the U. S.  
General,

I have received your letter of this date containing terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Va. as proposed by you.

As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th they are accepted.

I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully  
Your obedient servant  
(Sgnd) R. E. LEE  
Gen'l.

H'd Qrs. Armies of the U. S.  
In the field, April 9th 1865

Special orders:

Major Genl John Gibbon, Bvt Maj. Genl C. Griffin, Bvt Maj. Genl Wesley Merritt are hereby designated to carry into effect the stipulations this day entered into between Genl R. E. Lee Comdg C. S. Armies and Lt. Genl U. S. Grant, Comdg Armies of the U. S., in which Genl Lee surrenders to Genl Grant the Army of Northern Va.

Bvt Brig. Genl G. H. Sharpe, Asst Pro. Mar. Genl

will receive and take charge of the rolls called for by the above mentioned stipulations.

By command of

LT. GENL GRANT

(Sgnd) E. E. Parker

Lt. Col & A. A. A. G.

H'd Qrs 5th A. Corps

April 10th 1865

Official

(Sgnd) FRED T. LOCKE

Bvt. Col. & A. A. A. G.

I quote from Col. Powell's "History of the Fifth Army Corps":

"On the morning of the 12th of April, 1865, the anniversary of the day that the Confederates fired on Fort Sumter, much activity was observed in the camp of Bartlett's First Division. To this division was delegated the honor of receiving the surrender, and about 9.00 a.m. it was drawn up in line, with its left resting near the fence which enclosed the grounds of the now celebrated McLean house, where the agreements had been signed. General Joshua Chamberlain, commanding the First Brigade, had been designated to command the parade. In remembrance of its valuable services on many a bloody battle-field, and at Gettysburg in particular, Chamberlain asked for the famous old Third Brigade of the First Division, Fifth Corps, with which he had been identified constantly until he was detached to command the First Brigade at Petersburg. Appreciative of his sentiment in this matter these were the troops which he found in line of battle on the morning of the 12th to take the last view of Lee's once magnificent army.

The First Brigade (Chamberlain's) and the Sec-

ond (Gregory's) were also present, but not in the same line; they occupied a position close by.

It was not long before a column of gray was seen marching down the valley, which sent a thrill of excitement through every individual present. The Union troops were brought to 'attention.' Evan's brigade of Gordon's troops led the advance of the Confederates. As its head reached the extreme right of Chamberlain's line, it was wheeled into company line first, and, subsequently, into general line confronting the Union troops. Then each regiment stacked arms, unslung cartridge boxes and hung them on the stacks, and finally laid down their colors. It was a trying scene; and then, disarmed and colorless, they again broke into column and marched off, disappearing forever as soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

"What more need we tell? The gallant old Corps which had alone withstood the shock of Lee's splendid army at Gaines' Mill; which had given the blow that saved Round Top, and caused the turning point in the affairs of the war, now stood, the last to look upon the disintegrated remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose colors had been laid at its feet."

The losses of the Fifth Corps in the War of the Rebellion were: 289 officers killed; 1,183 wounded; 342 captured or missing. 3,875 enlisted men killed; 19,827 wounded; 10,193 captured or missing. Aggregate, 35,709.

Number of Confederate officers and men paroled April 9th, 2,862 officers; 25,494 men. Aggregate, 28,356.

Of the 25,000 men paroled, only 8,000 had arms.



Many were thrown away when the men heard of the surrender. In the woods where they were encamped, muskets were scattered over the ground in all directions. Whole battalions had stacked arms and apparently left for home without waiting for the final ceremonies. These, with the vast number of prisoners captured during the ten days' campaign, estimated at 30,000, and those that left for home without parole made up the estimated strength of the Army of Northern Virginia at from 60,000 to 70,000 men.

I have a complete roster of that Army, which I picked up in a camp from which we had just driven them in April, 1864, which gives the number of each corps by divisions, with the exception of Pickett's division. Estimating that at 5,000, which is ample, the strength of the Army at that time was about 70,000 all told.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—ON THE RETURN MARCH—SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON—FIFTH CORPS MARCHES BY WAY OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON.

While I was writing my letter of the 14th a terrible tragedy was being enacted in Washington;—the assassination of the President, official information of which was received on the 15th at Army headquarters, and received at our headquarters on the 18th. Later the same day orders were received announcing the 19th as the day appointed for the funeral, and ordering that all work be suspended throughout the Army on that day; the flags to be kept at half-mast, and twenty-one minute guns to be fired at 12.00 o'clock meridian.

A copy of General Meade's announcement of the event follows:

Head Quarters  
Army of the Potomac,  
April 15 1865

General Orders  
No. 15.

The Major Genl Commanding announces to the Army that official intelligence has been received of the death, by assassination, of the President of the United States. The President died at 7.22 on the morning of the 15th inst.

To this Army, this announcement will be received with profound sorrow and deep horror and indignation.

The President, by the active interest he ever took in the welfare of this army and by his presence in frequent visits, especially during the recent operations, had

particularly endeared himself to both officers and soldiers, all of whom regarded him as a generous friend. An honest man, a noble patriot, and sagacious statesman has fallen!

No greater loss, at this particular moment, could have befallen our country; whilst we bow with submission to the unfathomable and inscrutable decrees of Divine Providence, let us earnestly pray that God, in his infinite mercy, will so order that this terrible calamity shall not interfere with the prosperity and happiness of a beloved country.

(Sgnd) GEORGE G. MEADE,  
Maj. Genl Comdg.

H'd Qrs 5th A. Corps  
April 18th 1865

Official

(sgnd)

FRED. T. LOCKE  
Bvt Col. & A. A. G.

I now return to the letters:

On the march; April 18th.

We have been marching all the time since my last; having, as I thought probable, gotten away on the 15th. We are now about ten miles from Burkeville on the Danville railroad, and expected to have gone into camp to-day. We marched over fifteen miles yesterday, and this morning our heavy train was ordered up, and we expected headquarters to be established here for some time to come; but we have since learned that we came too far yesterday, and we have to go back to-morrow toward Burkeville about seven miles. Our train is there, and a permanent camp will be fixed; and as our office will again be in running order, I hope to be able to resume correspondence.

To-morrow is the day appointed for the funeral of the late President, and no work is to be done in the Army; but it looks as though the order was to be set aside in our case. Perhaps they do not consider marching seven miles and fixing a large camp as work, but the men will tell you that it is. What an awful thing that assassination was; it is a terrible blow to the country. It has quite damped our joy at our glorious successes.

April 19th.

Soon after I wrote yesterday, the General issued an order postponing our movement until to-morrow; as I supposed, he had forgotten the orders from Army headquarters respecting the observance of the day. It is a beautiful day, and the country here is very pretty; the trees are all out in leaf, and everything looks like summer. I am anxious to get into camp, to get up some of the back work, of which there is an accumulation of three weeks. Not only so, but I want badly to get to our wagons for a change of clothing, not having had one since leaving camp three weeks ago. This delay is annoying, and as there is nothing doing here, the melancholy interest attached to this particular day is continually forcing itself on my mind, and conjuring up many a sad thought.

I am so sorry that our noble President met with so sad a fate. Had he been accidentally killed it would have grieved me greatly, but to be murdered,—it is too bad, just as victory was attending all our efforts, and when his firm and honest principles were so much needed to pave the way for reconciliation, to be suddenly cut down by an assassin's hand, the country deprived of his services,—always valuable, but at this crisis doubly so,—his family cruelly bereaved, and himself deprived of the enjoyment of that peace, so nearly at hand, for which he

had so long, so steadily, so faithfully labored! But God knows best, and, perhaps, the martyrdom of one of the best and noblest men of the age, may, in His hands, prove a blessing, though at present it wears far more the aspect of a curse.

Nottoway Court-House, April 21st.

Once more we are at rest. Yesterday we expected to move headquarters about four miles, but about 3.00 o'clock in the morning, orders were received to relieve the Ninth Corps, guarding the railroad from Burkeville to Petersburg, a distance of thirty-one and one-half miles; so, instead of going four miles, we had to go twenty. Here we are, and in a splendid place, too. Our office is in the Court-House,—rather a large building, but it gives us all plenty of room, and looks decidedly “official.” Colonel Locke is Judge, and has his desk in the place where the judge sat; while we clerks have appropriated the seats allotted to the counsel, and our orderlies take the constables’ boxes. So as to business arrangements we have all that we could wish, and privately we are equally well fixed.

While we were arranging the places in the office, I had sent out one of the clerks to hunt up a house for our mess, etc. Woodbridge reported a very suitable one immediately in the rear of the Court-House. I looked at it, and found it suited in all respects save one; it was too good to allow us to hope we could secure it. However, as they desired me to try it, and I wanted it badly enough, I decided to ask the Colonel, and met with a refusal, or at least not a sanction. Determined not to be balked, I directed one of the orderlies and a clerk to go down and take possession of it and get our supplies ready; intending as soon as the main train came up, to put our cook and mess things in and hold the place at all hazards until turned out of it. This was done, and

while dinner was being cooked, an officer came in and said, "Colonel Thomas wants this house for his mess." Now it so happened that Colonel Thomas came by just at that moment, and, seeing some of our men there, said, "Oh, the clerks are going to occupy it, are they? Well, let them have it; I won't take it from them." We then saw the wisdom of my precaution, and for the remainder of the day were unmolested. Our cook arrived, and we put him in formal possession. This morning another staff officer put his head in the doorway. Query: "Who occupies this house?" Answer by the cook: "The clerks." Q. "What clerks?" Ans. "Adjutant-General's clerks." "All right," said he, and away he went. I suppose our chances are now good for unmolested possession. I hope so, for it makes us comfortable to a considerable degree.

This is not a place of any magnitudè, but a passably pretty one; and as some storekeepers still carry on their business, and a mill is in full operation, we can get on very well.

There was considerable rumor round here yesterday that Johnston had surrendered, and we see by the "Herald" that he has really negotiated with Sherman for that purpose. Providence has dealt out its mercies so plentifully of late that we almost forget our sorrows in joy, admiration and gratitude at our manifold blessings. The loss of our dear and noble President is, perhaps, the heaviest disaster that could overtake us short of final and complete defeat. Mr Lincoln had so forcibly taken possession of our hearts by his honest integrity of purpose and stern, unyielding efforts to suppress the Rebellion coupled with his high moral character, that his loss cannot be too deeply deplored. His murder has deprived the South of their best friend, and the one from whom they would have received the most liberal terms. Abraham Lincoln! Noble-souled, pure-minded, honest-hearted

friend! why could he not have been premitted to see the Union finally restored: the work in which he had been so deeply engaged brought to a successful end; why could he not have been spared to enjoy in peace the remainder of his Presidential career. But it was not to be so; and one more noble, ever-to-be-honored name has been added to the roll of martyrs; one more able statesman lost to his country; one more generous friend gone to his last home. His memory will ever remain green in the hearts and memories of his countrymen, and his name descend to posterity as one who lived, labored, and died for his country. You ask why they do not place General Lee under arrest, and, I suppose you mean, avenge the foul crime on him; but that would not do. General Lee is a gentleman, and although a foe, and, I fear I must add, a traitor, he is an honorable man, and certainly had no hand in this diabolical business. General Lee's soul is not stained by any participation in the act. Indeed Lee was not a secessionist; the rock on which he split was a mistaken notion of States Rights. Believing that Virginia had the right to secede, although he did not recognize the necessity of the step, if his State went out he felt that he must go with it, and he was ready to die, if need be, in defense of that right. This is the only crime that can be laid to his charge; in all matters connected with the war he has acted in a spirit of honor that cannot rightly be called in question.

We are anxiously awaiting news of further progress in the way of ending the war. Johnston wound up, Mobile taken; there will remain but Kirby Smith, and they say preparations are being made looking to his surrender also; then all the small bands will come in or be hunted down, and, by the Fourth of July at latest, peace will reign from Maine to Texas, and over the whole broad expanse of territory between the two oceans.

April 23d.

A lovely day! I took a walk through the suburbs of the village this morning after breakfast, and quite enjoyed it. On returning I went over to the Provost-Marshall's office, and found Lynham busy administering the oath of allegiance to the civilians living in this county. While there, a man entered and asked for the Provost-Marshall. I referred him to Lynham, and he said he wanted to be paroled. "Are you a soldier?" "Yes." After awhile he said, "I would as soon take the oath as a parole." "Very well," said Lynham, "less work for me." The man said he had done with fighting; he belonged to Johnston's army, and lives near Petersburg, and was making his way home. He left Johnston on the 19th, and says Johnston was to surrender the next day at 10.00 o'clock.

Everyone living here, and for some distance around, is taking the oath, even the rebel officers that have been paroled. The owner of the property on which the Court-House stands was a major in the Southern army. He also has come again beneath the old flag. There is little doubt that the movement will be general through the whole country; indeed, surrendering seems to be the order of the day.

I see by the "Herald" that Stoneman has been making a hole in Rebeldom's resources in Northwestern North Carolina; what a tremendous amount of property he captured, and, better than all that, he placed himself directly on Johnston's line of retreat, so that if the latter will not surrender, we must capture the greater part of his army, as we did Lee's. His surrender, however, if not already an assured fact, will be, shortly, and then for Kirby Smith west of the Mississippi. He will not give much trouble; for a long time he has been useless to the Confederacy, having positively refused to obey repeated orders to cross the river and reinforce



Hood and other generals. When he is disposed of, all that will remain will be a few guerrilla bands in Kentucky and Tennessee, and they are coming in daily. Another month will probably see the South entirely disarmed, and then will commence the work of reconstruction and peace. Unqualified victory has of late attended us everywhere; who will deny that Grant is a general of the highest order? How admirable his plans; carefully prepared, and successfully carried out. It would seem that had he possessed the faculty of foresight he could not have exercised better judgment; all honor to him, and to all those who so ably seconded his efforts.

April 25th.

Yesterday we received orders from the Secretary of War, announcing the death of the President, and ordering that on the day after their receipt, proper military honors should be paid, and all work suspended for the remainder of the day. This had already been done on General Meade's order, but, of course, this one, coming from higher authority, has also to be obeyed.

It is quite a busy time in this little village, administering the oath to the neighboring citizens, and paroling the rebel soldiers that come in every day in considerable numbers. Some of them come from Johnston's army and they all agree in the report of his surrender; but it is strange that we do not get something official about it. Last night four men who were captured from us at the Weldon railroad last August came in, having made their escape from some place below Greensboro; and they say that the roads leading from North Carolina into Virginia are thick with Johnston's men going home, they having taken "French leave." Our men for the first half of their journey represented themselves as having belonged to Lee's army, and had wanted to

go to Arkansas, but were unable to get there on account of the railroad being cut. The latter half they changed the tale, and they then belonged to Johnson's army, and were going home because they were tired of the war. They were clad in rebel uniforms and looked rather rough. They said they had been in half a dozen prisons in the Confederacy since August; the rebels are evidently puzzled where to put our men to keep them safe.

For once the Fifth Corps has been fortunate! We got on this railroad just in time, for General Sheridan has gone off to Danville and taken the Sixth Corps with him. Had we not been settled here doing guard duty on the railroad, it would undoubtedly have been our lot to go; even as it is, I cannot understand why they did not let the Sixth relieve us so that we could go. The Sixth, and it is said the Ninth also, are both gone now, and the Second and Fifth remain. They will probably yet hunt up some pleasant excursion for us before long to Missouri, Mississippi, Texas, or some other place. The only place I want to go to is Washington! I think it likely, however, that the Corps organization will soon be broken up, in which case I shall have to hunt another berth.

By the way, there is considerable excitement among the non-commissioned officers of my regiment (or all that is left of it). The remnants of the two companies of the Twelfth, nominally consolidated with the Fifth, have always remained at Corps headquarters as Provost Guard. There are but forty-one men in the two companies; about twelve of them are "non-coms." The regiment now doing duty here (The One-hundred-and-fourth New York) is to be relieved, and a detailed guard from the Corps take its place. The Fifth has just received four hundred recruits, and the officer commanding it has asked to have all the non-commissioned officers of

the Twelfth (alias Fifth) returned to the regiment to drill these recruits. The General has consented to their going as soon as the new guard is organized. It is possible that Lynham and I may be included in the return, although I do not consider it very probable; yet there is the bare possibility. If so, they are "reckoning without their host," for I only accepted the exalted position of Corporal because I considered it to have been given me only on Colonel Locke's suggestion, that I might have the same rank as my predecessor, and there being two other clerks who were corporals, it was necessary that I should hold the same rank. This was the only reason for my accepting a thing that I do not care a straw for, and would not have if with the regiment; so if they return us, Lynham and I have determined to destroy our warrants, and go back as privates. By so doing, Colonel Locke and Major Ryder would lose a great deal, and Colonel Drum, commanding the regiment, would gain nothing. I am sure I am not going to bother myself with drilling recruits at this late day; neither will it pay the Colonel to lose me now with four tri-monthly and two monthly reports and a host of minor ones. I am safe in saying that no one can get up these back returns but myself, and for that reason, if no other, I think the Colonel will refuse to let me go. Lynham is equally valuable at the present time to the Provost-Marshal, and no stranger could perform his duties until after considerable practice and experience.

The papers are just in containing some particulars respecting Sherman's negotiations with Johnston. Pshaw! I thought Sherman was smarter than that; I am very glad his terms have been disapproved; they would have upset everything. What could Sherman have been thinking of? Removing Stoneman, too, from the position he occupied at Salisbury, thus giving Johnston every chance of escape. But fortunately Sheridan and

the Sixth Corps will be down there very soon, and may yet set matters right again. It has, after all, only given Johnston a little longer lease. He is doomed anyway, and so is the Confederacy, but we cannot allow it to die on such terms as those entertained by Sherman; it is preposterous. I am glad General Grant has gone to North Carolina. Where he is, there will be no mistakes made and no undignified concessions; and Joseph E. Johnston will find a lion in his path he cannot fool. I believe, however, that when he finds these terms will not be granted, and that immediate resumption of hostilities is the order of the day, and that, too, under Grant's immediate control, he will come in on the same terms that were given Lee, and leave the question of Peace to those to whom it of right belongs.

April 30th.

We received, the day before yesterday, the official announcement of the death of Booth, and the same afternoon the official information of the surrender of Johnston's army on the same terms as Lee's, but no particulars so far.

What manner of men can they be who express their joy at the death of the late President, and that, too, when all that is earthly of him is being borne past them? To what depths of infamy will not political party spirit carry men? The papers are full of reports of summary punishment awarded those who express their satisfaction at the late tragedy; and I, for one, am not sorry to see it; for if men will so far forget their nature as to look on such deeds with complacency, in my opinion, they cease to have any claim to sympathy or mercy.

Early this morning I stood on a hill close by, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country and its diversified scenery, and a lovely view it is. Indeed, it is so pretty that I cannot help frequently leav-

ing the office and taking a short walk over the hills and through the woods to the river and back.

I love to get on the hill at early dawn and watch the birth of the new day; it is a most beautiful sight. Almost every variety of scenery is around us; mountain ranges in the distance, with thickly wooded lesser slopes before them; patches of dark green pine woods, relieved by the brighter green of the chestnuts, oaks, and beeches, green fields alternating with arable lands; numerous planters' houses on the hill-sides, with their variegated gardens and peach orchards in blossom; the river winding its way around the foot of the hills, now through an open meadow, then hid for a while in a wood, soon appearing again, and again disappearing until it finally is lost to sight in the dense woods lower down the valley.

Nearer at hand, and just below, is the village of Nottoway, with its picturesque Court-House made doubly so by our camps here and there, and our Headquarters tastefully arranged in the park around it; while the national ensign, floating from many a pole adds a beauty to the scene; notwithstanding that a careful inspection reveals the fact that it bears the emblem of a people's mourning for a great and good man.

Such a view as this hill affords is beautiful at all times, but at the first flush of morning it is inexpressably so, and this morning, as I watched the sun rise far away over the tops of the pines, I could not help comparing the scene around me to the present state of our beloved country. The glorious day now breaking into existence and chasing before it the last lingering shades of night, seemed to be emblematical of the country just emerging from the dark, dark night of war, bloodshed, and misery and about to shine forth in all the beauty of peace and happiness. The clouds of mist that floated swiftly from off the surface of the river; and the shades that gradually became less and less dense in the recesses

of the woods and depths of the hollows, seemed to typify the melting away of the armed hosts of the Rebellion before our victorious approach; and when the sun had fairly arisen and his light and heat had penetrated all the dark places in the landscape and he again ruled—the supreme god of day, I thought how soon, by God's blessing, our country, too, might beam with a similar lustre, freed from the horrors of fratricidal strife, the noblest, happiest country on the face of the earth.

General Orders No. 19, Headquarters Army of the Potomac just received, announce that the Fifth Corps is to move at once by way of Petersburg for Manchester. We start to-morrow morning early;—short notice and quick work! The Second Corps also goes to Manchester, but by the direct route. The Sixth Corps, which we thought had been ordered to North Carolina will guard the railroad from Danville to this point until further orders. General Meade, in closing the order says,—“In making this movement the strictest discipline must be enforced; no depredations on private property will be permitted and the Commanding General confidently relies on the Army of the Potomac to evince its discipline in time of peace as it has shown its valor in time of war.” “In time of peace” sounds well, does it not? Manchester is on the bank of the James River directly opposite Richmond, and it will take four days to reach that point; it is probable that we shall go from there to Washington. Three cheers! The war is over!

In Camp, May 2d.

Two days' journey over, and we are once more in sight of Petersburg. We came twenty-four miles to-day, and as we were in camp by 2.00 o'clock, you may conclude that we marched pretty fast. To-morrow we start again; we shall march through the city and then to

Manchester, probably march through Richmond and from thence to Alexandria or its vicinity.

I had the good fortune to get a magnificent horse for this journey; new, young, and in splendid condition, and I can keep it as long as I want it. It is a spare horse belonging to one of the headquarters Staff Officers. All along the route I heard men say: "There goes a nice pony. I wish I had him!" Rather large for a "pony," I think. He jumps every ditch we come to and trots beautifully; it is quite a pleasure to ride him. One reason for his attracting so much attention probably was, that whether on account of his youth and high spirits, or, it might be, some lack of horsemanship on my part, he could not be persuaded to walk quietly along with the column, but would persist for two or three days, at least, in prancing, sidling, or in going in any way, but a straight forward one. He was continually getting me into trouble; being a staff officer's horse, he knew his place was with the staff, whereas mine was in the rear of it, between it and the orderlies and escort; and he would be everlastingly trying to catch up to what he considered to be his proper station.

Richmond, May 4th.

We expected to have stayed here a day or two, and got our desks out with the expectation of getting to work, but we are under orders to move again to-morrow morning on our road to Alexandria. It will take us nearly ten days to reach there.

May 5th.

Just a line to say our movement was deferred till to-morrow after everything was packed up ready for a start. The Colonel wants the office closed, so cannot write now, and there will be no opportunity to do so until we reach Alexandria; that is to say, no mails will

either reach or leave us until then, as there will be no communication. Mails are very erratic anyhow; the Colonel says his wife writes to him every day, and he gets two letters out of every six sent.

ITINERARY OF THE FIFTH ARMY CORPS IN THE APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN FROM MARCH 29TH TO MAY 12TH, INCLUSIVE.

The campaign opened on the 29th of March. The 29th, 30th, and 31st were occupied in a series of operations in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run, the Boydton Plank Road, and the White Oak Road.

*April 1st.*—Moved at daylight to the support of General Sheridan. Battle of Five Forks. Bivouacked on the battlefield at night.

*April 2d.*—Marched at 6 a.m.; took up various positions and bivouacked at junction of Namozine and River roads. Twenty miles.

*April 3d.*—Marched down River road; crossed Namozine river. Received, at 1.30 p.m., news of capture of Petersburg and evacuation of Richmond. Bivouacked near Deep Creek. Twenty-three miles.

*April 4th.*—Moved at 5.00 a.m. and marched to Jetersville on Danville Railroad. Arrived there at 5.20 p.m.; went into position and threw up breastworks. Twenty-five miles.

*April 5th.*—Remained in this position all day.

*April 6th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. toward Amelia Court-House; thence along Pridersville road via Painesville to Ligintown. Thirty-two miles.

*April 7th.*—Moved at 6.00 a.m. Marched to Prince Edward Court-House. Eighteen miles.

*April 8th.*—Moved at 6.00 a.m. Marched up Lynchburg



railroad via Prospect station. Continued the march until 2.00 a.m. of the 9th. Bivouacked within three miles of Appomattox Court-House. Twenty-nine miles.

*April 9th.*—Marched again at 4.00 a.m., reaching the vicinity of the Court-House at 7.30 a.m. Went into position and advanced against the enemy who was sharply engaged with the cavalry. After a short contest, he retreated, and at 9 a.m. the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was announced.

*April 10th.*—In camp. General Griffin (Fifth Corps) appointed to receive the formal surrender.

*April 11th.*—In camp, awaiting the final arrangements.

*April 12th.*—Rebel army marched out and surrendered arms, guns and colors.

*April 13th and 14th.*—Occupied in removing the captured property to the railroad for transportation to Washington.

*April 15th.*—Left Appomattox Court-House at 2.00 p.m. Marched, following the railroad. Thirteen miles.

*April 16th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m., via Prospect to Farmville. Seventeen miles.

*April 17th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. to Burkeville, thence to Little Sandy Run. Twenty-seven miles.

*April 18th and 19th.* In camp.

*April 20th.*—Marched at 7.00 a.m. to Nottoway Court-House. Eighteen miles. Remained there until the end of the month guarding the railroad from Burkeville to Petersburg.

*May 1st.*—Left Nottoway Court-House and marched to Wilson's Station. Sixteen miles.

*May 2d.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. via Sutherlands to within five miles of Petersburg. Twenty miles.

- May 3d.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m., passed through Petersburg, and up Petersburg and Richmond Pike to Drury's Bluff. Eighteen miles.
- May 4th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m., arriving at Manchester (opposite Richmond) 8.30 a.m. Camped outside the town. Five miles.
- May 5th.*—Remained in camp. Headquarters, Chesterfield Park.
- May 6th.*—At 9.00 a.m. the Army of the Potomac left camp and marched through Richmond, thence to Hanover Court-House and camped on a former camping ground. Twenty-three miles.
- May 7th.*—Marched at 10.00 a.m. to Concord Court-House and camped. Twelve miles.
- May 8th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. to Milford Station. Sixteen miles.
- May 9th.*—Marched at 5.00 a.m. Crossed Massaponax and Rappahannock rivers and camped opposite Fredericksburg. Twenty miles.
- May 10th.*—Marched at 5.00 a.m., crossed Potomac, Acquia, and Chopawambias creeks. Eighteen miles.
- May 11th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. via Dumfries; crossed Quantico and Occoquan rivers and camped near Fairfax Station. Eighteen miles.
- May 12th.*—Marched at 6.00 a.m. via Fairfax Court-House to "Four Mile Run" and went into permanent camp. Eighteen miles.

The mileage given above is the distance announced each day at Corps Headquarters. It does not always indicate the actual distance by direct road between points, but the distance traversed by the division in advance, or that one which the more closely followed headquarters. The twenty miles given as the distance marched on April

2d, for instance, represents the sum of the forward and backward movements which were the feature of that day's work; the actual distance gained by night of that day was but a few miles.

The distances covered between Hatcher's Run and Appomattox Court-House was 150 miles. From that point, on the return march, to the neighborhood of Petersburg was 111 miles; from Petersburg to Richmond, 23 miles, and from Richmond to the Camp near Washington, 125 miles, a total of 409 miles. Of this distance I walked about 170 miles. The mileage of March 29th, 30th and 31st, of which I have no record, should be added to this.

## CHAPTER XIV.

RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON—EVENTS IN CAMP—REVIEW  
OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CANDLE LIGHT  
PROCESSION—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC  
AND THE FIFTH CORPS CEASE TO EXIST—  
FAREWELL TO VIRGINIA—  
MUSTERED OUT.

In Camp near Washington, May 13th.

We reached here late yesterday afternoon. We are at Four Mile Run, about two miles from the Long Bridge, and within full view of the "City of Magnificent Distances." We do not know anything of what is going on, or what has transpired during our march from Richmond; we have averaged twenty miles a day and are all pretty well tired out. Now we have to get to work on our reports, of which there is a woefully large lot, and we are all exercised over the prospects of being mustered out within a reasonable time; reports are floating around as thick as flies, but we shall have, as usual, to "possess our souls in patience."

The Washington papers, just in, bring the gratifying intelligence of the capture of Jefferson Davis; I was sure Wilson would keep a sharp lookout for him, and thought his escape very improbable. I hope he will reach Washington in safety, and meet the just reward of all the misery he has caused. His chances of "raising a larger and more powerful army than he ever had before," are exceedingly small now.

Did the tornado of the 11th reach us? Well, I should say it did. We were camped about one mile beyond Fairfax Station, eighteen miles from here, and had just begun to get supper, when it struck us, effect-

ally putting a stop to all cooking. Lynham had a large fly up and invited Churnside, me, and our cook to occupy it with him, but the storm came up so suddenly we were unable to get a ditch dug round it, and in a few minutes we were flooded, blankets and everything soaked, and so we lay all night, the rain beating through the canvas in torrents; in rushed a stream at one end and out at the other; the wind blew furiously, and we were drowned and frozen all night long; it was decidedly the roughest night we ever put in. It cleared off a little after 2.00 a.m., thus giving us time to get breakfast before commencing our last day's march, at 4 o'clock; but it was so cold I could not see riding such a morning as that, so turned my horse over to the cook. To make matters worse, our main wagon train, including our office wagon, which carried our blankets, was back three miles beyond the Occoquan river, and we had but one thin, small blanket among the three of us. One such night as that in a year is about enough for me. As soon as I can get a little ahead with the reports, I will send a description of our march from Nottoway, with my impressions of Petersburg and Richmond. I read E. Crapsey's account of the parade through the latter place and can bear testimony to its accuracy.

May 19th.

We are making progress with the reports, but so many are required in the matter of the muster out of the troops—all men who enlisted before October 1st, 1862, except the veterans, are to be at once discharged—that you can form no idea of the amount of extra work which this occasions; added to this, is the fact that nine out of every ten of the clerks in the Corps are going home and are consequently careless and indifferent about their work which throws additional labor on me.

Do not imagine that the Government is so busily occupied with the trial of the assassins that it cannot

attend to army matters, a day in this office would convince one to the contrary. Every hour in the day orders come pouring down from the War Department relative to the discharge of men, but nothing about the veteran troops; I believe they intend to keep them to the last. It is hard work writing now; there are seven or eight fellows in the office and as many tongues are going it, ding-dong; some discussing, some disputing; others again "hanging Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,"—all together making a second Babel.

May 21st.

The weather for the last three days has been fearful. It has rained almost incessantly, accompanied by a great deal of thunder. This tent of ours is of such poor quality, every drop of rain comes through, and therefore we have to put everything away; then thunder has a bad effect on my head; and this, coupled with the press of business, makes letter-writing next to impossible. This is Sunday, but what with mustering-out orders, orders concerning the review, and business generally, all the clerks are off somewhere, and consequently, having to attend to everything myself, it has been a harder day than usual. I wish this wet weather would cease and allow us to see the face of the sun once more.

I am glad to learn that Sheridan has gone to Texas to look after Kirby Smith and other bothersome matters down there. I give Smith thirty days' lease of power; he will be disposed of by that time, then there will be no rebel force in arms, and as a consequence, the war will be really over, and as a further consequence, we veterans should go home, and maybe we will. Strange weather this: rain and wind, thunder and lightning; all the most furious and terrific, and one-half the sky studded with stars; When I began this letter my inkstand was almost empty; thanks to our "water-tight" tent, it is now full!

May 22d.

The Fifth drew a new uniform to-day,—Zouave, of course,—and they look very fine; it will be the crack regiment in the Review to-morrow. If I do not change my mind, I shall go to the Review; I did intend to ride with Headquarters, but now think otherwise. They start at 4.00 a.m.,—too early for me,—and they will have to wait five hours in the city before our column moves. So Lynham and I propose to start about 9.00 o'clock and go on foot. It is possible that I may also go to see Sherman's army, which I badly want to see.

We had a presentation of a handsome First Division Corps badge to General Griffin to-day. This was the gift of the officers of his old Division, and was, of course, the regular Corps badge,—a red (the color of the Division) Maltese cross, set in diamonds. The officer deputized to make the presentation speech asked me to write it for him, which I did, and in its consideration by a number of the officers, it was accepted, with the addition of a short sentence alluding to the fact that he had never uselessly sacrificed his men.

PRESENTATION OF A MALTESE CROSS, THE BADGE OF  
THE CORPS.

General:

The officers of your old Division have desired me to present you, on their behalf a testimonial of their appreciation and esteem. They have selected for this purpose the cross, the badge of our Division, as the most fitting remembrancer of your long association with them; a memento of the responsibilities, the privations, the toils, the dangers and the sufferings you have not shunned to share with them, and a token of the honors and triumphs they are proud to have shared with you. This cross of ours is already famed in song and story;

now it has a new history, a new sanctity. Not more was this the chosen ensign of those who thronged to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from infidel hands, than of those men of yours who rallied to rescue the nation's life from the clutch of traitors. On no breasts was this cross more bravely borne in battle, on no banners more proudly emblazoned, on no cathedral arches more sacredly enshrined.

But this is not the time for speeches. The tongue cannot follow where the feet never trod, nor reach where the heart aspires. Words cannot thread the mazes of our march; they cannot bring out the sounds that still thrill upon our ears, nor paint the colors that brood over our ensanguined career.

It remains, therefore, to present you with this cross on behalf of the officers of your old Division, who wait to greet you—but not all—some who were with us greet us here no more. Hearts warmest in friendship, truest in the right, boldest in the day of battle—we honor and hallow the spot where they fell, foremost in the rank of honor. But not one of all (I say it in the presence of these witnesses), not one of these martyrs offered up his life through any fault or weakness of this our leader.

In memory, then of those, in behalf of these, in the name of all, I give this cross into the hand of a soldier “without fear and without reproach.”

It is red with blood more precious than diamonds, red (after the symbolism of sacred art) with love, immortal as the stars.

In this day of victory and of peace, in the hour sacred to memory and hope, we meet, and we part,—as we have fought,—*under the Cross*;—receive it, therefore, with its legend and its benediction—

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!



May 24th.

Well, we went to Washington yesterday, and saw the great Review of the Army of the Potomac. It was a most magnificent sight, although somewhat wearying; standing so many hours under a broiling sun. I came back last night, almost black; was so burnt with it; and tired? Mercy! I could scarcely drag myself over the four miles to camp. We asked a hack driver how much he would charge to drive us over. He modestly asked ten dollars. We would have given five, but could not see the sense of paying ten. I find walking on paving stones very different from Virginia turnpikes. I would sooner walk thirty miles over country roads than five over the streets of a city.

I never did like Washington; never went there, but was glad to get out of it as soon as possible, and this trip did not in any way mitigate my dislike; we walked for more than two hours in search of a dinner, and did not get a very good one after all our search. Supper we did not attempt to get, preferring to wait until we returned to camp. Washington might be made a splendid city, and doubtless will be, in course of time; the manner in which it is laid out is almost faultless; the streets are magnificently wide, and extend in a straight line for tremendous distances. It is certainly deserving the name of "City of Magnificent Distances," although "Magnificent Intentions" would be equally appropriate. I have concluded that the newspaper reports will give a graphic account of the Review, and it is unnecessary for me to attempt it. I did not go to see Sherman's Review; I was too tired; am sorry, for I badly wanted to see that wonderful man and his famous troops.

May 26th.

We had one of the grandest spectacles here last night I have ever seen. It was a candle-light proces-

sion. About 8 p.m., when most of our men had retired for the night, some of the later birds noticed that the camps of the Second Corps, lying within sight of ours, had been illuminated, and, soldier-like, determined not to be outdone. One regiment immediately gathered all the candles they could get and stuck them along the ridge poles of their tents. Of course, this quickly spread, and before half an hour had passed, the entire Corps' camps were brilliantly illuminated; nor were they satisfied with this; the commissaries were soon cleared of their stocks of candles, and soon every man had a piece stuck in the socket of his bayonet. Then they formed lines, went through the "manual of arms" and several movements which looked very beautiful.

One large party at a neighboring headquarters formed a large catherine wheel, and the rapid evolutions they went through looked enchanting. Our own Provost Guard turned out on parade, every one with his piece of candle, and marched through our camps and around the Corps and Division Headquarters. When they returned to camp we thought the affair was over, but were mistaken; it was only the commencement! Soon we heard immense cheering, and the cry, "They are coming!" We rushed out, and away off on the road was seen an immense column moving in the direction of our Headquarters, a line of living fire; it was almost inconceivable that the slight ray of a candle, although so many times multiplied, should give so strong a light, but so it was. The First Division came along in front of its headquarters and formed in front of the commanding officer's quarters, and, calling him out, gave him three hearty cheers and asked for a speech. He made a short one, and then cheers were given for everything and everybody in general.

What a splendid sight it was! Ten thousand men, with at least one candle each—many had two, and some

had pieces of board fastened to a stick, and six or eight candles blazing upon it. The place was so illuminated that the smallest print could have been easily read, while, in the midst of the fire-crowned ring, the General's tent and his staff formed a pleasing group; and the Division flag, with its white ground and red Maltese cross, crowned with a wreath which some fair hand placed there during the recent Review, reminded us of the days when that dear old flag had witnessed other and far different scenes than that which now surrounded it.

While admiring this display, another mighty cheer from thousands of throats was heard on our left, and another column was seen approaching, and a part of the Second Division added its beauty to the scene. One feature of the affair, and an important one, too, was the entirely spontaneous conception and execution of the processions by the men themselves; there was scarcely a commissioned officer present; the drum corps and bands turned out with the columns *en masse*, and the men marched to the cadenced step and in as perfect order as if on review. Of course, patriotic songs were not omitted, and "As we come marching along," "Red, White and Blue," etc., were done full justice.

I would go a long way to see such a sight again. It was too bad that General Griffin was in Washington, and did not see it.

May 28th.

Sunday again, and my work pretty well up after a very hard week. Clerks are getting very scarce here now; so many have gone home; and now that campaigning is over, those that might be available are not by any means too anxious to fill the positions as they would have to work harder than they now have to in the regiments. So clerks are decidedly at a premium, and I do not know what we are going to do. So many special reports are being called for on mustering-out business

that, with the routine work to be done, the work cannot be kept under for any length of time.

4.00 p.m.—At last the war is truly at an end! The last organized force of the Rebellion has ceased to exist, and not an armed body of troops to-day is left from Richmond to the Rio Grande. Secretary Stanton has received official dispatches from General Canby stating that Kirby Smith has surrendered the entire trans-Mississippi Department,—Army and Navy. This ends all. The Secretary has been telling the Governors of States who have called upon him that as soon as Kirby Smith was disposed of, the veteran regiments would be sent home; so I suppose we may look for an early order, mustering us out; but I “feel it in my bones,” as the saying is, that I shall be among the last to go.

I had a lively experience a few days ago with that horse that I rode on the march here from Appomattox. I had occasion to go into Washington, and it being a walk of some ten miles, I concluded to ride over; so I asked the Major for the loan of his horse, which he freely granted. We started off, “the cynosure of all admiring eyes,” and were soon traversing the Long Bridge. I was enjoying the ride greatly and admiring the scenery up and down the river, when I saw a train enter the other end of the bridge and immediately scented trouble. As the locomotive approached nearer, my steed began to get uneasy and then to cut up; he repeatedly backed against the railing, which fortunately was very strong. I endeavored to keep him facing the engine, in the hope that he would get accustomed to it, but, as it came alongside, he gave a jump and—bolted; away we went over the remaining part of the bridge at a breakneck speed. There is a slight ascent from the bridge on that side, and at some distance from the river is a gate across the road, and a military guard is stationed there to inspect soldiers’ passes. I thought of

that gate, and wondered what would happen when we reached it; but the guard, seeing us coming, wisely flung the gate open, and we flew by, regardless of passes or anything else. By the time we were fairly in the city, he had quieted down; and when my business was transacted, I returned by the same road, for there was no other to camp. I kept my eyes wide open while crossing the bridge, on the lookout for a possible repetition of the trouble, but no train appeared, and I breathed perceptibly easier when we once more touched Virginia soil.

## CONCLUSION.

The work of mustering out the troops by regiments continued during June, and the work at Headquarters, for two weeks or more, was very heavy in consequence, being made more so by the continual discharge of clerks throughout the Corps by their regiments being sent home. My own, early in the month, was ordered to New York, and, according to military usage, I should have gone with it, but Colonel Locke requested General Meade to have me retained. The Colonel asked me if I was willing this should be done, and I told him that, under the circumstances, I did not see how we could do otherwise, and that I did not wish to leave him in the condition in which things were. He expressed himself as gratified at my decision, and spoke very highly of my services. A day or two previously he had called me into his office and handed me a paper to read; it was the warrant of my promotion to the rank of Sergeant, which he said he had requested Colonel Drum to do for me, in consideration of the manner in which the work of the office had been done, work which as he took occasion to put into writing at the conclusion of my connection with him, "was at all times arduous, important, and responsible." I cheerfully bear witness here to the uniform kindness and courtesy always shown to me by the Colonel during the year in which I fulfilled the duties of his office; and, indeed, I may add that the same consideration was shown me by all, or nearly all, the members of the Staff. In fact, I cannot recall any unpleasantness occurring between me and any of the officers under which I served whether of the regiment, brigade, division, or Corps.

The Orderly Sergeant of my company, of which I was the fourth Sergeant, came to me the next day and

said that in a few days he would receive his commission as Lieutenant, and that I could have the Orderly-ship if I wanted it, as the Sergeants that ranked me were not fitted for the post. I thanked him, and took the matter into consideration: but, learning that General Meade, on the breaking up of the army was to have command of the Division of the Atlantic, with Headquarters at Philadelphia, I believed that, through the good offices of Albert Haverstick, the chief clerk in the Adjutant-General's office at Army Headquarters, and who was a good friend of mine, I might be able to get detailed to duty at the office in that city until I was mustered out, and so resolved to remain as I was.

A great parade had been arranged to take place in Philadelphia on June 10th, and I asked Colonel Locke to give me leave of absence for two days to go to it. He granted it, not without some sly joking from him and some of the other officers at "a soldier of over three years' service wanting to go so far to see a few soldiers march." I left on the night of the 9th, and was back at my post by 7.30 on the morning of the 12th.

By the 21st of June many of the non-veteran regiments had been discharged, and there were only ten regiments left in our Corps. At that time, applications for furloughs from some of the veterans had been sent in, but returned "refused," because, the order said, it was expected that the veteran regiments would soon be mustered out. When this news was circulated, there was much cheering, and the men were fairly frantic: there had been much dissatisfaction among them over the state of affairs for some time, but this information restored the equilibrium.

On the 28th, orders came from the War Department for the formation of a "Provisional Corps" out of the remnants of the existing Corps, which was done, and

the Army of the Potomac ceased to exist, and the grand old Fifth Corps was now only a name and a memory.

General Meade issued his farewell address on the 28th, the anniversary of the day on which, two years before, he had assumed the command of the army. The mustering out of the veteran regiments was assigned to the Provisional Corps to carry out, and on July 4th, I bade farewell to Colonel (now Brevet Brigadier-General) Frederick T. Locke, and left for Philadelphia. I was then appointed military clerk at General Meade's Headquarters in that city, where I had the pleasure of assisting my friend Albert Haverstick in the duties of that office. On August 3d, I was detailed, with a civilian clerk, Mr. C. F. Keefer, to report to the Secretary of War at Washington for the purpose of bringing to Philadelphia the records of the Army of the Potomac to be made up, a task I am told which required more than eighteen months of labor to complete.

I had had some trouble with my pay-roll probably on account of my having been absent from my regiment on detached duty, and being only a nominal member of the Fifth New York; so while in Washington on this other business, I went to the Paymaster-General to see if I could get the matter straightened out. He said he could do nothing without an order from the Secretary of War; so I again paid my respects to Secretary Stanton, but without success. He "regretted the delay and annoyance," etc., etc., but could "not make any exception to the general routine," etc., etc.; so I went back and over to New York again, and tried to get the regimental authorities to fix things, but they maintained that the trouble was at Washington, and referred me back to the Paymaster-General once more. The amount due me was over two hundred dollars, and after more than a year's further delay and my funds beginning to run low, I wrote to the President and laid the whole case before



him and asked his personal attention and influence. In about a week I received a formidable-looking document, which showed that my letter, bearing at the head a caustic and definite recommendation in the President's own hand, that "this application be immediately attended to, and the account settled," had been passed through all the proper and numerous channels, with a check for the full amount enclosed. My application and appeal had been successful, and this action of Andrew Johnson's was, I believe, one of the few acts of his administration which I could thoroughly endorse.

I remained at Division Headquarters until the 14th of August, when an order was received directing me to join the regiment at Hart's Island, New York, where we were mustered out of the service of the United States August 21st, 1865.









